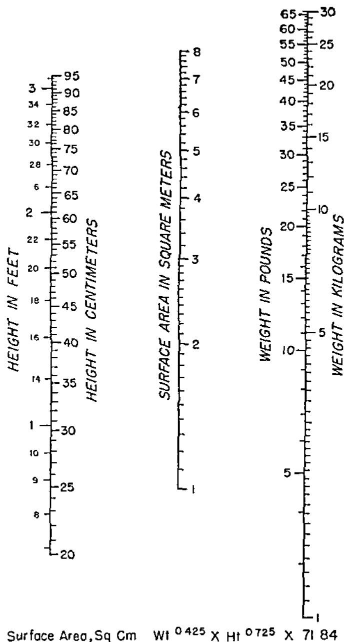
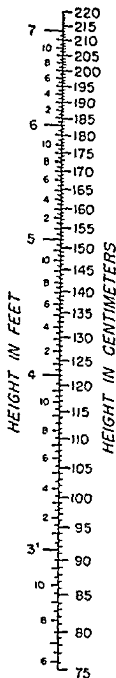
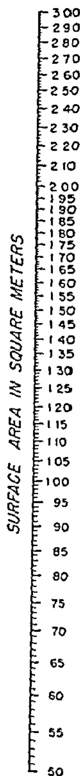
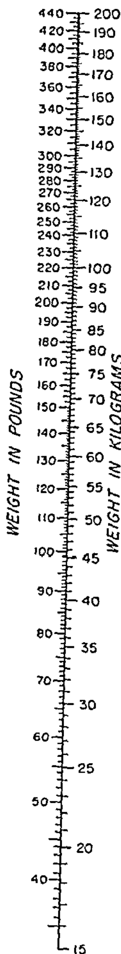


Nomograms estimating surface area from height and body weight The patient s surface area is found by drawing a straight line between the point representing his weight and the point representing his height From J D Crawford M E Terry G M Rourke *Pediatrics* 5 783 1950 See also Figure 1 page 592







SURFACE AREA (Du Bois)

FUNCTIONAL ENDOCRINOLOGY

FROM BIRTH THROUGH ADOLESCENCE

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FUNCTIONAL ENDOCRINOLOGY

FROM BIRTH THROUGH ADOLESCENCE

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PUBLISHED FOR THE COMMONWEALTH FUND

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS
1952

PUBLISHED FOR THE COMMONWEALTH FUND

BY HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

DISTRIBUTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY *GEOFFREY CUMBERLEGE*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY CASE LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD

PREFACE

This book is written for practitioners, students and investigators of medicine and surgery who seek practical information concerning (a) the actions of endocrine systems in health and ordinary disease and (b) the management of endocrinopathies as they occur in young people As much emphasis has been given the former as the latter subjects in the belief that endocrinology encom passes more than the diagnosis and therapy of those gross disorders of glandular function which result in gigantism, dwarfism, Addison s disease, Graves disease, sexual precocity and the like The physician may encounter but a handful of patients suffering from these unusual conditions in all his years of practice Yet he constantly deals with patients whose health or survival depends to no small extent upon the homeostatic efficiency of certain endocrine-controlled systems Just as we have learned that there is hardly an organ or tissue in the body beyond the influence of endocrine forces, so we are beginning to realize that there is scarcely a disease that is unaccompanied by important homeostatic changes in the *functional activity of one or more of the endocrine glands This book there* fore attempts to translate into modern clinical terms the thesis so beautifully expressed by Walter B Cannon in his classic writings on *The Wisdom of the Body*

Detailed consideration has been given in separate chapters to all those glands now known to be organs of internal secretion Certain structures such as the PINEAL BODY and the THYMUS, organs once considered by many to belong to the endocrine family, are not so discussed It appears that most if not all of the effects once attributed to these structures as endocrine organs can now be ex plained more satisfactorily by other means Obesity also is not considered in a separate chapter, though discussion of this condition will be found to occupy a considerable amount of space in the text This seems a logical decision in view of the fact that the vast majority of obese patients lack any objectively demon strable endocrine disorder There is one chapter which we would have included

had we felt that there was enough information available to justify it This chapter might be entitled Neuro endocrine or Psycho neuro-endocrine Relations In the present volume remarks concerning these relations are interspersed through the clinical sections

In writing this book it has been assumed that the reader may be comparatively *unfamiliar with the subject under consideration and with its relation to subjects* covered elsewhere in this volume On this account every effort has been made to build from the ground up and to avoid making statements which are incomprehensible for lack of background information Toward this end, the initial sections of each chapter are devoted to considerations of the functional dynamics of the particular gland and to indicating by cross references where pertinent related information may be found It is hoped that the latter will help the reader visualize the highly integrated nature of the endocrine complex It is hoped also that the reader who gives attention to these basic information sections will find himself equipped with the raw material necessary for independent thinking in clinical areas Since it is the exception rather than the rule for patients to conform *exactly to textbook pictures, this seems a most important objective*

Following these sections on basic considerations, there are in most chapters sections dealing with the practical use of physiologic information in diagnostic tests In the final clinical sections of each chapter all the foregoing data are brought to bear on the problems presented (a) by patients showing physiologic alterations in endocrine activity secondary to certain non endocrine diseases and (b) by patients suffering from the various primary endocrinopathies It will be noted that doses usually are expressed on a per square meter of body surface area basis Doses thus expressed are applicable to patients of all ages regardless of size There will be found just inside the covers of the book charts which indicate the approximate surface area of persons of various weights and heights Incidentally, those unfamiliar with the derivation of such commonly used terms as milliequivalent, millimole and milliosmole will find information concerning them in the last pages of the Appendix

In the foregoing connections, it has been our purpose to make the book as concise clear and self sufficient as possible These goals could be approached only at the price of considerable condensation of facts and of a certain amount of dogmatism We have been forced to sift available information to omit much historic, anatomic and histologic information and to present in the main single rather than multiple theses In doing this we have attempted to review original data and to formulate opinions based on such data rather than simply to restate the ideas and conclusions of others This method of approach has led us to undertake a number of studies designed to fill gaps in knowledge revealed by

review of the literature, this book reports some of these investigations for the first time For permission to include previously unpublished data we are greatly indebted to certain of our associates, whose names are indicated in the legends of figures representing their work

In writing this volume we have enjoyed the support and encouragement of many colleagues, particularly Dr Allan M Butler, Chief of the Children s Medical Service of the Massachusetts General Hospital We also take pleasure in expressing our appreciation to the Commonwealth Fund of New York, whose generous aid has made it possible for us to work together as a team both in writing this book and in accumulating much of the information presented herein In addition we wish to express our thanks to the staff of the Fund s Division of Publications for the many things they have done to improve the quality of this book and to lighten the authors burden in its making Finally, we take great pleasure in expressing our appreciation to Mrs Barbara G Edwards and Mrs Ann S Silin for their devoted assistance in the preparation of the manuscript

N B T
E H S
J W McA
J D C

November 1951

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Chapter I THE THYROID

Chapter II THE PARATHYROIDS

Chapter III THE ADRENAL CORTICES

What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth What do you say?
Seb I ll follow this good man and go with you
And having sworn truth ever will be true
Oliv Then lead the way good father and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Before Olivia s house*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN

Fab Now as thou lovest me let me see his letter

Clo Good Master Fabian grant me another request

Fab Anything

Clo Do not desire to see this letter

Fab This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again

Enter DUKE VIOLA CURIO *and Lords*

Duke Belong you to the Lady Olivia friends?

Clo Ay sir we are some of her trappings

Duke I know thee well how dost thou my good fellow?

Clo Truly sir the better for my foes and the worse for my friends

Duke Just the contrary the better for thy friends

Clo No sir the worse

Duke How can that be?

Clo Marry sir they praise me and make an ass of me now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass so that by my foes sir I profit in the knowledge of myself and by my friends I am abused so that conclusions to be as kisses if your four negatives make your two affirmatives why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes

Duke Why this is excellent

Clo By my troth, sir no though it please you to be one of my friends

Duke Thou shalt not be the worse for me there s gold

Clo But that it would be double-dealing sir I would you could make it another

Duke O you give me ill counsel

Clo Put your grace in your pocket sir for this once and let your flesh and blood obey it

Duke Well I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer there s another

Clo Primo secundo tertio is a good pla and the old saying is the third pays for all the triplex sir is a good tripping measure or the bells of Saint Bennet sir may put you in mind one two three

Duke You can fool no more money out of me at this throw if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her and bring her along with you it may awake my bounty further

Clo Marry sir lullaby to your bounty till I come again I go sir but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness but as you say sir let your bounty take a nap I will awake it anon [*Exit*

Vio Here comes the man sir that did rescue me

Enter ANTONIO *and* OFFICERS

Duke That face of his I do remember well
Yet when I saw it last it was besmear d
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war
A bawbling vessel was he captain of
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him What s the matter?
1st Off Orsino this is that Antonio
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from Candy
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg
Here in the streets desperate of shame and state
In private brabble did we apprehend him
Vio He did me kindness sir drew on my side
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me
I know not what twas but distraction
Duke Notable pirate! thou salt water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made thine enemies?
Ant Orsino noble sir
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate
Though I confess on base and ground enough,
Orsino s enemy A witchcraft drew me hither
That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea s enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem a wreck past hope he was
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint
All his in dedication for his sake
Did I expose myself pure for his love
Into the danger of this adverse town
Drew to defend him when he was beset
Where being apprehended his false cunning

Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before

Vio How can this be?

Duke When came he to this town?

Ant To-day, my lord, and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants*

Duke Here comes the Countess now heaven walks on earth
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness
Three months this youth hath tended upon me,
But more of that anon Take him aside

Oli What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me

Vio Madam!

Duke Gracious Olivia—

Oli What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord—

Vio My lord would speak, my duty hushes me

Oli If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music

Duke Still so cruel?

Oli Still so constant, lord

Duke What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli Even what it please my lord, that shall become him

Duke Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly But hear me this
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still,
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite
Come, boy, with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove

Vio And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die

Oli Where goes Cesario?

Vio After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father

Duke Come, away!

Oli Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay

Duke Husband!

Oli Ay, husband can he that deny?

Duke Her husband, sirrah!

Vio No, my lord, not I

Oli Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st

Enter PRIEST

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me

Priest A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours

Duke O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet

Vio My lord, I do protest—

Oli O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear

Enter SIR ANDREW

Sir And For the love of God a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby

Oli What s the matter?

Sir And He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too for the love of God your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home

Oli Who has done this Sir Andrew?

Sir And The Count s gentleman one Cesario we took him for a coward but he s the very devil incardinate

Duke My gentleman Cesario?

Sir And Od s lifelings here he is! You broke my head for nothing and that that I did I was set on to do t by Sir Toby

Vio Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you
You drew your sword upon me without cause
But I bespake you fair and hurt you not

Sir And If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt you have hurt me I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb

Enter SIR TOBY *and* CLOWN

Here comes Sir Toby halting you shall hear more but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did

Duke How now gentleman! how is t with you?

Sir To That s all one has hurt me and there s the end on t Sot didst see Dick surgeon sot?

Clo O he s drunk Sir Toby an hour agone his eyes were set at eight i the morning

Sir To Then he s a rogue and a passy measures panyn I hate a drunken rogue

Oli Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And I ll help you Sir Toby because we ll be dressed together

Sir To Will you help? an ass head and a coxcomb and a knave a thin faced knave a gull!

Oli Get him to bed and let his hurt be look d to [*Exeunt* CLOWN FABIAN SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb I am sorry madam I have hurt your kinsman
But had it been the brother of my blood
I must have done no less with wit and safety
You throw a strange regard upon me and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you
Pardon me, sweet one even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago

Duke One face one voice one habit and two persons
A natural perspective that is and is not!

Seb Antonio O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack d and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!

Ant Sebastian are you?

Seb Fear st thou that Antonio?

Ant How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures Which is Sebastian?

Oli Most wonderful!

Seb Do I stand there? I never had a brother
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour d
Of charity what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio Of Messaline Sebastian was my father
Such a Sebastian was my brother too
So went he suited to his watery tomb
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us

Seb A spirit I am indeed
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate
Were you a woman as the rest goes even
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say Thrice welcome drowned Viola!

Vio My father had a mole upon his brow

Seb And so had mine

Vio And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number d thirteen years

Seb O that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years

Vio If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp d attire
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place time fortune do cohere and jump
That I am Viola which to confirm
I ll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord

Seb [*To* OLIVIA] So comes it lady you have been mistook
But nature to her bias drew in that
You would have been contracted to a maid
Nor are you therein, by my life deceived
You are betroth d both to a maid and man

Duke Be not amazed right noble is his blood

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck
[*To* VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me

Vio And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night

Duke Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds

Vio The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's

Oli He shall enlarge him fetch Malvolio hither
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract

Re-enter CLOWN *with a letter, and* FABIAN

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his
How does he, sirrah?

Clo Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do has here writ a letter to you, I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered

Oli Open 't, and read it

Clo Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam"—

Oli How now! art thou mad?

Clo No, madam, I do but read madness an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox

Oli Prithee, read i' thy right wits

Clo So I do, madonna, but to read his right wits is to read thus therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear

Oli Read it you, sirrah [*To* FABIAN]

Fab [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame Think of me as you please I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury

The madly-used Malvolio "

Oli Did he write this?

Clo Ay, madam

Duke This savours not much of distraction

Oli See him deliver'd, Fabian, bring him hither [*Exit* FABIAN

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost

Duke Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer
[*To* VIOLA] Your master quits you, and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress

Oli A sister! you are she

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO

Duke Is this the madman?

Oli Ay, my lord, this same
How now, Malvolio!

Mal Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong

Oli Have I, Malvolio? no

Mal Lady, you have Pray you, peruse that letter
You must not now deny it is your hand
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention
You can say none of this well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people,
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why

Oli Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad, then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter Prithee, be content

This practice hath most shrewdly pass d upon
thee
But when we know the grounds and authors of it
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause

Fab Good madam hear me speak
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour
Which I have wonder d at In hope it shall not
Most freely I confess myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby s great importance
In recompense whereof he hath married her
How with a sportful malice it was follow d
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge
If that the injuries be justly weigh d
That have on both sides pass d

Oli Alas poor fool how have they baffled thee!

Clo Why *some are born great some achieve* greatness and some have greatness thrown upon them I was one sir in this interlude one Sir Topas sir but that s all one By the Lord fool I am not mad But do you remember? Madam why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not he s gagged and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges

Mal I ll be revenged on the whole pack of you [*Exit*

Oli He hath been most notoriously abused

Duke Pursue him and entreat him to a peace
He hath not told us of the captain yet
When that is known and golden time convents
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls Meantime sweet sister
We will not part from hence Cesario come
For so you shall be while you are a man
But when in other habits you are seen
Orsino s mistress and his fancy s queen

[*Exeunt all except* CLOWN

Clo [*Sings*]
When that I was and a little tiny boy
With hey ho the wind and the rain
A foolish thing was but a toy
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came to man s estate
With hey ho &c
Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
gate
For the rain, &c

But when I came alas! to wive
With hey ho &c
By swaggering could I never thrive
For the rain &c

But when I came unto my beds
With hey ho &c
With toss pots still had drunken heads
For the rain &c

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey ho &c
But that s all one our play is done
And we ll strive to please you every day

[*Exit*

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Claudius, *King of Denmark*
Hamlet, *son to the late, and nephew to the present, King*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain*
Horatio *friend to Hamlet*
Laertes *son to Polonius*
Voltimand, Cornelius, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Osric, A Gentleman — *Courtiers*
A Priest
Marcellus, Bernardo — *Officers*
Francisco *a soldier*
Reynaldo *servant to Polonius*
Five Players
Two Clowns, *gravediggers*
Fortinbras, *Prince of Norway*
A Captain
English Ambassadors
A Lord
A Soldier
Two Messengers
A Servant *to Horatio*
Danes
Ghost *of Hamlet s father*

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet*
Ophelia, *daughter to Polonius*

Non-Speaking *Lords, Ladies, Officers Soldiers Sailors and other Attendants*

Scene *Denmark*

ACT I

Scene I *Elsinore a platform before the castle*

FRANCISCO *at his post Enter to him* BERNARDO

Ber Who's there?
Fran Nay, answer me stand, and unfold yourself
Ber Long live the king!
Fran Bernardo?
Ber He
Fran You come most carefully upon your hour
Ber 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, Francisco
Fran For this relief much thanks 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart
Ber Have you had quiet guard?
Fran Not a mouse stirring
Ber Well, good night
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste
Fran I think I hear them Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS

Hor Friends to this ground
Mar And liegemen to the Dane
Fran Give you good night
Mar O farewell honest soldier
Who hath relieved you?
Fran Bernardo has my place
Give you good night [*Exit*
Mar Holla! Bernardo!
Ber Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor A piece of him
Ber Welcome, Horatio welcome, good Marcellus
Mar What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ber I have seen nothing
Mar Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it
Hor Tush, tush, 'twill not appear
Ber Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen
Hor Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this
Ber Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns Marcellus and myself
The bell then beating one—

Enter GHOST

Mar Peace break thee off look where it comes again!
Ber In the same figure like the King that s dead
Mar Thou art a scholar speak to it Horatio
Ber Looks it not like the King? mark it Horatio
Hor Most like it harrows me with fear and wonder
Ber It would be spoke to
Mar Question it Horatio
Hor What art thou that usurp st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee speak!
Mar It is offended
Ber See, it stalks away!
Hor Stay! speak speak! I charge thee speak!
[*Exit* GHOST
Mar 'Tis gone and will not answer
Ber How now Horatio! you tremble and look pale
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on t?
Hor Before my God I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes
Mar Is it not like the King?
Hor As thou art to thyself
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated
So frown d he once when, in an angry parle
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice
'Tis strange
Mar Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch
Hor In what particular thought to work I know not
But in the gross and scope of my opinion
This bodes some strange eruption to our state
Mar Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war
Why such impress of shipwrights whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week
What might be toward that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day
Who is t that can inform me?
Hor That can I
At least the whisper goes so Our last king
Whose image even but now appear d to us
Was as you know by Fortinbras of Norway
Thereto prick d on by a most emulate pride
Dared to the combat in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem d him—
Did slay this Fortinbras who by a seal d compact
Well ratified by law and heraldry
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seized of to the conqueror
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king which had return d
To the inheritance of Fortinbras
Had he been vanquisher as by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design d
His fell to Hamlet Now sir young Fortinbras
Of unimproved mettle hot and full
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark d up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in t which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us by strong hand
And terms compulsatory those foresaid lands
So by his father lost and this I take it
Is the main motive of our preparations
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post haste and romage in the land
Ber I think it be no other but e en so
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars
Hor A mote it is to trouble the mind s eye
In the most high and palmy state of Rome
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood
Disasters in the sun and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune s empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse
And even the like precurse of fierce events
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter GHOST

I'll cross it, though it blast me Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it [*Cock crows*] stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus

Mar Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Hor Do, if it will not stand
Ber 'Tis here!
Hor 'Tis here!
Mar 'Tis gone! [*Exit* GHOST
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery
Ber It was about to speak, when the cock crew
Hor And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine and of the truth herein
This present object made probation
Mar It faded on the crowing of the cock
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time
Hor So have I heard and do in part believe it
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill
Break we our watch up, and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet, for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A room of state in the castle*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Attendants*

King Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole—
Taken to wife nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along For all, our thanks
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother So much for him
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting
Thus much the business is we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras—
Who impotent and bed rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose—to suppress
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject and we here dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty
Cor } *Vol* } In that and all things will we show our duty
King We doubt it nothing heartily farewell
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit, what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice what wouldst thou beg Laertes
That shall not be my offer not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more instrumental to the mouth
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father
What wouldst thou have Laertes?
Laer My dread lord
Your leave and favour to return to France
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now I must confess that duty done
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon
King Have you your father s leave? What says Polonius?
Pol He hath my lord wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition and at last
Upon his will I seal d my hard consent
I do beseech you give him leave to go
King Take thy fair hour Laertes time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now my cousin Hamlet and my son—
Ham [*Aside*] A little more than kin and less than kind
King *How is it that the clouds still hang on you?*
Ham Not so my lord I am too much i the sun
Queen Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust
Thou know st tis common all that lives must die
Passing through nature to eternity
Ham Ay madam it is common
Queen If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham Seems madam! nay it is I know not seems
'Tis not alone my inky cloak good mother
Nor customary suits of solemn black
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath
No nor the fruitful river in the eye
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage
Together with all forms moods shapes of grief
That can denote me truly these indeed seem
For they are actions that a man might play
But I have that within which passeth show
These but the trappings and the suits of woe
King Tis sweet and commendable in your nature Hamlet
To give these mourning duties to your father
But you must know your father lost a father
That father lost lost his and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness tis unmanly grief
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven
A heart unfortified a mind impatient
An understanding simple and unschool d
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! tis a fault to heaven
A fault against the dead a fault to nature
To reason most absurd whose common theme
Is death of fathers and who still hath cried
From the first corse till he that died to-day
This must be so We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg
It is most retrograde to our desire
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye
Our chiefest courtier cousin and our son
Queen Let not thy mother lose her prayers Hamlet
I pray thee stay with us go not to Wittenberg
Ham I shall in all my best obey you madam
King Why tis a loving and a fair reply
Be as ourself in Denmark Madam come
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart in grace whereof
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell
And the King s rouse the heavens shall bruit again
Re speaking earthly thunder Come away
[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET
Ham O, that this too too solid flesh would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix d
His canon gainst self slaughter! O God! God!
How weary stale flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on t! ah fie! tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely That it should come to this!
But two months dead nay, not so much, not two
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules within a month
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO

Hor Hail to your lordship!
Ham I am glad to see you well
Horatio—or I do forget myself
Hor The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever
Ham Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar My good lord—
Ham I am very glad to see you Good even, sir
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor A truant disposition, good my lord
Ham I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself I know you are no truant
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart
Hor My lord, I came to see your father's funeral
Ham I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student,
I think it was to see my mother's wedding
Hor Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon
Ham Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father
Hor Where, my lord?
Ham In my mind's eye, Horatio
Hor I saw him once, he was a goodly king
Ham He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again
Hor My lord, I think I saw him yesternight
Ham Saw? who?
Hor My lord, the King your father
Ham The King my father!
Hor Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you
Ham For God's love, let me hear
Hor Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes I knew your father,
These hands are not more like
Ham But where was this?
Mar My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd
Ham Did you not speak to it?
Hor My lord, I did,
But answer made it none yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight
Ham 'Tis very strange
Hor As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it
Ham Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar } *Ber* } We do, my lord
Ham Arm'd, say you?

Mar / *Ber* Arm d my lord
Ham From top to toe?
Mar / *Ber* My lord from head to foot
Ham Then saw you not his face?
Hor O yes my lord he wore his beaver up
Ham What look d he frowningly?
Hor A countenance more in sorrow than in anger
Ham Pale or red?
Hor Nay very pale
Ham And fix d his eyes upon you?
Hor Most constantly
Ham I would I had been there
Hor It would have much amazed you
Ham Very like very like Stay d it long?
Hor While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred
Mar / *Ber* Longer longer
Hor Not when I saw t
Ham His beard was grizzled no?
Hor It was as I have seen it in his life
A sable silver d
Ham I will watch to-night
Perchance twill walk again
Hor I warrant it will
Ham If it assume my noble father s person,
I ll speak to it though hell itself should gape
And bide me hold my peace I pray you all
If you have hitherto conceal d this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night
Give it an understanding but no tongue
I will requite your loves So fare you well
Upon the platform twixt eleven and twelve
I ll visit you
All Our duty to your honour
Ham Your loves as mine to you farewell
[Exeunt all but HAMLET
My father s spirit in arms! all is not well
I doubt some foul play Would the night were come!
Till then sit still my soul Foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o erwhelm them to men s eyes
[Exit

SCENE III *A room in Polonius house*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA

Laer My necessaries are embark d farewell
And sister as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant do not sleep
But let me hear from you
Oph Do you doubt that?
Laer For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood
A violet in the youth of primy nature
Forward not permanent sweet not lasting
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more
Oph No more but so?
Laer Think it no more
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk but a this temple waxes
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal Perhaps he loves you now
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will but you must fear
His greatness weigh d his will is not his own
For he himself is subject to his birth
He may not as unvalued persons do
Carve for himself for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head Then if he says he loves you
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs
Or lose your heart or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster d importunity
Fear it Ophelia fear it my dear sister
And keep you in the rear of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent
Be wary then best safety lies in fear
Youth to itself rebels though none else near
Oph *I shall the effect of this good lesson keep*
As watchman to my heart But good my brother
Do not as some ungracious pastors do
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven
Whiles like a puff'd and reckless libertine
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede
Laer O fear me not
I stay too long but here my father comes

Enter POLONIUS

A double blessing is a double grace
Occasion smiles upon a second leave

Pol Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
This above all to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man
Farewell my blessing season this in thee!

Laer Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord

Pol The time invites you, go, your servants tend

Laer Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you

Oph 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it

Laer Farewell [*Exit*

Pol What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet

Pol Marry, well bethought
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour
What is between you? give me up the truth

Oph He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me

Pol Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph I do not know, my lord, what I should think

Pol Marry, I'll teach you think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling Tender yourself more dearly,
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool

Oph My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion

Pol Ay, fashion you may call it, go to, go to

Oph And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven

Pol Ay, springes to catch woodcocks I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile This is for all
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet
Look to't, I charge you come your ways

Oph I shall obey, my lord [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The platform*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS

Ham The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold

Hor It is a nipping and an eager air

Ham What hour now?

Hor I think it lacks of twelve

Mar No, it is struck

Hor Indeed? I heard it not then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk

A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham The King doth wake to night and takes his rouse
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down
The kettle drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge
Hor Is it a custom?
Ham Ay marry is t
But to my mind though I am native here
And to the manner born it is a custom
More honour d in the breach than the observance
This heavy headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax d of other nations
They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition and indeed it takes
From our achievements though perform d at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute
So oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth—wherein they are not guilty
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o ergrowth of some complexion
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason
Or by some habit that too much o er leavens
The form of plausive manners that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being nature s livery or fortune s star—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal
Hor Look my lords it comes!

Enter GHOST

Ham Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn d
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell
Be thy intents wicked or charitable
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee I ll call thee Hamlet
King father royal Dane O answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance but tell
Why thy canonized bones hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn d
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again What may this mean
That thou, dead corse again in complete steel
Revisit st thus the glimpses of the moon
Making night hideous and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

GHOST *beckons* HAMLET

Hor It beckons you to go away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone
Mar Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground
But do not go with it
Hor No by no means
Ham It will not speak then I will follow it
Hor Do not my lord
Ham Why what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin s fee
And for my soul what can it do to that
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again I ll follow it
Hor What if it tempt you toward the flood my lord
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o er his base into the sea
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath
Ham It waves me still
Go on I ll follow thee
Mar You shall not go my lord
Ham Hold off your hands
Hor Be ruled you shall not go
Ham My fate cries out
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion s nerve
Still am I call d Unhand me gentlemen
By heaven I ll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say away! Go on I ll follow thee

[*Exeunt* GHOST *and* HAMLET

Hor He waxes desperate with imagination
Mar Let s follow tis not fit thus to obey him
Hor Have after To what issue will this come?
Mar Something is rotten in the state of Denmark
Hor Heaven will direct it
Mar Nay let s follow him [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another part of the platform*

Enter GHOST *and* HAMLET

Ham Where wilt thou lead me? speak I ll go no further
Ghost Mark me
Ham I will
Ghost My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself
Ham Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold
Ham Speak, I am bound to hear
Ghost So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear
Ham What?
Ghost I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Ham O God!
Ghost Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder
Ham Murder!
Ghost Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural
Ham Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge
Ghost I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this Now, Hamlet, hear
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown
Ham O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!
Ghost Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air,
Brief let me be Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood So did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire
Adieu adieu! Hamlet, remember me [*Exit*
Ham O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain
Unmix d with baser matter Yes by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain villain smiling damned villain!
My tables—meet it is I set it down
That one may smile and smile and be a villain
At least I m sure it may be so in Denmark
Writing
So uncle there you are Now to my word
It is Adieu adieu! remember me
I have sworn t

Mar / *Hor* [*Within*] My lord my lord—
Mar [*Within*] Lord Hamlet—
Hor [*Within*] Heaven secure him!
Ham So be it!
Hor [*Within*] Hillo ho ho my lord!
Ham Hillo ho ho boy! come bird come

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS

Mar How is t my noble lord?
Hor What news my lord?
Ham O wonderful!
Hor Good my lord tell it
Ham No you ll reveal it
Hor Not I my lord by heaven
Mar Nor I my lord
Ham How say you then would heart of man once think it?
But you ll be secret?
Hor / *Mar* Ay by heaven my lord
Ham There s ne er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he s an arrant knave
Hor There needs no ghost my lord come from the grave
To tell us this
Ham Why right you are i the right
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part
You as your business and desire shall point you
For every man has business and desire
Such as it is and for mine own poor part
Look you I ll go pray
Hor These are but wild and whirling words my lord
Ham I m sorry they offend you heartily
Yes faith heartily
Hor There s no offence my lord
Ham Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio
And much offence too Touching this vision here
It is an honest ghost that let me tell you
For your desire to know what is between us
O ermaster t as you may And now good friends
As you are friends scholars and soldiers
Give me one poor request
Hor What is t my lord? we will
Ham Never make known what you have seen to night
Hor / *Mar* My Lord we will not
Ham Nay but swear t
Hor In faith
My lord not I
Mar Nor I my lord in faith
Ham Upon my sword
Mar We have sworn my lord already
Ham Indeed upon my sword indeed
Ghost [*Beneath*] Swear
Ham Ah ha boy! say st thou so? art thou there truepenny?
Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—
Consent to swear
Hor Propose the oath my lord
Ham Never to speak of this that you have seen
Swear by my sword
Ghost [*Beneath*] Swear
Ham *Hic et ubique?* then we ll shift our ground
Come hither gentlemen
And lay your hands again upon my sword
Never to speak of this that you have heard
Swear by my sword
Ghost [*Beneath*] Swear
Ham Well said old mole! canst work i the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove good friends
Hor O day and night but this is wondrous strange!
Ham And therefore as a stranger give it welcome
There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy
But come
Here as before never so help you mercy
How strange or odd soe er I bear myself
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on
That you at such times seeing me never shall
With arms encumber d thus or this head shake
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase
As Well well we know or We could an if we would
Or If we list to speak or There be an if they might
Or such ambiguous giving out to note
That you know aught of me this not to do

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear
Ghost [*Beneath*] Swear
Ham Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack Let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray
The time is out of joint O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *A room in Polonius' house*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO

Pol Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo
Rey I will, my lord
Pol You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behaviour
Rey My lord, I did intend it
Pol Marry, well said, very well said Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him" do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey Ay, very well, my lord
Pol "And in part him, but" you may say "not well
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so" and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty
Rey As gaming, my lord
Pol Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing you may go so far
Rey My lord, that would dishonour him
Pol 'Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning But breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault
Rey But, my good lord—
Pol Wherefore should you do this?
Rey Ay, my lord,
I would know that
Pol Marry, sir, here's my drift,
And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence,
"Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country
Rey Very good, my lord
Pol And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something Where did I leave?
Rey At "closes in the consequence," at "friend or so," and "gentleman"
Pol At "closes in the consequence," ay, marry,
He closes thus "I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
There was a' gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis" or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth
See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out
So by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son You have me, have you not?
Rey My lord, I have
Pol God be wi' you, fare you well
Rey Good my lord!
Pol Observe his inclination in yourself
Rey I shall, my lord
Pol And let him ply his music
Rey Well, my lord
Pol Farewell! [*Exit* REYNALDO

Enter OPHELIA

How now Ophelia! what s the matter?
Oph O my lord, my lord I have been so affrighted!
Pol With what i the name of God?
Oph My lord, as I was sewing in my closet
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced
No hat upon his head his stockings foul d
Ungarter d and down-gyved to his ancle
Pale as his shirt his knees knocking each other
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors—he comes before me
Pol Mad for thy love?
Oph My lord I do not know
But truly I do fear it
Pol What said he?
Oph He took me by the wrist and held me hard
Then goes he to the length of all his arm
And with his other hand thus o er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it Long stay d he so
At last a little shaking of mine arm
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being That done he lets me go
And with his head over his shoulder turn d
He seem d to find his way without his eyes
For out o doors he went without their helps
And to the last bended their light on me
Pol Come go with me I will go seek the King
This is the very ecstasy of love
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures I am sorry
What have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph No my good lord but as you did command
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me
Pol That hath made him mad
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him I fear d he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee but beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion Come, go we to the King
This must be known which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A room in the castle*

Enter KING QUEEN ROSENCRANTZ GUILDENSTERN *and Attendants*

King Welcome dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending Something have you heard
Of Hamlet s transformation so call it
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was What it should be
More than his father s death that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself
I cannot dream of I entreat you both
That being of so young days brought up with him
And sith so neighbour d to his youth and humour
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown, afflicts him thus
That open d lies within our remedy
Queen Good gentlemen he hath much talk d of you
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile
For the supply and profit of our hope
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king s remembrance
Ros Both your Majesties
Might by the sovereign power you have of us
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty
Guil But we both obey
And here give up ourselves in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet
To be commanded
King Thanks Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern
Queen Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son Go some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is
Guil Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen Ay amen!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and some Attendants*

Enter POLONIUS

Pol The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd

King Thou still hast been the father of good news

Pol Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy

King O, speak of that, that do I long to hear

Pol Give first admittance to the ambassadors,
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast

King Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in [*Exit* POLONIUS
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper

Queen I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage

King Well, we shall sift him

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt Most fair return of greetings and desires
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness whereat grieved,
That so to his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand sends out arrests
On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your Majesty
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
Giving a paper
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down

King It likes us well,
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together
Most welcome home!
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS

Pol This business is well ended
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief your noble son is mad
Mad call I it, for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go

Queen More matter, with less art

Pol Madam, I swear I use no art at all
That he is mad, 'tis true 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true A foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art
Mad let us grant him, then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause
Thus it remains and the remainder thus
Perpend
I have a daughter—have while she is mine—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this Now gather, and surmise
Reads
"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia"—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, "beautified" is a vile phrase but you shall hear Thus [*Reads*]
"In her excellent white bosom, these, &c "

Queen Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol Good madam, stay awhile, I will be faithful [*Reads*]

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my groans but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it Adieu

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet '

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear

King But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol What do you think of me?

King As of a man faithful and honourable

Pol I would fain prove so But what might you think
When I had seen this hot love on the wing—
As I perceived it I must tell you that
Before my daughter told me—what might you
Or my dear Majesty your queen here think
If I had play d the desk or table book
Or given my heart a winking mute and dumb
Or look d upon this love with idle sight
What might you think? No I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star
This must not be and then I prescripts gave her
That she should lock herself from his resort
Admit no messengers receive no tokens
Which done she took the fruits of my advice
And he repulsed—a short tale to make—
Fell into a sadness then into a fast
Thence to a watch thence into a weakness
Thence to a lightness and, by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves
And all we mourn for

King Do you think tis this?

Queen It may be very likely

Pol Hath there been such a time—I d fain know that—
That I have positively said Tis so
When it proved otherwise?

King Not that I know

Pol [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this if this be otherwise
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid though it were hid indeed
Within the centre

King How may we try it further?

Pol You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby

Queen So he does indeed

Pol At such a time I ll loose my daughter to him
Be you and I behind an arras then
Mark the encounter If he love her not
And be not from his reason fall n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keep a farm and carters

King We will try it

Queen But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading

Pol Away I do beseech you, both away
I ll board him presently

[*Exeunt* KING QUEEN *and Attendants*

Enter HAMLET *reading*

O give me leave,
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham Well God a mercy

Pol Do you know me my lord?

Ham Excellent well you are a fishmonger

Pol Not I my lord

Ham Then I would you were so honest a man

Pol Honest my lord!

Ham Ay sir to be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand

Pol That s very true my lord

Ham For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol I have my lord

Ham Let her not walk i the sun Conception is a blessing but not as your daughter may conceive Friend look to t

Pol [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter yet he knew me not at first he said I was a fishmonger he is far gone far gone and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love very near this I ll speak to him again What do you read my lord?

Ham Words words words

Pol What is the matter my lord?

Ham Between who?

Pol I mean the matter that you read my lord

Ham Slanders sir for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards that their faces are wrinkled their eyes purging thick amber and plum tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams all which sir though I most powerfully and potently believe yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself sir should be old as I am if like a crab you could go backward

Pol [*Aside*] Though this be madness yet there is method in t Will you walk out of the air my lord?

Ham Into my grave

Pol Indeed that is out o the air [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of I will leave him and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter —My honourable lord I will most humbly take my leave of you

Ham You cannot sir take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal except my life except my life except my life

Pol Fare you well my lord

Ham These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

Pol You go to seek the Lord Hamlet there he is

Ros [*To* POLONIUS] God save you, sir!

[*Exit* POLONIUS

Guil My honoured lord!

Ros My most dear lord!

Ham My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros As the indifferent children of the earth

Guil Happy, in that we are not over-happy,
On fortune's cap we are not the very button

Ham Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros Neither, my lord

Ham Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil 'Faith, her privates we

Ham In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true, she is a strumpet What's the news?

Ros None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest

Ham Then is doomsday near But your news is not true Let me question more in particular What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil Prison, my lord!

Ham Denmark's a prison

Ros Then is the world one

Ham A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst

Ros We think not so, my lord

Ham Why, then, 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so To me it is a prison

Ros Why then your ambition makes it one, 'tis too narrow for your mind

Ham O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams

Guil Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream

Ham A dream itself is but a shadow

Ros Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow

Ham Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason

Ros, *Guil* } We'll wait upon you

Ham No such matter I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros To visit you, my lord, no other occasion

Ham Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me Come, come, nay, speak

Guil What should we say, my lord?

Ham Why, any thing, but to the purpose You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour I know the good king and queen have sent for you

Ros To what end, my lord?

Ham That you must teach me But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros [*Aside to* GUILDENSTERN] What say you?

Ham [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you —If you love me, hold not off

Guil My lord, we were sent for

Ham I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so

Ros My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts

Ham Why did you laugh then, when I said "man delights not me"?

Ros To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you We coted them on the way, and hither are they coming, to offer you service

Ham He that plays the king shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute of me, the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target, the

lover shall not sigh *gratis* the humorous man shall end his part in peace the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o the sere and the lady shall say her mind freely or the blank verse shall halt for t What players are they?

Ros Even those you were wont to take delight in the tragedians of the city

Ham How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways

Ros I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation

Ham Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros No indeed are they not

Ham How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros Nay their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace but there is sir an aery of children little eyases that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for t These are now the fashion and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither

Ham What are they children? who maintains em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros Faith there has been much to do on both sides and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy There was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question

Ham Is t possible?

Guil O there has been much throwing about of brains

Ham Do the boys carry it away?

Ros Ay that they do my lord Hercules and his load too

Ham It is not very strange for mine uncle is King of Denmark and those that would make mows at him while my father lived give twenty forty fifty an hundred ducats a piece for his picture in little Sblood there is something in this more than natural if philosophy could find it out

Flourish of trumpets within

Guil There are the players

Ham Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore Your hands come then The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony Let me comply with you in this garb lest my extent to the players which I tell you must show fairly outward should more appear like entertainment than yours You are welcome but my uncle father and aunt mother are deceived

Guil In what my dear lord?

Ham I am but mad north north west When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw

Re-enter POLONIUS

Pol Well be with you gentlemen!

Ham Hark you Guildenstern and you too at each ear a hearer that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts

Ros Happily he s the second time come to them for they say an old man is twice a child

Ham I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players mark it [*Aloud*] You say right sir o Monday morning twas so indeed

Pol My lord I have news to tell you

Ham My lord I have news to tell you When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

Pol The actors are come hither my lord

Ham Buz buz!

Pol Upon mine honour—

Ham Then came each actor on his ass—

Pol The best actors in the world either for tragedy comedy, history pastoral pastoral comical historical pastoral tragical historical tragical-comical historical pastoral scene individable or poem unlimited Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light For the law of writ and the liberty these are the only men

Ham O Jephthah judge of Israel what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol What a treasure had he my lord?

Ham Why

One fair daughter, and no more
The which he loved passing well

Pol [*Aside*] Still on my daughter

Ham Am I not i the right old Jephthah?

Pol If you call me Jephthah my lord I have a daughter that I love passing well

Ham Nay that follows not

Pol What follows then, my lord?

Ham Why

As by lot God wot

and then you know

It came to pass as most like it was —

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more for look where my abridgement comes

Enter four or five PLAYERS

You are welcome masters welcome all I am glad to see thee well Welcome good friends

O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last, comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring Masters, you are all welcome We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see we'll have a speech straight Come, give us a taste of your quality, come, a passionate speech

1st Play What speech, my lord?

Ham I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted, or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas caviare to the general, but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine One speech in it I chiefly loved 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter If it live in your memory, begin at this line let me see, let me see—
"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"
—it is not so It begins with Pyrrhus
"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal, head to foot
Now is he total gules, horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murder roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks "
So proceed you

Pol 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion

1st Play "Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks, his antique sword
Rebellious to his arm lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear, for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour forged for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!"

Pol This is too long

Ham It shall to the barber's, with your beard Prithee, say on, he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps Say on, come to Hecuba

1st Play "But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—"

Ham "The mobled queen"?

Pol That's good, "mobled queen" is good

1st Play "Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up,
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced
But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,

And passion in the gods '

Pol Look whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in s eyes Pray you no more

Ham Tis well I ll have thee speak out the rest soon Good my lord will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear let them be well used for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live

Pol My lord I will use them according to their desert

Ham God s bodykins man much better Use every man after his desert and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty Take them in

Pol Come sirs

Ham Follow him friends we ll hear a play to-morrow [*Exit* POLONIUS *with all the* PLAYERS *but the* FIRST] Dost thou hear me old friend can you play The Murder of Gonzago ?

1st Play Ay my lord

Ham We ll ha t to-morrow night You could for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and insert in t could you not?

1st Play Ay my lord

Ham Very well Follow that lord and look you mock him not [*Exit* FIRST PLAYER] My good friends I ll leave you till night you are welcome to Elsinore

Ros Good my lord'

Ham Ay so God be wi ye [*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN] Now I am alone
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I'
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction in a dream of passion
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann d
Tears in his eyes distraction in s aspect
A broken voice and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing'
For Hecuba'
What s Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears
Yet I
A dull and muddy mettled rascal peak
Like John-a-dreams unpregnant of my cause
And can say nothing no not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn d defeat was made Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i the throat
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha'
Swounds I should take it for it cannot be
But I am pigeon liver d and lack gall
To make oppression bitter or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave s offal Bloody bawdy villain'
Remorseless treacherous, lecherous kindless villain'
O vengeance'
Why what an ass am I' This is most brave
That I the son of a dear father murder d
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words
And fall a-cursing like a very drab
A scullion'
Fie upon t' foh' About my brain' I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim d their malefactions,
For murder though it have no tongue will speak
With most miraculous organ I ll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle I ll observe his looks
I ll tent him to the quick If he but blench
I know my course The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape yea and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
As he is very potent with such spirits
Abuses me to damn me I ll have grounds
More relative than this The play s the thing
Wherein I ll catch the conscience of the King
[*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *A room in the castl*

Enter KING QUEEN POLONIUS OPHELIA ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

King And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this confusion
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros He does confess he feels himself distracted
But from what cause he will by no means speak

Guil Nor do we find him forward to be sounded

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state

Queen Did he receive you well?

Ros Most like a gentleman

Guil But with much forcing of his disposition

Ros Niggard of question, but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply

Queen Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it They are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him

Pol 'Tis most true
And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter

King With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights

Ros We shall, my lord
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

King Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for

Queen I shall obey you
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours

Oph Madam, I wish it may [*Exit* QUEEN

Pol Ophelia, walk you here Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves [*To* OPHELIA] Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness We are oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself

King [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word
O heavy burthen!

Pol I hear him coming let's withdraw, my lord
[*Exeunt* KING *and* POLONIUS

Enter HAMLET

Ham To be, or not to be that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep,
No more, and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd To die, to sleep,
To sleep? perchance to dream Ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action —Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd

Oph Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham I humbly thank you, well, well, well

Oph My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you, now receive them

Ham No, not I,
I never gave you aught

Oph My honour d lord you know right well
you did
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich Their perfume lost
Take these again for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind
There my lord

Ham Ha ha! are you honest?

Oph My lord?

Ham Are you fair?

Oph What means your lordship?

Ham That if you be honest and fair your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty

Oph Could beauty my lord have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham Ay truly for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness This was sometime a paradox but now the time gives it proof I did love you once

Oph Indeed my lord you made me believe so

Ham You should not have believed me for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it I loved you not

Oph I was the more deceived

Ham Get thee to a nunnery why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me I am very proud revengeful ambitious with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in imagination to give them shape or time to act them in What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all believe none of us Go thy ways to a nunnery Where s your father?

Oph At home my lord

Ham Let the doors be shut upon him that he may play the fool nowhere but in s own house Farewell

Oph O help him you sweet heavens!

Ham If thou dost marry I ll give thee this plague for thy dowry be thou as chaste as ice as pure as snow thou shalt not escape calumny Get thee to a nunnery go Farewell Or if thou wilt needs marry marry a fool for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them To a nunnery go and quickly too Farewell

Oph O heavenly powers restore him!

Ham I have heard of your paintings too well enough God has given you one face and you make yourselves another You jig you amble and you lisp and nick name God s creatures and make your wantonness your ignorance Go to I ll no more on t it hath made me mad I say we will have no more marriages Those that are married already all but one shall live the rest shall keep as they are To a nunnery go [*Exit*

Oph O what a noble mind is here o erthrown!
The courtier s soldier s scholar s eye tongue
sword
The expectancy and rose of the fair state
The glass of fashion and the mould of form
The observed of all observers quite quite
down!
And I of ladies most deject and wretched
That suck d the honey of his music vows
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh
That unmatch d form and feature of blown
youth
Blasted with ecstasy O woe is me
To have seen what I have seen see what I see!

Re enter KING *and* POLONIUS

King Love! his affections do not that way
tend
Nor what he spake though it lack d form a little
Was not like madness There s something in his
soul
O er which his melancholy sits on brood
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger which for to prevent
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down he shall with speed to
England
For the demand of our neglected tribute
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself What think you on t?

Pol It shall do well but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love How now Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said
We heard it all My lord do as you please
But if you hold it fit after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief let her be round with him
And I ll be placed so please you in the ear
Of all their conference If she find him not
To England send him or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think

King It shall be so
Madness in great ones must not unwatch d go
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A hall in the castle*

Enter HAMLET *and* PLAYERS

Ham Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant It out-herods Herod Pray you, avoid it

1st Play I warrant your honour

Ham Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature, for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably

1st Play I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir

Ham O, reform it altogether And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it Go, make you ready [*Exeunt* PLAYERS

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN

How now, my lord! will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol And the Queen too, and that presently

Ham Bid the players make haste [*Exit* POLONIUS] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros }
Guil } We will, my lord

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

Ham What ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO

Hor Here, sweet lord, at your service

Ham Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal

Hor O, my dear lord—

Ham Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself, for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks, and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee —Something too much of this —
There is a play to-night before the King
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle If his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming

Hor Well my lord
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft

Ham They are coming to the play, I must be idle
Get you a place

Danish march A flourish Enter KING QUEEN POLONIUS OPHELIA ROSENCRANTZ GUILDENSTERN *and others*

King How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham Excellent i faith of the chameleon s dish I eat the air promise crammed You cannot feed capons so

King I have nothing with this answer Hamlet these words are not mine

Ham No nor mine now [*To* POLONIUS] My lord you played once i the university you say?

Pol That did I my lord and was accounted a good actor

Ham What did you enact?

Pol I did enact Julius Cæsar I was killed i the Capitol Brutus killed me

Ham It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there Be the players ready?

Ros Ay my lord they stay upon your patience

Queen Come hither my dear Hamlet sit by me

Ham No good mother here s metal more attractive

Pol [*To the* KING] O ho! do you mark that?

Ham Lady shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA s *feet*

Oph No my lord

Ham I mean my head upon your lap?

Oph Ay my lord

Ham Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph I think nothing my lord

Ham That s a fair thought to lie between maids legs

Oph What is my lord?

Ham Nothing

Oph You are merry my lord

Ham Who I?

Oph Ay my lord

Ham O God your only jig maker What should a man do but be merry? for look you how cheerfully my mother looks and my father died within these two hours

Oph Nay tis twice two months my lord

Ham So long? Nay then let the devil wear black for I ll have a suit of sables O heavens! die two months ago and not forgotten yet? Then there s hope a great man s memory may outlive his life half a year but by r lady he must build churches then or else shall he suffer not thinking on with the hobby-horse whose epitaph is For O for O the hobby horse is forgot

Hautboys play The dumb-show enters

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly the Queen embracing him and he her She kneels and makes show of protestation unto him He takes her up and declines his head upon her neck lays him down upon a bank of flowers She seeing him asleep leaves him Anon comes in a fellow takes off his crown kisses it and pours poison in the King s ears and exit The Queen returns finds the King dead and makes passionate action The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in again seeming to lament with her The dead body is carried away The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts she seems loath and unwilling awhile but in the end accepts his love [*Exeunt*

Oph What means this my lord?

Ham Marry this is miching mallecho it means mischief

Oph Belike this show imports the argument of the play

Enter PROLOGUE

Ham We shall know by this fellow The players cannot keep counsel they ll tell all

Oph Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham Ay or any show that you ll show him Be not you ashamed to show he ll not shame to tell you what it means

Oph You are naught you are naught I'll mark the play

Pro For us and for our tragedy
Here stooping to your clemency
We beg your hearing patiently [*Exit*

Ham Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?

Oph Tis brief my lord

Ham As woman s love

Enter two Players as KING *and* QUEEN

P King Full thirty times hath Phœbus cart gone round
Neptune s salt wash and Tellus orbed ground
And thirty dozen moons with borrow d sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands

P Queen So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o er ere love be done!
But woe is me you are so sick of late
So far from cheer and from your former state
That I distrust you Yet though I distrust
Discomfort you my lord it nothing must
For women s fear and love holds quantity
In neither aught or in extremity
Now what my love is proof hath made you know
And as my love is sized my fear is so
Where love is great the littlest doubts are fear
Where little fears grow great great love grows there

P King 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too,
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P Queen O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first

Ham [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood

P Queen The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed

P King I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
Grief joys joy grieves, on slender accident
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead

P Queen Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham If she should break it now!

P King 'Tis deeply sworn Sweet, leave me here awhile,
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep [*Sleeps*]

P Queen Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain!
[*Exit*

Ham Madam, how like you this play?

Queen The lady doth protest too much, methinks

Ham O, but she'll keep her word

King Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence i' the world

King What do you call the play?

Ham "The Mouse-trap" Marry, how? Tropically This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife, Baptista You shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work, but what o' that? your Majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung

Enter LUCIANUS

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king

Oph You are as good as a chorus, my lord

Ham I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying

Oph You are keen my lord, you are keen

Ham It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge

Oph Still better, and worse

Ham So you must take your husbands Begin, murderer, pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin Come, "the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge"

Luc Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately
Pours the poison into the sleeper s ears

Ham He poisons him i' the garden for's estate His name s Gonzago the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian You shall see anon how

the murderer gets the love of Gonzago s wife

Oph The King rises

Ham What frighted with false fire!

Queen How fares my lord?

Pol Give o er the play

King Give me some light Away!

All Lights lights lights!

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET *and* HORATIO

Ham Why let the stricken deer go weep
The hart ungalled play
For some must watch while some must sleep
So runs the world away

Would not this sir and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes get me a fellowship in a cry of players sir?

Hor Half a share

Ham A whole one I
For thou dost know O Damon dear
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself and now reigns here
A very very—pajock

Hor You might have rhymed

Ham O good Horatio I ll take the ghost s word for a thousand pound Didst perceive?

Hor Very well my lord

Ham Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor I did very well note him

Ham Ah ha! Come some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy
Why then belike he likes it not perdy

Come some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

Guil Good my lord vouchsafe me a word with you

Ham Sir a whole history

Guil The King sir—

Ham Ay sir what of him?

Guil Is in his retirement marvellous distempered

Ham With drink sir?

Guil No my lord rather with choler

Ham Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor for for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler

Guil Good my lord put your discourse into some frame and start not so wildly from my affair

Ham I am tame sir pronounce

Guil The Queen your mother in most great affliction of spirit hath sent me to you

Ham You are welcome

Guil Nay good my lord this courtesy is not of the right breed If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer I will do your mother s commandment if not your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business

Ham Sir I cannot

Guil What my lord?

Ham Make you a wholesome answer my wit s diseased But sir such answer as I can make you shall command or rather as you say my mother Therefore no more but to the matter My mother you say—

Ros Then thus she says your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration

Ham O wonderful son that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother s admiration? Impart

Ros She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed

Ham We shall obey were she ten times our mother Have you any further trade with us?

Ros My lord you once did love me

Ham So I do still by these pickers and stealers

Ros Good my lord what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend

Ham Sir I lack advancement

Ros How can that be when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham Ay sir but While the grass grows—the proverb is something musty

Re-enter PLAYERS *with recorders*

O the recorders! let me see one To withdraw with you—why do you go about to recover the *wind of me as if you would drive me into a toil?*

Guil O my lord if my duty be too bold my love is too unmannerly

Ham I do not well understand that Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil My lord I cannot

Ham I pray you

Guil Believe me I cannot

Ham I do beseech you

Guil I know no touch of it my lord

Ham 'Tis as easy as lying Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb give it breath with your mouth and it will discourse most eloquent music Look you these are the stops

Guil But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony I have not the skill

Ham Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon

me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me

Enter POLONIUS

God bless you, sir!

Pol My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently

Ham Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed

Ham Methinks it is like a weasel

Pol It is backed like a weasel

Ham Or like a whale?

Pol Very like a whale

Ham Then I will come to my mother by and by They fool me to the top of my bent I will come by and by

Pol I will say so

Ham By and by is easily said [*Exit* POLONIUS]
Leave me, friends

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on Soft! now to my mother
O heart, lose not thy nature, let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom
Let me be cruel, not unnatural
I will speak daggers to her, but use none,
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit*

SCENE III *A room in the castle*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN

King I like him not nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range Therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies

Guil We will ourselves provide
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your Majesty

Ros The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance, but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it It is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd, which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin Never alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan

King Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed

Ros, *Guil* We will haste us

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

Enter POLONIUS

Pol My lord, he's going to his mother's closet
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process, I'll warrant she'll tax him home
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage Fare you well, my liege
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know

King Thanks, dear my lord

[*Exit* POLONIUS

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up,
My fault is past But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?

That cannot be since I am still possess d
Of those effects for which I did the murder
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen
May one be pardon d and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence s gilded hand may shove by justice
And oft tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law but tis not so above
There is no shuffling there the action lies
In his true nature and we ourselves compell d
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can What can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help angels! Make assay!
Bow stubborn knees and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new born babe!
All may be well [*Retires and kneels*

Enter HAMLET

Ham Now might I do it pat now he is praying
And now I ll do t And so he goes to heaven
And so am I revenged That would be scann d
A villain kills my father and for that
I his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven
O this is hire and salary not revenge
He took my father grossly full of bread
With all his crimes broad blown as flush as May
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
Tis heavy with him And am I then revenged
To take him in the purging of his soul
When he is fit and season d for his passage?
No!
Up sword and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunk asleep or in his rage
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed
At gaming swearing or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in t
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven
And that his soul may be as damn d and black
As hell whereto it goes My mother stays
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days [*Exit*
King [*Rising*] My words fly up my thoughts remain below
Words without thoughts never to heaven go [*Exit*

SCENE IV *The Queen s closet*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS

Pol He will come straight Look you lay home to him
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with
And that your Grace hath screen d and stood between
Much heat and him I ll sconce me even here
Pray you be round with him
Ham [*Within*] Mother mother mother!
Queen I ll warrant you
Fear me not Withdraw I hear him coming
[POLONIUS *hides behind the arras*

Enter HAMLET

Ham Now mother what s the matter?
Queen Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended
Ham Mother you have my father much offended
Queen Come come you answer with an idle tongue
Ham Go go you question with a wicked tongue
Queen Why how now, Hamlet!
Ham What s the matter now?
Queen Have you forgot me?
Ham No by the rood not so
You are the Queen your husband s brother s wife
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother
Queen Nay then I ll set those to you that can speak
Ham Come, come and sit you down you shall not budge
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you
Queen What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help help ho!
Pol [*Behind*] What ho! help help help!
Ham [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead for a ducat dead!
Makes a pass through the arras
Pol [*Behind*] O I am slain! [*Falls and dies*
Queen O me what hast thou done?
Ham Nay I know not
Is it the King?
Queen O what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham A bloody deed! almost as bad good mother
As kill a king and marry with his broth r
Queen As kill a king!
Ham Ay lady 'twas my word
Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius
Thou wretched rash intruding fool farewell!
I took thee for thy better Take thy fortune
Thou find st to be too busy is some danger

Leave wringing of your hands Peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it so
That it be proof and bulwark against sense

Queen What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths, O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act

Queen Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers
See, what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man
This was your husband Look you now, what follows
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion, but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire Proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason panders will

Queen O Hamlet, speak no more
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct

Ham Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty—

Queen O, speak to me no more,
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears,
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham A murderer and a villain,
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen No more!

Ham A king of shreds and patches—

Enter GHOST

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen Alas, he's mad!

Ham Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost Do not forget! This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits
O, step between her and her fighting soul
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works
Speak to her, Hamlet

Ham How is it with you, lady?

Queen Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand an end O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience Whereon do you look?

Ham On him on him' Look you how pale he glares'
His form and cause conjoin d preaching to stones
Would make them capable Do not look upon me
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects then what I have to do
Will want true colour tears perchance for blood
Queen To whom do you speak this?
Ham Do you see nothing there?
Queen Nothing at all yet all that is I see
Ham Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen No nothing but ourselves
Ham Why look you there' look how it steals away'
My father in his habit as he lived'
Look where he goes even now out at the portal'
[*Exit* GHOST
Queen This is the very coinage of your brain
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in
Ham Ecstasy'
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time
And makes as healthful music It is not madness
That I have utter d Bring me to the test
And I the matter will re word which madness
Would gambol from Mother for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place
Whiles rank corruption mining all within
Infects unseen Confess yourself to heaven
Repent what s past avoid what is to come
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker Forgive me this my virtue
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg
Yea curb and woo for leave to do him good
Queen O Hamlet thou hast cleft my heart in twain
Ham O throw away the worser part of it
And live the purer with the other half
Good night but go not to mine uncle s bed
Assume a virtue if you have it not
That monster custom who all sense doth eat
Of habits devil is angel yet in this
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on Refrain to-night
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence the next more easy
For use almost can change the stamp of nature
And either master the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency Once more good night
And when you are desirous to be bless d
I ll blessing beg of you For this same lord
[*Pointing to Polonius*
I do repent but heaven hath pleased it so
To punish me with this and this with me
That I must be their scourge and minister
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gave him So again good night
I must be cruel only to be kind
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind
One word more good lady
Queen What shall I do?
Ham Not this by no means that I bid you do
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed
Pinch wanton on your cheek call you his mouse
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses
Or paddling in you neck with his damn d fingers
Make you to ravel all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madness
But mad in craft Twere good you let him know
For who that s but a queen fair sober wise
Would from a paddock from a bat a gib
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No in despite of sense and secrecy
Unpeg the basket on the house s top
Let the birds fly and like the famous ape
To try conclusions in the basket creep
And break your own neck down
Queen Be thou assured if words be made of breath
And breath of life I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me
Ham I must to England you know that?
Queen Alack
I had forgot Tis so concluded on
Ham There s letters seal d and my two school fellows
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang d
They bear the mandate they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery Let it work
For tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar and t shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon O tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet
This man shall set me packing
I ll lug the guts into the neighbour room
Mother good night Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave
Come sir to draw toward an end with you
Good night mother
[*Exeunt severally,* HAMLET *dragging in Polonius*

ACT IV

SCENE I *A room in the castle*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN

King There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them
Where is your son?
Queen Bestow this place on us a little while
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN
Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!
King What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat, a rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man
King O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life Where is he gone?
Queen To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure, he weeps for what is done
King O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

Friends both, go join you with some further aid
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel I pray you, haste in this
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done, so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Another room in the castle*

Enter HAMLET

Ham Safely stowed
Ros / *Guil* [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Ham But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

Ros What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin
Ros Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel
Ham Do not believe it
Ros Believe what?
Ham That I can keep your counsel and not mine own Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Ros Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities But such officers do the King best service in the end He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again
Ros I understand you not, my lord
Ham I am glad of it A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear
Ros My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King
Ham The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body The King is a thing—
Guil A thing, my lord!
Ham Of nothing Bring me to him Hide fox, and all after [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Another room in the castle*

Enter KING *attended*

King I have sent to seek him, and to find the body
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him
He's loved of the distracted multitude
Who like not in their judgement, but

And where tis so the offender s scourge is weigh d,
But never the offence To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved
Or not at all

Enter ROSENCRANTZ

How now ! what hath befall n?

Ros Where the dead body is bestow d my lord
We cannot get from him

King But where is he?

Ros Without my lord guarded to know your pleasure

King Bring him before us

Ros Ho Guildenstern! bring in my lord

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN

King Now Hamlet where s Polonius?

Ham At supper

King At supper! where?

Ham Not where he eats but where he is eaten A certain convocation of politic worms are e en at him Your worm is your only emperor for diet We fat all creatures else to fat us and we fat ourselves for maggots Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service two dishes but to one table that s the end

King Alas alas!

Ham A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm

King What dost thou mean by this?

Ham Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar

King Where is Polonius?

Ham In heaven send thither to see If your messenger find him not there seek him i the other place yourself But indeed if you find him not within this month you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby

King Go seek him there [*To some Attendants*

Ham He will stay till you come [*Exeunt Attendants*

King Hamlet this deed for thine especial safety—
Which we do tender as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness Therefore prepare thyself
The bark is ready and the wind at help
The associates tend and every thing is bent
For England

Ham For England!

King Ay Hamlet

Ham Good

King So is it if thou knew st our purposes

Ham I see a cherub that sees them But come for England! Farewell dear mother

King Thy loving father Hamlet

Ham My mother Father and mother is man and wife man and wife is one flesh and so my mother Come for England! [*Exit*

King Follow him at foot tempt him with speed aboard
Delay it not I ll have him hence to-night
Away! for every thing is seal d and done
That else leans on the affair Pray you make haste
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN
And England if my love thou hold st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of Hamlet Do it England
For like the hectic in my blood he rages
And thou must cure me Till I know tis done
Howe er my haps my joys were ne er begun [*Exit*

SCENE IV *A plain in Denmark*

Enter FORTINBRAS *a* CAPTAIN *and Soldiers marching*

For Go captain from me greet the Danish king
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom You know the rendezvous
If that his Majesty would aught with us
We shall express our duty in his eye
And let him know so

Cap I will do t my lord

For Go softly on
[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and Soldiers*

Enter HAMLET ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN *and others*

Ham Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap They are of Norway sir

Ham How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap Against some part of Poland

Ham Who commands them sir?

Cap The nephew to old Norway Fortinbras

Ham Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it,
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee
Ham Why, then the Polack never will defend it
Cap Yes, it is already garrison'd
Ham Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies I humbly thank you, sir
Cap God be wi' you, sir [*Exit*
Ros Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham I'll be with you straight Go a little before [*Exeunt all except* HAMLET
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do",
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't Examples gross as earth exhort me,
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let me sleep? while, to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit*

SCENE V *Elsinore a room in the castle*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, *and a* GENTLEMAN

Queen I will not speak with her
Gent She is importunate, indeed distract
Her mood will needs be pitied
Queen What would she have?
Gent She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily
Hor 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds
Queen Let her come in [*Exit* HORATIO
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA

Oph Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen How now, Ophelia!
Oph [*Sings*] "How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon"
Queen Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
Oph Say you? nay, pray you, mark
[*Sings*] "He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone"
Queen Nay, but, Ophelia—
Oph Pray you, mark
[*Sings*] "White his shroud as the mountain snow"—

Enter KING

Queen Alas, look here, my lord

Oph [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love showers

King How do you pretty lady?

Oph Well God ild you! They say the owl was a baker s daughter Lord we know what we are but know not what we may be God be at your table!

King Conceit upon her father

Oph Pray you let s have no words of this but when they ask you what it means say you this

[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine s day
All in the morning betime
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine
Then up he rose and donn d his clothes
And dupp d the chamber door
Let in the maid that out a maid
Never departed more

King Pretty Ophelia!

Oph Indeed la without an oath I ll make an end on t

[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity
Alack and fie for shame!
Young men will do t if they come to t
By cock they are to blame
Quoth she before you tumbled me
You promised me to wed
So would I ha done by yonder sun
An thou hadst not come to my bed

King How long hath she been thus?

Oph I hope all will be well We must be patient but I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i the cold ground My brother shall know of it and so I thank you for your good counsel Come my coach! Good night ladies good night sweet ladies good night good night [*Exit*

King Follow her close give her good watch
I pray you [*Exit* HORATIO
O this is the poison of deep grief it springs
All from her father s death O Gertrude Gertrude
When sorrows come, they come not single spies
But in battalions First her father slain
Next your son gone and he most violent author
Of his own just remove the people muddied 81
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius death and we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgement
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts
Last and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France
Feeds on his wonder keeps himself in clouds
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father s death
Wherein necessity of matter beggar d
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear O my dear Gertrude this
Like to a murdering piece in many places
Gives me superfluous death

A noise within

Queen Alack what noise is this?

Enter another GENTLEMAN

King Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door
What is the matter?

Gent Save yourself my lord
The ocean overpeering of his list
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes in a riotous head
O erbears your officers The rabble call him lord
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word
They cry Choose we Laertes shall be king
Caps hands and tongues applaud it to the clouds
Laertes shall be king Laertes king!

Queen How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O this is counter you false Danish dogs!

King The doors are broke

Noise within

Enter LAERTES *armed* DANES *following*

Laer Where is this king? Sirs stand you all without

Danes No let s come in

Laer I pray you give me leave

Danes We will we will

[*They retire without the door*

Laer I thank you keep the door O thou vile king
Give me my father!

Queen Calmly good Laertes

Laer That drop of blood that s calm proclaims me bastard
Cries cuckold to my father brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother

King What is the cause, Laertes
That thy rebellion looks so giant like?
Let him go Gertrude do not fear our person
There s such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed Let him go, Gertrude
Speak, man

Laer Where is my father?

King Dead

Queen But not by him

King Let him demand his fill

Laer How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father

King Who shall stay you?

Laer My will, not all the world
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little

King Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer None but his enemies

King Will you know them then?

Laer To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood

King Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye

Danes [*Within*] Let her come in

Laer How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is t possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves

Oph [*Sings*]
"They bore him barefaced on the bier,
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,
And in his grave rain'd many a tear"—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus

Oph [*Sings*] "You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a"
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter

Laer This nothing's more than matter

Oph There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray, love, remember, and there is pansies, that's for thoughts

Laer A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted

Oph There's fennel for you, and columbines, there's rue for you, and here's some for me, we may call it herb-grace o'Sundays O, you must wear your rue with a difference There's a daisy I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died They say he made a good end—
[*Sings*] "For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy"

Laer Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness

Oph [*Sings*] "And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death bed,
He never will come again

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan
God ha' mercy on his soul!"
And of all Christian souls, I pray God God be wi' ye [*Exit*

Laer Do you see this, O God?

King Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction, but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content

Laer Let this be so,
His means of death, his obscure funeral—

No trophy sword nor hatchment o er his bones
No noble rite nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard as twere from heaven to earth
That I must call t in question

King So you shall
And where the offence is let the great axe fall
I pray you go with me [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Another room in the castle*

Enter HORATIO *and a* SERVANT

Hor What are they that would speak with me?

Serv Sailors sir They say they have letters for you

Hor Let them come in [*Exit* SERVANT
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted if not from lord Hamlet

Enter SAILORS

1st Sail God bless you sir

Hor Let him bless thee too

1st Sail He shall sir an t please Him
There s a letter for you sir It comes from the ambassador that was bound for England if your name be Horatio as I am let to know it is

Hor [*Reads*] Horatio when thou shalt have overlooked this give these fellows some means to the King they have letters for him Ere we were two days old at sea a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase Finding ourselves too slow of sail we put on a compelled valour and in the grapple I boarded them On the instant they got clear of our ship so I alone became their prisoner They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy but they knew what they did I am to do a good turn for them Let the King have the letters I have sent and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter These good fellows will bring thee where I am Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England of them I have much to tell thee Farewell
He that thou knowest thine Hamlet
Come I will make you way for these your letters
And do t the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Another room in the castle*

Enter KING *and* LAERTES

King Now must your conscience my acquittance seal
And you must put me in your heart for friend
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life

Laer It well appears but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats
So crimeful and so capital in nature
As by your safety wisdom all things else,
You mainly were stirr d up

King O for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew d
But yet to me they are strong The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks and for my self—
My virtue or my plague be it either which—
She s so conjunctive to my life and soul
That as the star moves not but in his sphere
I could not but by her The other motive
Why to a public count I might not go
Is the great love the general gender bear him
Who dipping all his faults in their affection
Would like the spring that turneth wood to stone
Convert his gyves to graces so that my arrows
Too slightly timber d for so loud a wind
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aim d them

Laer And so have I a noble father lost
A sister driven into desperate terms
Whose worth if praises may go back again
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections But my revenge will come

King Break not your sleeps for that You must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime You shortly shall hear more
I loved your father and we love ourself
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a MESSENGER

How now! what news?

Mess Letters my lord from Hamlet
This to your Majesty this to the Queen

King From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess Sailors my lord they say I saw them not
They were given me by Claudio he received them
Of him that brought them

King Laertes you shall hear them
Leave us [*Exit* MESSENGER
[*Reads*] High and mighty You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes when I shall first asking your pardon thereunto recount the

occasion of my sudden and more strange return
"Hamlet"
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer Know you the hand?
King 'Tis Hamlet's character "Naked!"
And in a postscript here, he says "alone "
Can you advise me?
Laer I'm lost in it, my lord But let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus didest thou "
King If it be so, Laertes—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?
Laer Ay, my lord,
So you will not o'errule me to a peace
King To thine own peace If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident
Laer My lord, I will be ruled,
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ
King It falls right
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say, you shine your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege
Laer What part is that, my lord?
King A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorpsed and demi natured
With the brave beast So far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did
Laer A Norman was't?
King A Norman
Laer Upon my life, Lamond
King The very same
Laer I know him well He is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation
King He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you The scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him
Now, out of this—
Laer What out of this, my lord?
King Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer Why ask you this?
King Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much That we would do,
We should do when we would, for this "would" changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing But, to the quick o' the ulcer—
Hamlet comes back What would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?
Laer To cut his throat i' the church
King No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize,
Revenge should have no bounds But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads He, being remiss,

Most generous and free from all contriving
Will not peruse the foils so that with ease
Or with a little shuffling you may choose
A sword unbated and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father

Laer I will do t
And for that purpose I ll anoint my sword
I bought an unction of a mountebank
So mortal that but dip a knife in it
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon can save the thing from death
That is but scratch d withal I ll touch my point
With this contagion that if I gall him slightly
It may be death

King Let s further think of this
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape if this should fail
And that our drift look through our bad per
formance,
'Twere better not assay d therefore this project
Should have a back or second that might hold
If this should blast in proof Soft! let me see
We ll make a solemn wager on your cunnings
I ha t
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink I ll have prepared
him
A chalice for the nonce whereon but sipping
If he by chance escape your venom d stuck
Our purpose may hold there

Enter QUEEN

How now sweet queen!

Queen One woe doth tread upon another s heel
So fast they follow Your sister s drown d,
Laertes

Laer Drown d! O where?

Queen There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow flowers nettles daisies and long
purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name
But our cold maids do dead men s fingers call
them
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang an envious sliver broke
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook Her clothes spread
wide
And, mermaid like, awhile they bore her up
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes
As one incapable of her own distress
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element But long it could not be
Till that her garments heavy with their drink
Pull d the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death

Laer Alas then she is drown d?

Queen Drown d drown d

Laer Too much of water hast thou poor
Ophelia
And therefore I forbid my tears But yet
It is our trick Nature her custom holds
Let shame say what it will when these are gone
The woman will be out Adieu my lord
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze
But that this folly douts it [*Exit*

King Let s follow Gertrude
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again
Therefore let s follow [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *A churchyard*

Enter TWO CLOWNS *with spades &c*

1st Clo Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2nd Clo I tell thee she is and therefore make her grave straight The crowner hath sat on her and finds it Christian burial

1st Clo How can that be unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2nd Clo Why tis found so

1st Clo It must be *se offendendo* it cannot be else For here lies the point if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act and an act hath three branches it is to act to do and to perform argal she drowned herself wittingly

2nd Clo Nay but hear you goodman delver—

1st Clo Give me leave Here lies the water good Here stands the man good If the man go to this water and drown himself it is will he nill he he goes—mark you that But if the water come to him and drown him he drowns not him self argal he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life

2nd Clo But is this law?

1st Clo Ay marry is t crowner s quest law

2nd Clo Will you ha the truth on t? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o Christian burial

1st Clo Why there thou say st and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian Come my spade There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners ditchers and grave makers they hold up Adam s profession

2nd Clo Was he a gentleman?

1st Clo A' was the first that ever bore arms

2nd Clo Why, he had none

1st Clo What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says "Adam digged", could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2nd Clo Go to

1st Clo What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2nd Clo The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants

1st Clo I like thy wit well, in good faith The gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill Now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee To't again, come

2nd Clo "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

1st Clo Ay, tell me that, and unyoke

2nd Clo Marry, now I can tell

1st Clo To't

2nd Clo Mass, I cannot tell

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a distance*

1st Clo Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and, when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker" the houses that he makes last till doomsday Go, get thee to Yaughan fetch me a stoup of liquor

[*Exit* SECOND CLOWN

He digs, and sings

"In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet "

Ham Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness

Ham 'Tis e'en so The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense

1st Clo [*Sings*]
"But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such "

Throws up a skull

Ham That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor It might, my lord

Ham Or of a courtier, which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor Ay, my lord

Ham Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't

1st Clo [*Sings*]
"A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet,
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet "

Throws up another skull

Ham There's another Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor Not a jot more, my lord

Ham Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too

Ham They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that I will speak to this fellow Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1st Clo Mine, sir
[*Sings*] "O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet "

Ham I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't

1st Clo You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours For my part, I do not lie in't and yet it is mine

Ham Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest

1st Clo Tis a quick lie sir twill away again from me to you

Ham What man dost thou dig it for?

1st Clo For no man sir

Ham What woman then?

1st Clo For none neither

Ham Who is to be buried in t?

1st Clo One that was a woman sir but rest her soul she s dead

Ham How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us By the Lord Horatio these three years I have taken note of it the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe How long hast thou been a grave maker?

1st Clo Of all the days i the year I came to t that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras

Ham How long is that since?

1st Clo Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that It was the very day that young Hamlet was born he that is mad and sent into England

Ham Ay marry why was he sent into England?

1st Clo Why because he was mad He shall recover his wits there or if he do not it s no great matter there

Ham Why?

1st Clo Twill not be seen in him there there the men are as mad as he

Ham How came he mad?

1st Clo Very strangely they say

Ham How strangely?

1st Clo Faith e en with losing his wits

Ham Upon what ground?

1st Clo Why here in Denmark I have been sexton here man and boy thirty years

Ham How long will a man lie i the earth ere he rot?

1st Clo I faith if he be not rotten before he die —as we have many pocky corses now a-days that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year A tanner will last you nine year

Ham Why he more than another?

1st Clo Why sir his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body Here s a skull now this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years

Ham Whose was it?

1st Clo A whoreson mad fellow s it was Whose do you think it was?

Ham Nay I know not

1st Clo A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once This same skull sir was Yorick s skull the King s jester

Ham This?

1st Clo E en that

Ham Let me see [*Takes the skull*] Alas poor Yorick! I knew him Horatio a fellow of infinite jest of most excellent fancy He hath borne me on his back a thousand times and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady s chamber and tell her let her paint an inch thick to this favour she must come make her laugh at that Prithee Horatio tell me one thing

Hor What s that my lord?

Ham Dost thou think Alexander looked o this fashion i the earth?

Hor E en so

Ham And smelt so? pah!

Puts down the skull

Hor E en so my lord

Ham To what base uses we may return Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung hole?

Hor Twere to consider too curiously to consider so

Ham No faith not a jot but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it as thus Alexander died Alexander was buried Alexander returneth into dust the dust is earth of earth we make loam and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Cæsar dead and turn d to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away
O that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter s flaw!
But soft but soft! aside here comes the King

Enter PRIESTS, *&c* *in procession the corpse of* OPHELIA LAERTES *and Mourners following* KING QUEEN *their trains &c*

The Queen the courtiers Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo it own life Twas of some estate
Couch we awhile and mark

[*Retiring with* HORATIO

Laer What ceremony else?
Ham That is Laertes,
A very noble youth, mark
Laer What ceremony else?
1st Priest Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty Her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet, for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial
Laer Must there no more be done?
First Priest No more be done
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls
Laer Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling
Ham What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen Sweets to the sweet, farewell!
Scattering flowers
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave
Laer O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms
Leaps into the grave
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus
Ham [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane [*Leaps into the grave*]
Laer The devil take thy soul!
Grappling with him
Ham Thou pray'st not well
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear hold off thy hand
King Pluck them asunder
Queen Hamlet, Hamlet!
All Gentlemen—
Hor Good my lord, be quiet
The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave
Ham Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag
Queen O my son, what theme?
Ham I loved Ophelia Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum What wilt thou do for her?
King O, he is mad, Laertes
Queen For love of God, forbear him
Ham 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I,
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou
Queen This is mere madness,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him,
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping
Ham Hear you sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever But it is no matter,
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day
[*Exit*
King I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him
[*Exit* HORATIO
[*To* LAERTES] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son
This grave shall have a living monument
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see,
Till then, in patience our proceeding be [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A hall in the castle*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO

Ham So much for this, sir, now shall you see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor Remember it, my lord!

Ham Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep Methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes Rashly
And praised be rashness for it let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall and that should teach us
There s a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will—
Hor That is most certain
Ham Up from my cabin
My sea-gown scarf'd about me in the dark
Groped I to find out them had my desire
Finger d their packet and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again making so bold
My fears forgetting manners to unseal
Their grand commission where I found Horatio—
O royal knavery!—an exact command
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark s health and England s too
With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life
That on the supervise no leisure bated
No not to stay the grinding of the axe
My head should be struck off
Hor Is t possible?
Ham Here s the commission read it at more leisure
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor I beseech you
Ham Being thus be netted round with villainies—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission wrote it fair
I once did hold it as our statists do
A baseness to write fair and labour d much
How to forget that learning but sir now
It did me yeoman s service Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor Ay good my lord
Ham An earnest conjuration from the King
As England was his faithful tributary
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma tween their amities
And many such like as s of great charge
That on the view and knowing of these contents
Without debatement further more or less
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow d
Hor *How was this seal d?*
Ham Why even in that was heaven ordinant
I had my father s signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal
Folded the writ up in form of the other
Subscribed it gave t the impression, placed it safely
The changeling never known Now the next day
Was our sea fight and what to this was sequent
Thou know st already
Hor So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to t
Ham Why man they did make love to this employment
They are not near my conscience their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites
Hor Why what a king is this!
Ham Does it not thinks t thee stand me now upon—
He that hath kill d my king and whored my mother
Popp d in between the election and my hopes
Thrown out his angle for my proper life
And with such cozenage—is t not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is t not to be damn d
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?
Hor It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there
Ham It will be short the interim is mine
And a man s life s no more than to say One
But I am very sorry good Horatio
That to Laertes I forgot myself
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his I ll court his favours
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion
Hor Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC

Osr Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark

Ham I humbly thank you sir Dost know this water fly?

Hor No my good lord

Ham Thy state is the more gracious for 'tis a vice to know him He hath much land and fertile let a beast be lord of beasts and his crib shall stand at the King s mess 'Tis a chough but as I say spacious in the possession of dirt

Osr Sweet lord if your lordship were at leisure I should impart a thing to you from his majesty

Ham I will receive it sir with all diligence of

spirit Put your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head

Osr I thank your lordship, it is very hot

Ham No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly

Osr It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed

Ham But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion

Osr Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry—as 'twere—I cannot tell how But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham I beseech you, remember—

HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat*

Osr Nay, good my lord, for mine ease, in good faith Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes, believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing, indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see

Ham Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more

Osr Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him

Ham The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr Sir?

Hor Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really

Ham What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr Of Laertes?

Hor His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent

Ham Of him, sir

Osr I know you are not ignorant—

Ham I would you did, sir, yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me Well, sir?

Osr You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence, but, to know a man well were to know himself

Osr I mean, sir, for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed

Ham What's his weapon?

Osr Rapier and dagger

Ham That's two of his weapons, but, well

Osr The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit

Ham What call you the carriages?

Hor I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done

Osr The carriages, sir, are the hangers

Ham The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then But, on six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish Why is this "imponed," as you call it?

Osr The King, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits He hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer

Ham How if I answer "no"?

Osr I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial

Ham Sir, I will walk here in the hall, if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can, if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits

Osr Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will

Osr I commend my duty to your lordship

Ham Yours, yours [*Exit* OSRIC] He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn

Hor This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head

Ham He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions, and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out

Enter A LORD

Lord My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him,

that you attend him in the hall He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes or that you will take longer time

Ham I am constant to my purposes they follow the King s pleasure If his fitness speaks mine is ready now or whensoever provided I be so able as now

Lord The King and Queen and all are coming down

Ham In happy time

Lord The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play

Ham She well instructs me [*Exit* LORD

Hor You will lose this wager my lord

Ham I do not think so since he went into France I have been in continual practice I shall win at the odds But thou wouldst not think how ill all s here about my heart But it is no matter

Hor Nay good my lord—

Ham It is but foolery but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman

Hor If your mind dislike anything obey it I will forestall their repair hither and say you are not fit

Ham Not a whit we defy augury There s a special providence in the fall of a sparrow If it be now tis not to come if it be not to come it will be now if it be not now yet it will come the readiness is all Since no man has aught of what he leaves what is t to leave betimes? Let be

Enter KING QUEEN LAERTES OSRIC, *Lords and Attendants with foils and gauntlets a table and flagons of wine on it*

King Come Hamlet come and take this hand from me

The KING *puts* LAERTES *hand into* HAMLET S

Ham Give me your pardon, sir I ve done you wrong
But pardon t as you are a gentleman
This presence knows
And you must needs have heard how I am punish d
With sore distraction What I have done
That might your nature honour and exception
Roughly awake I here proclaim was madness
Was t Hamlet wrong d Laertes? Never Hamlet
If Hamlet from himself be ta en away
And when he s not himself does wrong Laertes
Then Hamlet does it not Hamlet denies it
Who does it then? His madness If t be so
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong d
His madness is poor Hamlet s enemy
Sir in this audience
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot mine arrow o er the house,
And hurt my brother

Laer I am satisfied in nature
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace
To keep my name ungored But till that time
I do receive your offer d love like love
And will not wrong it

Ham I embrace it freely
And will this brother s wager frankly play
Give us the foils Come on

Laer Come one for me

Ham I ll be your foil Laertes in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i the darkest night
Stick fiery off indeed

Laer You mock me sir

Ham No by this hand

King Give them the foils young Osric Cousin Hamlet
You know the wager?

Ham Very well my lord
Your Grace hath laid the odds o the weaker side

King I do not fear it I have seen you both
But since he is better d we have therefore odds

Laer This is too heavy let me see another

Ham This likes me well These foils have all a length?

They prepare to play

Osr Ay my good lord

King Set me the stoups of wine upon that table
If Hamlet give the first or second hit
Or quit in answer of the third exchange
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire
The King shall drink to Hamlet s better breath
And in the cup an union shall he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark s crown have worn Give me the cups
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak
The trumpet to the cannoneer without
The cannons to the heavens the heavens to earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet Come begin
And you the judges bear a wary eye

Ham Come on sir

Laer Come my lord

They play

Ham One

Laer No

Ham Judgement

Osr A hit a very palpable hit

Laer Well again

King Stay, give me drink Hamlet, this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health
Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within
Give him the cup
Ham I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile
Come [*They play*] Another hit, what say you?
Laer A touch, a touch, I do confess
King Our son shall win
Queen He's fat, and scant of breath
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet
Ham Good madam!
King Gertrude, do not drink
Queen I will, my lord, I pray you, pardon me
King [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup, it is too late
Ham I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by
Queen Come, let me wipe thy face
Laer My lord, I'll hit him now
King I do not think't
Laer [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience
Ham Come, for the third, Laertes, you but dally
I pray you, pass with your best violence,
I am afeard you make a wanton of me
Laer Say you so? come on
They play
Osr Nothing, neither way
Laer Have at you now!
LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET, *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES
King Part them, they are incensed
Ham Nay, come, again
The QUEEN *falls*
Osr Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor They bleed on both sides How is it, my lord?
Osr How is't, Laertes?
Laer Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery
Ham How does the Queen?
King She swounds to see them bleed
Queen No, no, the drink, the drink—O my dear Hamlet—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd [*Dies*
Ham O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd,
Treachery! Seek it out
Laer It is here, Hamlet Hamlet thou art slain
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me, lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again Thy mother's poison'd
I can no more The King, the King's to blame
Ham The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work
Stabs the KING
All Treason! treason!
King O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt
Ham Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion Is thy union here?
Follow my mother [KING *dies*
Laer He is justly served,
It is a poison temper'd by himself
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies*
Ham Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee
I am dead, Horatio Wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audiences to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
But let it be Horatio, I am dead,
Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied
Hor Never believe it
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left
Ham As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup Let go! By heaven, I'll have't
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story
March afar off, and shot within
What warlike noise is this?
Osr Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley
Ham O, I die, Horatio,
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras, he has my dying voice
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited The rest is silence [*Dies*
Hor Now cracks a noble heart Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?
March within

Enter FORTINBRAS *the* ENGLISH AMBASSADORS *and others*

Fort Where is this sight?
Hor What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder cease your search
Fort This quarry cries on havoc O proud Death
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
1st Amb The sight is dismal
And our affairs from England come too late
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing
To tell him his commandment is fulfill d
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor Not from his mouth
Had it the ability of life to thank you
He never gave commandment for their death
But since so jump upon this bloody question
You from the Polack wars and you from England
Are here arrived give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about So shall you hear
Of carnal bloody and unnatural acts
Of accidental judgements casual slaughters
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause
And in this upshot purposes mistook
Fall n on the inventors heads all this can I
Truly deliver
Fort Let us haste to hear it
And call the noblest to the audience
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me
Hor Of that I shall have also cause to speak
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more
But let this same be presently perform d
Even while men s minds are wild lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen
Fort Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage
For he was likely had he been put on
To have proved most royally and for his passage
The soldiers music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him
Take up the bodies Such a sight as this
Becomes the field but here shows much amiss
Go bid the soldiers shoot

[*A dead march Exeunt bearing off the dead bodies after which a peal of ordnance is shot off*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sir John Falstaff
Fenton, *a gentleman*
Shallow, *a country justice*
Slender, *cousin to Shallow*
Ford | Page — *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor*
William Page, *a boy, son to Page*
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welsh parson*
Doctor Caius, *a French physician*
Host *of the Garter Inn*
Bardolph | Pistol | Nym — *sharpers attending on Falstaff*

Robin, *page to Falstaff*
Simple, *servant to Slender*
John Rugby, *servant to Doctor Caius*
Two Servants *to Ford*

Mistress Ford
Mistress Page
Anne Page, *her daughter*
Mistress Quickly, *servant to Doctor Caius*
Some Children, *as fairies*

Non-Speaking *Servants to Page and Ford*

Scene *Windsor, and the neighborhood*

ACT I

Scene i *Windsor before Page's house*

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Shal Sir Hugh, persuade me not, I will make a Star chamber matter of it If he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire

Slen In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and "Coram "

Shal Ay, cousin Slender, and "Custalorum "

Slen Ay, and "Rato-lorum" too, and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself "Armigero," in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, "Armigero "

Shal Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years

Slen All his successors gone before him hath done't, and all his ancestors that come after him may They may give the dozen white luces in their coat

Shal It is an old coat

Evans The dozen white louses do become an old coat well, it agrees well, passant, it is a familiar beast to man and signifies love

Shal The luce is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat

Slen I may quarter, coz

Shal You may, by marrying

Evans It is marring indeed, if he quarter it

Shal Not a whit

Evans Yes, py'r lady, if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures But that is all one If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you

Shal The council shall hear it, it is a riot

Evans It is not meet the council hear a riot, there is no fear of Got in a riot The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot, take your vizaments in that

Shal Ha' o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it

Evans It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it, and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity

Slen Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman

Evans It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page

Slen Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans Ay and her father is make her a petter penny

Slen I know the young gentlewoman she has good gifts

Evans Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts

Shal Well let us see honest Master Page Is Falstaff there?

Evans Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false or as I despise one that is not true The knight Sir John is there and I beseech you be ruled by your well willers I will peat the door for Master Page [*Knocks*] What hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page [*Within*] Who s there?

Enter PAGE

Evans Here is Got s plessing and your friend and Justice Shallow and here young Master Slender that peradventures shall tell you another tale if matters grow to your likings

Page I am glad to see your worships well I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow

Shal Master Page I am glad to see you Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better it was ill killed How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart la! with my heart

Page Sir I thank you

Shal Sir I thank you by yea and no I do

Page I am glad to see you good Master Slender

Slen How does your fallow greyhound sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall

Page I could not be judged sir

Slen You ll not confess you ll not confess

Shal That he will not 'Tis your fault tis your fault tis a good dog

Page A cur sir

Shal Sir he s a good dog and a fair dog can there be more said? he is good and fair Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page Sir he is within and I would I could do a good office between you

Evans It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak

Shal He hath wronged me, Master Page

Page Sir he doth in some sort confess it

Shal If it be confessed it is not redressed Is not that so Master Page? He hath wronged me indeed he hath at a word he hath believe me Robert Shallow esquire saith he is wronged

Page Here comes Sir John

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF BARDOLPH NYM *and* PISTOL

Fal Now Master Shallow you ll complain of me to the King?

Shal Knight you have beaten my men killed my deer and broke open my lodge

Fal But not kissed your keeper s daughter?

Shal Tut a pin! this shall be answered

Fal I will answer it straight I have done all this

That is now answered

Shal The council shall know this

Fal Twere better for you if it were known in counsel you ll be laughed at

Evans *Pauca verba* Sir John goot worts

Fal Good worts! good cabbage Slender I broke your head what matter have you against me?

Slen Marry sir I have matter in my head against you and against your cony catching rascals Bardolph Nym and Pistol

Bard You Banbury cheese!

Slen Ay it is no matter

Pist How now Mephostophilus!

Slen Ay it is no matter

Nym Slice I say! *pauca pauca* Slice! that s my humour

Slen Where s Simple my man? Can you tell cousin?

Evans Peace, I pray you Now let us understand There is three umpires in this matter as I understand that is Master Page *fidelicet* Master Page and there is myself *fidelicet* myself and the three party is lastly and finally mine host of the Garter

Page We three to hear it and end it between them

Evans Fery goot I will make a prief of it in my note book and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can

Fal Pistol!

Pist He hears with ears

Evans The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this He hears with ear ? why it is affectations

Fal Pistol did you pick Master Slender s purse?

Slen Ay by these gloves did he or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else of seven groats in mill sixpences and two Edward shovel boards that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece of Yead Miller by these gloves

Fal Is this true Pistol?

Evans No it is false, if it is a pick purse.

Pist Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo
Word of denial in thy *labras* here!
Word of denial! Froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen By these gloves, then, 'twas he

Nym Be avised, sir, and pass good humours I will say "marry trap" with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me, that is the very note of it

Slen By this hat, then, he in the red face had it, for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass

Fal What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences

Evans It is his five senses Fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered, and so conclusions passed the careires

Slen Ay, you spake in Latin then too, but 'tis no matter, I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves

Evans So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind

Fal You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen, you hear it

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine*, MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE, *following*

Page Nay, daughter, carry the wine in, we'll drink within [*Exit* ANNE PAGE

Slen O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page

Page How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met By your leave, good mistress
Kisses her

Page Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness
[*Exeunt all except* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* EVANS

Slen I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here

Enter SIMPLE

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you have you?

Sim Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal Come, coz, come, coz, we stay for you A word with you, coz, marry, this, coz there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here Do you understand me?

Slen Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable, if it be so, I shall do that that is reason

Shal Nay, but understand me

Slen So I do, sir

Evans Give ear to his motions, Master Slender I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it

Slen Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says I pray you, pardon me, he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here

Evans But that is not the question The question is concerning your marriage

Shal Ay, there's the point, sir

Evans Marry, is it, the very point of it, to Mistress Anne Page

Slen Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands

Evans But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips, for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason

Evans Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her

Shal That you must Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason

Shal Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz, what I do is to pleasure you, coz Can you love the maid?

Slen I will marry her, sir, at your request, but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt But if you say, "Marry her," I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely

Evans It is a fery discretion answer, save the fall is in the ort "dissolutely" the ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely" His meaning is good

Shal Ay, I think my cousin meant well

Slen Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal Here comes fair Mistress Anne

Re-enter ANNE PAGE

Would I were young for your sake Mistress Anne!

Anne The dinner is on the table my father desires your worships company

Shal I will wait on him fair Mistress Anne

Evans Od s plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* EVANS

Anne Will t please your worship to come in sir?

Slen No I thank you forsooth heartily I am very well

Anne The dinner attends you sir

Slen I am not a hungry I thank you forsooth Go sirrah for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow [*Exit* SIMPLE] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man I keep but three men and a boy yet till my mother be dead But what though? Yet I live like a poor gentleman born

Anne I may not go in without your worship They will not sit till you come

Slen I faith, I ll eat nothing I thank you as much as though I did

Anne I pray you sir walk in

Slen I had rather walk here I thank you I bruised my shin th other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i the town?

Anne I think there are sir I heard them talked of

Slen I love the sport well but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England You are afraid if you see the bear loose are you not?

Anne Ay indeed sir

Slen That s meat and drink to me now I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times and have taken him by the chain but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed But women indeed cannot abide em they are very ill favoured rough things

Re-enter PAGE

Page Come gentle Master Slender come we stay for you

Slen I ll eat nothing I thank you sir

Page By cock and pie you shall not choose sir! come, come.

Slen Nay pray you, lead the way

Page Come on, sir

Slen Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first

Anne Not I sir pray you keep on

Slen Truly I will not go first truly la! I will not do you that wrong

Anne I pray you sir

Slen I ll rather be unmannerly than troublesome You do yourself wrong indeed la! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE

Evans Go your ways and ask of Doctor Caius house which is the way and there dwells one Mistress Quickly which is in the manner of his nurse or his dry nurse or his cook or his laundry his washer and his wringer

Sim Well sir

Evans Nay it is petter yet Give her this letter for it is a oman that altogether s acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master s desires to Mistress Anne Page I pray you be gone I will make an end of my dinner there s pippins and cheese to come [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FALSTAFF HOST BARDOLPH NYM PISTOL, *and* ROBIN

Fal Mine host of the Garter!

Host What says my bully rook? speak scholarly and wisely

Fal Truly mine host I must turn away some of my followers

Host Discard bully Hercules cashier Let them wag trot trot

Fal I sit at ten pounds a week

Host Thou rt an emperor Cæsar Keisar and Pheezar I will entertain Bardolph he shall draw he shall tap Said I well bully Hector?

Fal Do so good mine host

Host I have spoke let him follow [*To* BARDOLPH] Let me see thee froth and lime I am at a word follow [*Exit*

Fal Bardolph follow him A tapster is a good trade an old cloak makes a new jerkin a withered serving man a fresh tapster Go adieu

Bard It is a life that I have desired I will thrive

Pist O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit* BARDOLPH

Nym He was gotten in drink Is not the humour conceited?

Fal I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox his thefts were too open his filching was like an unskilful singer he kept not time

Nym The good humour is to steal at a minute s rest

Pist Convey the wise it call Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels

Pist Why, then, let kibes ensue

Fal There is no remedy, I must cony-catch, I must shift

Pist Young ravens must have food

Fal Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist I ken the wight He is of substance good

Fal My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about

Pist Two yards, and more

Fal No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about, but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife I spy entertainment in her, she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's"

Pist He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English

Nym The anchor is deep will that humour pass?

Fal Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse He hath a legion of angels

Pist As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I

Nym The humour rises, it is good Humour me the angels

Fal I have writ me here a letter to her, and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades, sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly

Pist Then did the sun on dunghill shine

Nym I thank thee for that humour

Fal O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her She bears the purse too, she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me, they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page, and thou this to Mistress Ford We will thrive, lads, we will thrive

Pist Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!

Nym I will run no base humour Here take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation

Fal [*To* ROBIN] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones go,
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof, seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues, myself and skirted page [*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN

Pist Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym I have operations which be humours of revenge

Pist Wilt thou revenge?

Nym By welkin and her star!

Pist With wit or steel?

Nym With both the humours, I
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page

Pist And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile

Nym My humour shall not cool I will incense Page to deal with poison, I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous That is my true humour

Pist Thou art the Mars of malecontents I second thee, troop on [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A room in Doctor Caius's house*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY

Quick What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English

Rug I'll go watch

Quick Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith at the latter end of a sea-coal fire [*Exit* RUGBY] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate his worst fault is that he is given to prayer, he is something peevish that way, but nobody but has his fault, but let that pass Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim Ay, for fault of a better

Quick And Master Slender's your master?

Sim Ay, forsooth

Quick Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim No forsooth he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard

Quick A softly-sprighted man is he not?

Sim Ay, forsooth, but he is as tall a man of his

hands as any is between this and his head he hath fought with a warrener

Quick How say you? O I should remember him Does he not hold up his head as it were and strut in his gait?

Sim Yes indeed does he

Quick Well heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master Anne is a good girl and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY

Rug Out alas! here comes my master

Quick We shall all be shent Run in here good young man go into this closet He will not stay long [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet*] What John Rugby! John! what John I say! Go John go inquire for my master I doubt he be not well that he comes not home

[*Singing*] And down down adown a &c

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS

Caius Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys Pray you go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier vert* a box a green a box do intend vat I speak? a green a box

Quick Ay forsooth I ll fetch it you [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself if he had found the young man he would have been horn mad

Caius *Fe fe fe fe! ma foi il fait fort chaud Je m en vais à la cour—la grande affaire*

Quick Is it this sir?

Caius *Oui mette le au mon pocket depeche* quickly Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick What John Rugby! John!

Rug Here sir!

Caius You are John Rugby and you are Jack Rugby Come take a your rapier and come after my heel to the court

Rug 'Tis ready sir here in the porch

Caius By my trot, I tarry too long Od s me! *Qu ai j'oublie!* dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind

Quick Ay me he ll find the young man there and be mad!

Caius *O diable diable!* vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out*] Rugby my rapier!

Quick Good master be content

Caius Wherefore shall I be content a?

Quick The young man is an honest man

Caius What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet

Quick I beseech you be not so phlegmatic Hear the truth of it he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh

Caius Vell

Sim Ay forsooth to desire her to—

Quick Peace I pray you

Caius Peace a your tongue Speak a your tale

Sim To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage

Quick This is all indeed la! but I ll ne er put my finger in the fire and need not

Caius Sir Hugh send a you? Rugby *baillez* me some paper Tarry you a little a while

Writes

Quick [*Aside to* SIMPLE] I am glad he is so quiet If he had been throughly moved you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy But notwithstanding man I ll do you your master what good I can and the very yea and the no is the French doctor my master—I may call him my master look you for I keep his house and I wash wring brew bake scour dress meat and drink make the beds and do all myself—

Sim [*Aside to* QUICKLY] Tis a great charge to come under one body s hand

Quick [*Aside to* SIMPLE] Are you avised o that? you shall find it a great charge and to be up early and down late but notwithstanding—to tell you in your ear I would have no words of it—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page but notwithstanding that I know Anne s mind—that s neither here nor there

Caius You jack nape give a this letter to Sir Hugh by gar it is a shallenge I will cut his troat in de park and I will teach a scurvy jack a nape priest to meddle or make You may be gone it is not good you tarry here By gar I will cut all his two stones by gar he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog [*Exit* SIMPLE

Quick Alas he speaks but for his friend

Caius It is no matter a ver dat Do not you tell a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar I vill kill de Jack priest and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon By gar I will myself have Anne Page

Quick Sir the maid loves you and all shall be well We must give folks leave to prate what the good jer!

Caius Rugby come to the court with me By gar if I have not Anne Page I shall turn your head out of my door Follow my heels Rugby [*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY

Quick You shall have An fool s head of your own No I know Anne s mind for that Never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne s

mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven

Fent [*Within*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you

Enter FENTON

Fent How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick The better that it pleases your good worship to ask

Fent What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it

Fent Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick Troth, sir, all is in His hands above But notwithstanding, Master Fenton I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent Yes, marry, have I, what of that?

Quick Well, thereby hangs a tale Good faith, it is such another Nan, but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread We had an hour's talk of that wart I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholy and musing, but for you—well, go to

Fent Well, I shall see her to day Hold, there's money for thee, let me have thy voice in my behalf If thou seest her before me, commend me

Quick Will I? i' faith, that we will, and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers

Fent Well, farewell, I am in great haste now

Quick Farewell to your worship [*Exit* FENTON] Truly, an honest gentleman, but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne s mind as well as another does Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit*

ACT II

SCENE I *Before Page's house*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, *with a letter*

Mrs Page What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see [*Reads*] "Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love use Reason for his physician he admits him not for his counsellor You are not young, no more am I go to then there's sympathy You are merry, so am I, ha, ha! then there's more sympathy You love sack, and so do I, would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice—that I love thee I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase but I say, love me By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, John Falstaff"

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings

Enter MISTRESS FORD

Mrs Ford Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house

Mrs Page And, trust me, I was coming to you You look very ill

Mrs Ford Nay, I'll ne'er believe that, I have to show to the contrary

Mrs Page Faith, but you do, in my mind

Mrs Ford Well, I do then, yet I say I could show you to the contrary O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs Page What's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs Page Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour What is it? dispense with trifles, what is it?

Mrs Ford If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted

Mrs Page What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry

Mrs Ford We burn daylight Here, read, read, perceive how I might be knighted I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking, and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words, but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the

tune of Green Sleeves What tempest I trow threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs Page Letter for letter but that the name *of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort* in this mystery of ill opinions here s the twin brother of thy letter but let thine inherit first for I protest mine never shall I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters writ with blank space for different names—sure more—and these are of the second edition He will print them out of doubt for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount Pelion Well I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man

Mrs Ford Why this is the very same the very hand the very words What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page Nay I know not It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty I ll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal for sure unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself he would never have boarded me in this fury

Mrs Ford Boarding call you it? I ll be sure to keep him above deck

Mrs Page So will I If he come under my *hatches I ll never to sea again Let s be re*venged on him Let s appoint him a meeting give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead him on with a fine baited delay till he hath pawned his horse to mine host of the Garter

Mrs Ford Nay I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty O that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy

Mrs Page Why look where he comes and my good man too He s as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance

Mrs Ford You are the happier woman

Mrs Page Let s consult together against this greasy knight Come hither [*They retire*

Enter FORD *with* PISTOL, *and* PAGE *with* NYM

Ford Well I hope it be not so

Pist Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs
Sir John affects thy wife

Ford Why sir my wife is not young

Pist He wooes both high and low both rich and poor
Both young and old one with another Ford
He loves the gallimaufry Ford perpend

Ford Love my wife!

Pist With liver burning hot Prevent or go thou
Like Sir Actæon he with Ringwood at thy heels
O odious is the name!

Ford What name sir?

Pist The horn I say Farewell
Take heed have open eye for thieves do foot by night
Take heed ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing
Away Sir Corporal Nym!
Believe it Page he speaks sense [*Exit*

Ford [*Aside*] I will be patient I will find out this

Nym [*To* PAGE] And this is true I like not the humour of lying He hath wronged me in some humours I should have borne the humoured letter to her but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity He loves your wife there s the short and the long My name is Corporal Nym I speak and I avouch tis true my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife Adieu I love not the humour of bread and cheese and there s the humour of it Adieu [*Exit*

Page The humour of it quoth a ! Here s a fellow frights English out of his wits

Ford I will seek out Falstaff

Page I never heard such a drawling affecting rogue

Ford If I do find it! Well

Page *I will not believe such a Cataian though* the priest o the town commended him for a true man

Ford 'Twas a good sensible fellow Well

Page How how Meg!

MISTRESS PAGE *and* MISTRESS FORD *come forward*

Mrs Page Whither go you George? Hark you

Mrs Ford How now sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford I melancholy! I am not melancholy Get you home go

Mrs Ford Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head Now will you go Mistress Page?

Mrs Page Have with you You ll come to dinner George [*Aside to* MISTRESS FORD] Look who comes yonder She shall be our messenger to this paltry knight

Mrs Ford [*Aside* TO MISTRESS PAGE] Trust me I thought on her she ll fit it

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Mrs Page You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick Ay forsooth and I pray how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs Page Go in with us and see We have an hour's talk with you

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY

Page How now, Master Ford!

Ford You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford Do you think there is truth in them?

Page Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it, but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men, very rogues, now they be out of service

Ford Were they his men?

Page Marry, were they

Ford I like it never the better for that Does he lie at the Garter?

Page Ay, marry, does he If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him, and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head

Ford I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together A man may be too confident I would have nothing lie on my head I cannot be thus satisfied

Page Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily

Enter HOST

How now, mine host!

Host How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow

Shal I follow, mine host, I follow Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand

Host Tell him, cavaleiro-justice, tell him, bully-rook

Shal Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor

Ford Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you [*Drawing him aside*]

Host What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

Shal [*To* PAGE] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places, for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be [*They converse apart*]

Host Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

Ford None, I protest, but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest

Host My hand, bully, thou shalt have egress and regress—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook It is a merry knight Will you go, An-heires?

Shal Have with you, mine host

Page I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier

Shal Tut, sir, I could have told you more In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what 'Tis the heart, Master Page, 'tis here, 'tis here I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats

Host Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page Have with you I had rather hear them scold than fight

[*Exeunt* HOST, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE

Ford Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not Well, I will look further into 't, and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff If I find her honest, I lose not my labour, if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed [*Exit*

SCENE II *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL

Fal I will not lend thee a penny

Pist Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open

Fal Not a penny I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym, or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows, and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not

Pist Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal Reason you rogue, reason thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you Go A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour Why thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my

necessity am fain to shuffle to hedge and to lurch and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags your cat a mountain looks your red lattice phrases and your bold beating oaths under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it you!

Pist I do relent What would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN

Rob Sir here s a woman would speak with you

Fal Let her approach

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick Give your worship good morrow

Fal Good morrow good wife

Quick Not so an t please your worship

Fal Good maid then

Quick I ll be sworn
As my mother was the first hour I was born

Fal I do believe the swearer What with me?

Quick Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal Two thousand fair woman and I ll vouchsafe thee the hearing

Quick There is one Mistress Ford sir—I pray come a little nearer this ways—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius—

Fal Well on Mistress Ford you say—

Quick Your worship says very true I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways

Fal I warrant thee nobody hears mine own people mine own people

Quick Are they so? God bless them and make them His servants!

Fal Well Mistress Ford what of her?

Quick Why sir she s a good creature Lord Lord! your worship s a wanton! Well heaven forgive you and all of us I pray!

Fal Mistress Ford come Mistress Ford—

Quick Marry this is the short and the long of it you have brought her into such a canaries as tis wonderful The best courtier of them all when the court lay at Windsor could never have brought her to such a canary Yet there has been knights and lords and gentlemen with their coaches I warrant you coach after coach letter after letter gift after gift smelling so sweetly all musk and so rushling I warrant you in silk and gold and in such alligant terms and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest that would have won any woman s heart and I warrant you they could never get an eye wink of her I had myself twenty angels given me this morning but I defy all angels in any such sort as they say but in the way of honesty and I warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all and yet there has been earls nay which is more pensioners but I warrant you all is one with her

Fal But what says she to me? be brief my good she Mercury

Quick Marry she hath received your letter for the which she thanks you a thousand times and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven

Fal Ten and eleven?

Quick Ay forsooth and then you may come and see the picture she says that you wot of Master Ford her husband will be from home Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him He s a very jealousy man She leads a very frampold life with him good heart

Fal Ten and eleven Woman commend me to her I will not fail her

Quick Why you say well But I have another messenger to your worship Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too and let me tell you in your ear she s as fartuous a civil modest wife and one I tell you that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer as any is in Windsor whoe er be the other and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home but she hopes there will come a time I never knew a woman so dote upon a man Surely I think you have charms la yes in truth

Fal Not I I assure thee Setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms

Quick Blessing on your heart for t!

Fal But I pray thee tell me this has Ford s wife and Page s wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace I hope That were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page and truly Master Page is an honest man Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does do what she will say what she will take all pay all go to bed when she list rise when she list all is as she will and truly she deserves it for if there be a kind woman in Windsor she is one You must send her your page no remedy

Fal Why I will

Quick Nay but do so then and look you he may come and go between you both and in any case have a nay word that you may know one another s mind and the boy never need to understand any thing for tis not good that children should know any wickedness Old folks you

know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world

Fal Fare thee well Commend me to them both There's my purse, I am yet thy debtor Boy, go along with this woman [*Exeunt* MISTRESS QUICKLY *and* ROBIN] This news distracts me!

Pist This punk is one of Cupid's carriers
Clap on more sails, pursue, up with your fights,
Give fire, she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit*

Fal Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways, I'll make more of thy old body than I have done Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee Let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter

Enter BARDOLPH

Bard Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you, and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack

Fal Brook is his name?

Bard Ay, sir

Fal Call him in [*Exit* BARDOLPH] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to, via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised*

Ford Bless you, sir!

Fal And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you

Fal You're welcome What's your will? Give us leave, drawer [*Exit* BARDOLPH

Ford Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much, my name is Brook

Fal Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you

Ford Good Sir John, I sue for yours, not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion, for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open

Fal Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on

Ford Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me If you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage

Fal Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter

Ford I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing

Fal Speak, good Master Brook I shall be glad to be your servant

Ford Sir, I hear you are a scholar—I will be brief with you—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection, but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender

Fal Very well, sir, proceed

Ford There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford

Fal Well, sir

Ford I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her, followed her with a doting observance, engrossed opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her, not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given, briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this

"Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues "

Fal Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford Never

Fal Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford Never

Fal Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford Like a fair house built on another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it

Fal To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford When I have told you that, I have told you all Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations

Fal O, sir!

Ford Believe it for you know it There is money spend it spend it spend more spend all I have only give me so much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford s wife Use your art of wooing win her to consent to you if any man may you may as soon as any

Fal Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously

Ford O understand my drift She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself She is too bright to be looked against Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves I could drive her then from the ward of her purity her reputation her marriage vow and a thousand other her defences which now are too too strongly embattled against me What say you to t Sir John?

Fal Master Brook I will first make bold with your money next give me your hand and last as I am a gentleman you shall if you will enjoy Ford s wife

Ford O good sir!

Fal I say you shall

Ford Want no money Sir John you shall want none

Fal Want no Mistress Ford Master Brook you shall want none I shall be with her I may tell you by her own appointment even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth Come you to me at night you shall know how I speed

Ford I am blest in your acquaintance Do you know Ford sir?

Fal *Hang him poor cuckoldly knave! I know* him not Yet I wrong him to call him poor they *say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of* money for the which his wife seems to me well favoured I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue s coffer and there s my harvest home

Ford I would you knew Ford, sir that you might avoid him if you saw him

Fal Hang him, mechanical salt butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits I will awe him with my cudgel it shall hang like a meteor o er the cuckold s horns Master Brook thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant and thou shalt lie with his wife Come to me soon at night Ford s a knave, and I will aggravate his style thou Master Brook shalt know him for knave and cuckold Come to me soon at night [*Exit*

Ford What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him the hour is fixed the match is made Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused my coffers ransacked my reputation gnawn at and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong but stand under the adoption of abominable terms and by him that does me this wrong Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well Lucifer well Barbason, well yet they are devils additions the names of fiends but Cuckold! Wittol! —Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name Page is an ass a secure ass He will trust his wife he will not be jealous I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese an Irishman with my aqua vitæ bottle or a thief to walk my ambling gelding than my wife with herself Then she plots then she ruminates then she devises and what they think in their hearts they may effect they will break their hearts but they will effect God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o clock the hour I will prevent this detect my wife be revenged on Falstaff and laugh at Page I will about it better three hours too soon than a minute too late Fie fie fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit*

SCENE III *A field near Windsor*

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY

Caius Jack Rugby!

Rug Sir?

Caius Vat is de clock Jack?

Rug 'Tis past the hour sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet

Caius *By gar he has save his soul dat he is no* come he has pray his Pible well dat he is no *come By gar Jack Rugby he is dead already* if he be come

Rug He is wise sir he knew your worship would kill him if he came

Caius By gar de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him Take your rapier Jack I vill tell you how I vill kill him

Rug Alas sir I cannot fence

Caius Villainy take your rapier

Rug Forbear here s company

Enter HOST SHALLOW SLENDER *and* PAGE

Host Bless thee bully doctor!

Shal Save you Master Doctor Caius!

Page Now, good master doctor!

Slen Give you good morrow, sir

Caius Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caius By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world, he is not show his face

Host Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come

Shal He is the wiser man, master doctor He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies, if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions Is it not true, Master Page?

Page Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace

Shal Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women, Master Page

Page 'Tis true, Master Shallow

Shal It will be found so, Master Page Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home I am sworn of the peace You have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman You must go with me, master doctor

Host Pardon, guest-justice A word, Mounseur Mockwater

Caius Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully

Caius By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears

Host He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully

Caius Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host That is, he will make thee amends

Caius By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me, for, by gar, me vill have it

Host And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag

Caius Me tank you for dat

Host And moreover, bully—but first master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore [*Aside to them*]

Page Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host He is there See what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields Will it do well?

Shal We will do it

Page, Shal , and Slen Adieu, good master doctor

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER

Caius By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page

Host Let him die, sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler, go about the fields with me through Frogmore I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius By gar, me dank you vor dat By gar, I love you, and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients

Host For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page Said I well?

Caius By gar, 'tis good, vell said

Host Let us wag, then

Caius Come at my heels, Jack Rugby [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *A field near Frogmore*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE

Evans I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way

Evans I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way

Sim I will, sir [*Exit*

Evans 'Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork 'Pless my soul! [*Sings*]

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals,
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies
To shallow —

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry [*Sings*]

"Melodious birds sing madrigals—

When as I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagram posies
To shallow &c

Re-enter SIMPLE

Sim Yonder he is coming this way Sir Hugh
Evans He s welcome [*Sings*]
To shallow rivers to whose falls —
Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?
Sim No weapons sir There comes my master Master Shallow and another gentleman from Frogmore over the stile this way
Evans Pray you give me my gown or else keep it in your arms

Enter PAGE SHALLOW *and* SLENDER

Shal How now master Parson! Good morrow good Sir Hugh Keep a gamester from the dice and a good student from his book and it is wonderful
Slen [*Aside*] Ah sweet Anne Page!
Page Save you good Sir Hugh!
Evans Pless you from his mercy sake all of you!
Shal What the sword and the word! do you study them both master parson?
Page And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!
Evans There is reasons and causes for it
Page We are come to you to do a good office master parson
Evans Fery well what is it?
Page Yonder is a most reverend gentleman who belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw
Shal I have lived fourscore years and upward I never heard a man of his place gravity and learning so wide of his own respect
Evans What is he?
Page I think you know him Master Doctor Caius the renowned French physician
Evans Got s will and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge
Page Why?
Evans He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen—and he is a knave besides a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal
Page I warrant you he s the man should fight with him
Slen [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!
Shal It appears so by his weapons Keep them asunder here comes Doctor Caius

Enter HOST CAIUS *and* RUGBY

Page Nay good master parson keep in your weapon
Shal So do you good master doctor
Host Disarm them and let them question Let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English
Caius I pray you let a me speak a word with your ear Verefore vill you not meet a me?
Evans [*Aside to* CAIUS] Pray you use your patience In good time
Caius By gar you are de coward de Jack dog John ape
Evans [*Aside to* CAIUS] Pray you let us not be laughing stocks to other men s humours I desire you in friendship and I will one way or other make you amends [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave s cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments
Caius *Diable!* Jack Rugby—mine host de Jarteer—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?
Evans As I am a Christians soul now look you this is the place appointed I ll be judgement by mine host of the Garter
Host Peace I say Gallia and Gaul French and Welsh soul-curer and body-curer!
Caius Ay dat is very good excellent
Host Peace I say! hear mine host of the Garter Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no he gives me the potions and the motions Shall I lose my parson my priest my Sir Hugh? no he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs Give me thy hand terrestrial so Give me thy hand celestial so Boys of art I have deceived you both I have directed you to wrong places Your hearts are mighty your skins are whole and let burnt sack be the issue Come lay their swords to pawn Follow me lads of peace follow follow follow
Shal Trust me a mad host Follow gentlemen follow
Slen [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!
[*Exeunt* SHALLOW SLENDER, PAGE, *and* HOST
Caius Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make a de sot of us ha ha?
Evans This is well he has made us his vlouting stog I desire you th t we may be friends and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall scurvy cogging companion, the host of the Garter
Caius By gar with all my heart He promise to bring me where is Anne Page by gar he deceive me too

Evans Well, I will smite his noddles Pray you, follow [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A street*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN

Mrs Page Nay, keep your way, little gallant, you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf

Mrs Page O, you are a flattering boy Now I see you'll be a courtier

Enter FORD

Ford Well met, Mistress Page Whither go you?

Mrs Page Truly, sir, to see your wife Is she at home?

Ford Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry

Mrs Page Be sure of that—two other husbands

Ford Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs Page I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob Sir John Falstaff

Ford Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs Page He, he, I can never hit on's name There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford Indeed she is

Mrs Page By your leave sir I am sick till I see her [*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN

Ford Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep he hath no use of them Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score He pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advantage and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her A man may hear this shower sing in the wind And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together Well, I will take him then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim [*Clock heard*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search There I shall find Falstaff I shall be rather praised for this than mocked for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there I will go

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY

Shal, *Page*, *&c* Well met, Master Ford

Ford Trust me, a good knot I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me

Shal I must excuse myself, Master Ford

Slen And so must I, sir We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of

Shal We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer

Slen I hope I have your good will, father Page

Page You have, Master Slender, I stand wholly for you, but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether

Caius Ay, be-gar, and de maid is love-a me My nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush

Host What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May He will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't

Page Not by my consent, I promise you The gentleman is of no having He kept company with the wild prince and Poins, he is of too high a region, he knows too much No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance If he take her, let him take her simply, the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way

Ford I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner Besides your cheer, you shall have sport, I will show you a monster Master doctor, you shall go, so shall you, Master Page, and you, Sir Hugh

Shal Well, fare you well We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER

Caius Go home, John Rugby, I come anon [*Exit* RUGBY

Host Farewell my hearts I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him [*Exit*

Ford [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipewine first with him, I'll make him dance Will you go gentles?

All Have with you to see this monster [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in Ford's house*

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Ford What John! What Robert!

Mrs Page Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

Mrs Ford I warrant What Robin I say!

Enter Servants with a basket

Mr Page Come come come

Mrs Ford Here set it down

Mrs Page Give your men the charge we must be brief

Mrs Ford Marry as I told you before John and Robert be ready here hard by in the brew house and when I suddenly call you come forth and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders That done trudge with it in all haste and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side

Mrs Page You will do it?

Mrs Ford I ha told them over and over they lack no direction Be gone and come when you are called [*Exeunt Servants*

Mrs Page Here comes little Robin

Enter ROBIN

Mrs Ford How now my eyas musket! what news with you?

Rob My master Sir John is come in at your back-door Mistress Ford and requests your company

Mrs Page You little Jack a Lent have you been true to us?

Rob Ay I ll be sworn My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it for he swears he ll turn me away

Mrs Page Thou rt a good boy This secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose I ll go hide me

Mrs Ford Do so Go tell thy master I am alone [*Exit* ROBIN] Mistress Page remember you your cue

Mrs Page I warrant thee if I do not act it hiss me [*Exit*

Mrs Ford Go to then We ll use this unwholesome humidity this gross watery pumpion we ll teach him to know turtles from jays

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why now let me die for I have lived long enough This is the period of my ambition O this blessed hour!

Mrs Ford O sweet Sir John!

Fal Mistress Ford I cannot cog I cannot prate, Mistress Ford Now shall I sin in my wish I would thy husband were dead I ll speak it before the best lord I would make thee my lady

Mrs Ford I your lady Sir John! alas I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal Let the court of France show me such an other I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire the tire valiant or any tire of Venetian admittance

Mrs Ford A plain kerchief Sir John My brows become nothing else nor that well neither

Fal By the Lord thou art a traitor to say so Thou wouldst make an absolute courtier and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excel lent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled far thingale I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not Nature thy friend Come thou canst not hide it

Mrs Ford Believe me there s no such thing in me

Fal What made me love thee? let that per suade thee there s something extraordinary in thee Come I cannot cog and say thou art this and that like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds that come like women in men s apparel and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time I cannot But I love thee none but thee and thou deservest it

Mrs Ford Do not betray me sir I fear you love Mistress Page

Fal Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime kiln

Mrs Ford Well heaven knows how I love you and you shall one day find it

Fal Keep in that mind I ll deserve it

Mrs Ford Nay I must tell you so you do or else I could not be in that mind

Rob [*Within*] Mistress Ford Mistress Ford! here s Mistress Page at the door sweating and blowing and looking *wildly* and would needs speak with you presently

Fal She shall not see me I will ensconce me behind the arras

Mrs Ford Pray you do so She s a very tattling woman [FALSTAFF *hides himself*

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN

What s the matter? how now!

Mrs Page O Mistress Ford what have you done? You re shamed you re overthrown, you re undone for ever!

Mrs Ford What s the matter good Mistress Page?

Mrs Page O well a-day Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs Ford What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs Page Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs Page Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence You are undone

Mrs Ford 'Tis not so, I hope

Mrs Page Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one I come before to tell you If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it, but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out Be not amazed, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever

Mrs Ford What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend, and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house

Mrs Page For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather" Your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance In the house you cannot hide him O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking, or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead

Mrs Ford He's too big to go in there What shall I do?

Fal [*Coming forward*] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in Follow your friend's counsel I'll in

Mrs Page What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal I love thee Help me away Let me creep in here I'll never—

Gets into the basket, they cover him with foul linen

Mrs Page Help to cover your master, boy Call your men, Mistress Ford You dissembling knight!

Mrs Ford What, John! Robert! John!

[*Exit* ROBIN

Re-enter Servants

Go take up these clothes here quickly Where's the cowl staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead, quickly, come

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford Pray you, come near If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it How now! whither bear you this?

Serv To the laundress, forsooth

Mrs Ford Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing

Ford Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck, I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear [*Exeunt Servants with the basket*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night, I'll tell you my dream Here, here, here be my keys Ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox Let me stop this way first [*Locking the door*] So, now uncape

Page Good Master Ford, be contented You wrong yourself too much

Ford True, Master Page Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon follow me, gentlemen

[*Exit*

Evans This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies

Caius By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France, it is not jealous in France

Page Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search

[*Exeunt* PAGE, CAIUS, *and* EVANS

Mrs Page Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John

Mrs Page What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit

Mrs Page Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress

Mrs Ford I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now

Mrs Page I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine

Mrs Ford Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page We will do it Let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford I cannot find him May be the knave bragged of that he could not compass

Mrs Page [*Aside to* MISTRESS FORD] Heard you that?

Mrs Ford You use me well Master Ford do you?

Ford Ay I do so

Mrs Ford Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford Amen!

Mrs Page You do yourself mighty wrong Master Ford

Ford Ay ay I must bear it

Evans If there be any pody in the house and in the chambers and in the coffers and in the presses heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius By gar nor I too There is no bodies

Page Fie fie Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle

Ford Tis my fault Master Page I suffer for it

Evans You suffer for a pad conscience Your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand and five hundred too

Caius By gar I see tis an honest woman

Ford Well I promised you a dinner Come come walk in the Park I pray you pardon me I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this Come wife come Mistress Page I pray you pardon me pray heartily pardon me

Page Let s go in, gentlemen but trust me we ll mock him I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast After we ll a birding together I have a fine hawk for the bush Shall it be so?

Ford Anything

Evans If there is one, I shall make two in the company

Caius If dere be one or two I shall make a the turd

Ford Pray you go Master Page

Evans I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave mine host

Caius Dat is good by gar with all my heart!

Evans A lousy knave to have his gibes and his mockeries! *Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A room in Page s house*

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE

Fent I see I cannot get thy father s love
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan

Anne Alas how then?

Fent Why thou must be thyself
He doth object I am too great of birth
And that my state being gall d with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth
Besides these other bars he lays before me
My riots past my wild societies
And tells me tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property

Anne May be he tells you true

Fent No heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father s wealth
Was the first motive that I woo d thee Anne
Yet wooing thee I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags
And tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at

Anne Gentle Master Fenton
Yet seek my father s love still seek it sir
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it why then—hark you hither!
[They converse apart

Enter SHALLOW SLENDER *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY

Shal Break their talk Mistress Quickly My kinsman shall speak for himself

Slen I ll make a shaft or a bolt on t Slid tis but venturing

Shal Be not dismayed

Slen No she shall not dismay me I care not for that but that I am afeard

Quick Hark ye Master Slender would speak a word with you

Anne I come to him [*Aside*] This is my father s choice
O what a world of vile ill favour d faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick And how does good Master Fenton?
Pray you a word with you

Shal She s coming to her coz O boy thou hadst a father!

Slen I had a father Mistress Anne my uncle can tell you good jests of him Pray you uncle tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese out of a pen good uncle

Shal Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you

Slen Ay that I do as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire

Shal He will maintain you like a gentlewoman

Slen Ay that I will come cut and long tail under the degree of a squire

Shal He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure

Anne Good Master Shallow let him woo for himself

Shal Marry I thank you for it I thank you for that good comfort She calls you coz I ll leave you

Anne Now Master Slender—

Slen Now good Mistress Anne—

Anne What is your will?

Slen My will! od s heartlings that s a pretty

jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven, I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise

Anne I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you Your father and my uncle hath made motions If it be my luck, so, if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can You may ask your father, here he comes

Enter PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE

Page Now, Master Slender Love him, daughter Anne
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of

Fent Nay, Master Page, be not impatient

Mrs Page Good Master Fenton, come not to my child

Page She is no match for you

Fent Sir, will you hear me?

Page No, good Master Fenton
Come, Master Shallow, come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton
[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW *and* SLENDER

Quick Speak to Mistress Page

Fent Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love
And not retire Let me have your good will

Anne Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool

Mrs Page I mean it not, I seek you a better husband

Quick That's my master, master doctor

Anne Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs Page Come, trouble not yourself Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected
Till then farewell, sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry

Fent Farewell, gentle mistress farewell, Nan
[*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE *and Anne*

Quick This is my doing now "Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton " This is my doing

Fent I thank thee, and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring There's for thy pains

Quick Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit* FENTON] A kind heart he hath A woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne, or I would Master Slender had her, or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Master Fenton Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses What a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit*

SCENE V *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH

Fal Bardolph, I say—

Bard Here, sir

Fal Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't [*Exit* BARDOLPH] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter, and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking, if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow—a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy

Re-enter BARDOLPH *with sack*

Bard Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you

Fal Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins Call her in

Bard Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick By your leave, I cry you mercy Give your worship good morrow

Fal Take away these chalices Go brew me a pottle of sack finely

Bard With eggs, sir?

Fal Simple of itself, I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage [*Exit* BARDOLPH] How now!

Quick Marry sir I come to your worship from Mistress Ford

Fal Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough I was thrown into the ford I have my belly full of ford

Quick Alas the day! good heart that was not her fault She does so take on with her men they mistook their erection

Fal So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman s promise

Quick Well she laments sir for it that it would yearn your heart to see it Her husband goes this morning a birding she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine I must carry her word quickly She ll make you amends I warrant you

Fal Well I will visit her Tell her so and bid her think what a man is Let her consider his frailty and then judge of my merit

Quick I will tell her

Fal Do so Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick Eight and nine sir

Fal Well be gone I will not miss her

Quick Peace be with you sir [*Exit*

Fal I marvel I hear not of Master Brook he sent me word to stay within I like his money well O here he comes

Enter FORD

Ford Bless you, sir!

Fal Now master Brook you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford s wife?

Ford That, indeed Sir John is my business

Fal Master Brook I will not lie to you I was at her house the hour she appointed me

Ford And sped you sir?

Fal Very ill favouredly Master Brook

Ford How so sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal No Master Brook but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy comes me in the instant of our encounter after we had embraced kissed, protested and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy and at his heels a rabble of his companions thither provoked and instigated by his distemper and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife s love

Ford What while you were there?

Fal While I was there

Ford And did he search for you and could not find you?

Fal You shall hear As good luck would have it comes in one Mistress Page gives intelligence of Ford s approach and, in her invention and Ford s wife s distraction they conveyed me into a buck basket

Ford A buck basket!

Fal By the Lord a buck basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks socks foul stockings greasy napkins that Master Brook there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril

Ford And how long lay you there?

Fal Nay you shall hear Master Brook what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good Being thus crammed in the basket a couple of Ford s knaves his hinds were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet lane They took me on their shoulders met the jealous knave their master in the door who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it but fate ordaining he should be a cuckold held his hand Well on went he for a search and away went I for foul clothes But mark the sequel Master Brook I suffered the pangs of three several deaths first an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous rotten bell wether next to be compassed like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck hilt to point heel to head and then to be stopped in, like a strong distillation with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease Think of that—a man of my kidney—think of that—that am as subject to heat as butter a man of continual dissolution and thaw—it was a miracle to scape suffocation And in the height of this bath when I was more than half stewed in grease like a Dutch dish to be thrown into the Thames and cooled glowing hot in that surge like a horse shoe think of that—hissing hot—think of that Master Brook

Ford In good sadness sir I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this My suit then is desperate you ll undertake her no more?

Fal Master Brook I will be thrown into Etna as I have been into Thames ere I will leave her thus Her husband is this morning gone a birding I have received from her another embassy of meeting twixt eight and nine is the hour Master Brook

Ford 'Tis past eight already sir

Fal Is it? I will then address me to my appointment Come to me at your convenient leisure and you shall know how I speed and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her Adieu You shall have her Master Brook Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford [*Exit*

Ford Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream?

do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am I will now take the lecher, he is at my house, he cannot 'scape me, 'tis impossible he should He cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box, but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me I'll be horn-mad [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *A street*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM

Mrs Page Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick Sure he is by this, or will be presently But, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly

Mrs Page I'll be with her by and by, I'll but bring my young man here to school Look, where his master comes, 'tis a playing-day, I see

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans No, Master Slender is let the boys leave to play

Quick Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence

Evans Come hither, William, hold up your head, come

Mrs Page Come on, sirrah, hold up your head, answer your master, be not afraid

Evans William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will Two

Quick Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, "Od's nouns"

Evans Peace your tattlings! What is "fair," William?

Will *Pulcher*

Quick Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure

Evans You are a very simplicity 'oman I pray you peace What is *lapis*, William?

Will A stone

Evans And what is "a stone," William?

Will A pebble

Evans No, it is *lapis* I pray you, remember in your prain

Will *Lapis*

Evans That is a good William What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*

Evans *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*, pray you, mark *genitivo, hujus* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will *Accusativo, hinc*

Evans I pray you, have your remembrance, child, *accusativo, hung, hang, hog*

Quick "Hang-hog" is Latin for bacon, I warrant you

Evans Leave your prabbles, 'oman, What is the focative case, William?

Will O—*vocativo, O*

Evans Remember, William, focative is *caret*

Quick And that's a good root

Evans 'Oman, forbear

Mrs Page Peace!

Evans What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will Genitive case!

Evans Ay

Will Genitive—*horum, harum, horum*

Quick Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore

Evans For shame, 'oman

Quick You do ill to teach the child such words He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call "horum" Fie upon you!

Evans 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires

Mrs Page Prithee, hold thy peace

Evans Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns

Will Forsooth, I have forgot

Evans It is *qui, quæ, quod* If you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches Go your ways, and play, go

Mrs Page He is a better scholar than I thought he was

Evans He is a good sprag memory Farewell, Mistress Page

Mrs Page Adieu good Sir Hugh

[*Exit* SIR HUGH]

Get you home, boy Come, we stay too long

[*E*

SCENE II *A room in Ford's house*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS FORD

Fal Mistress Ford your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance I see you are obsequious in your love and I profess requital to a hair s breadth not only Mistress Ford in the simple office of love but in all the accoutrement complement and ceremony of it But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford He s a birding sweet Sir John

Mrs Page [*Within*] What ho gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs Ford Step into the chamber Sir John

[*Exit* FALSTAFF

Enter MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Page How now sweetheart! who s at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford Why none but mine own people

Mrs Page Indeed!

Mrs Ford No certainly [*Aside to her*] Speak louder

Mrs Page Truly I am so glad you have nobody here

Mrs Ford Why?

Mrs Page Why woman your husband is in his old lines again He so takes on yonder with my husband so rails against all married mankind so curses all Eve s daughters of what complexion soever and so buffets himself on the forehead crying Peer out peer out! that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now I am glad the fat knight is not here

Mrs Ford Why does he talk of him?

Mrs Page Of none but him and swears he was carried out the last time he searched for him in a basket protests to my husband he is now here and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport to make another experiment of his suspicion But I am glad the knight is not here now he shall see his own foolery

Mrs Ford How near is he Mistress Page?

Mrs Page Hard by at street end he will be here anon

Mrs Ford I am undone! The knight is here

Mrs Page Why then you are utterly shamed and he s but a dead man What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder

Mrs Ford Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Fal No I ll come no more i the basket May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs Page Alas three of Master Ford s brothers watch the door with pistols that none shall issue out otherwise you might slip away ere he came But what make you here?

Fal What shall I do? I ll creep up into the chimney

Mrs Ford There they always use to discharge their birding pieces Creep into the kiln hole

Fal Where is it?

Mrs Ford He will seek there on my word Neither press coffer, chest trunk well vault but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places and goes to them by his note There is no hiding you in the house

Fal I ll go out then

Mrs Page If you go out in your own semblance you die Sir John Unless you go out disguised—

Mrs Ford How might we disguise him?

Mrs Page Alas the day I know not! There is no woman s gown big enough for him otherwise he might put on a hat a muffler and a kerchief and so escape

Fal Good hearts devise something Any extremity rather than a mischief

Mrs Ford My maid s aunt the fat woman of Brentford has a gown above

Mrs Page On my word it will serve him she s as big as he is and there s her thrummed hat and her muffler too Run up Sir John

Mrs Ford Go go sweet Sir John Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head

Mrs Page Quick quick! we ll come dress you straight Put on the gown the while

[*Exit* FALSTAFF

Mrs Ford I would my husband would meet him in this shape He cannot abide the old woman of Brentford he swears she s a witch forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her

Mrs Page Heaven guide him to thy husband s cudgel and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page Ay in good sadness is he and talks of the basket too howsoever he hath had intelligence

Mrs Ford We ll try that for I ll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it as they did last time

Mrs Page Nay but he ll be here presently Let s go dress him like the witch of Brentford

Mrs Ford I ll first direct my men what they

shall do with the basket Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight [*Exit*

Mrs Page Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too
We do not act that often jest and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still swine eats all the draff
[*Exit*

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD *with* TWO SERVANTS

Mrs Ford Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders Your master is hard at door, if he bid you set it down, obey him Quickly, dispatch [*Exit*

1st Serv Come, come, take it up

2nd Serv Pray heaven it be not full of knight again

1st Serv I hope not, I had as lief bear so much lead

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife Youth in a basket! O you pandarly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me Now shall the devil be shamed What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page Why, this passes, Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinioned

Evans Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed

Ford So say I too, sir

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD

Come hither, Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress do I?

Mrs Ford Heaven be my witness you do if you suspect me in any dishonesty

Ford Well said, brazen-face! hold it out Come forth, sirrah!

Pulling clothes out of the basket

Page This passes!

Mrs Ford Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone

Ford I shall find you anon

Evans 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away

Ford Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs Ford Why, man, why?

Ford Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is My intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable Pluck me out all the linen

Mrs Ford If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death

Page Here's no man

Shal By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford, this wrongs you

Evans Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart This is jealousies

Ford Well he's not here I seek for

Page No, nor nowhere else but in your brain

Ford Help to search my house this one time If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport, let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman" Satisfy me once more, once more search with me

Mrs Ford What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down, my husband will come into the chamber

Ford Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs Ford Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford

Ford A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling She works by charms, by spells by the figure and such daubery as this is beyond our element We know nothing Come down, you witch you hag, you, come down, I say!

Mrs Ford Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman

Re-enter FALSTAFF *in woman's clothes, and* MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Page Come, Mother Prat, come give me your hand

Ford I'll prat her [*Beating him*] Out of my door you witch you hag you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you I'll fortune tell you [*Exit* FALSTAFF

Mrs Page Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman

Mrs Ford Nay, he will do it 'Tis a goodly credit for you

Ford Hang her, witch!

Evans By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a

witch indeed I like not when a oman has a great peard I spy a great peard under his muffler

Ford Will you follow gentlemen? I beseech you follow see but the issue of my jealousy If I cry out thus upon no trail never trust me when I open again

Page Let s obey his humour a little further Come gentlemen

[*Exeunt* FORD PAGE, SHALLOW CAIUS *and* EVANS

Mrs Page Trust me he beat him most pitifully

Mrs Ford Nay by the mass that he did not he beat him most unpitifully methought

Mrs Page I ll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o er the altar it hath done meritorious service

Mrs Ford What think you? may we with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page The spirit of wantonness is sure scared out of him If the devil have him not in fee simple with fine and recovery he will never I think in the way of waste attempt us again

Mrs Ford Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page Yes by all means if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband s brains If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted we two will still be the ministers

Mrs Ford I ll warrant they ll have him publicly shamed and methinks there would be no period to the jest should he not be publicly shamed

Mrs Page Come, to the forge with it then shape it I would not have things cool [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH

Bard Sir the Germans desire to have three of your horses The Duke himself will be tomorrow at court and they are going to meet him

Host What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court Let me speak with the gentlemen They speak English?

Bard Ay sir I ll call them to you

Host They shall have my horses but I ll make them pay I ll sauce them They have had my house a week at command I have turned away my other guests They must come off I ll sauce them Come [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A room in Ford s house*

Enter PAGE, FORD MISTRESS PAGE MISTRESS FORD *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Evans Tis one of the best discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon

Page And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs Page Within a quarter of an hour

Ford Pardon me wife Henceforth do what thou wilt
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness Now doth thy honour stand
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith

Page Tis well tis well no more
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence
But let our plot go forward Let our wives
Yet once again to make us public sport
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it

Ford There is no better way than that they spoke of

Page How? to send him word they ll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie fie! he ll never come

Evans You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peaten as an old oman Methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come methinks his flesh is punished he shall have no desires

Page So think I too

Mrs Ford Devise but how you ll use him when he comes
And let us two devise to bring him thither

Mrs Page There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest
Doth all the winter time at still midnight
Walk round about an oak with great ragg d horns
And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle
And makes milch kine yield blood and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner
You have heard of such a spirit and well you know
The superstitious idle headed eld
Received and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth

Page Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne s oak
But what of this?

Mrs Ford Marry this is our device
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us

Page Well let it not be doubted but he ll come
And in this shape when you have brought him thither
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page That likewise have we thought upon, and thus
Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song Upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly
Then let them all encircle him about
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane

Mrs Ford And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers

Mrs Page The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor

Ford The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't

Evans I will teach the children their behaviors, and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber

Ford That will be excellent I'll go buy them vizards

Mrs Page My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white

Page That silk will I go buy [*Aside*] And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away
And marry her at Eton Go send to Falstaff straight

Ford Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook
He'll tell me all his purpose Sure, he'll come

Mrs Page Fear not you that Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies

Evans Let us about it It is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS

Mrs Page Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind

[*Exit* MISTRESS FORD

I'll to the doctor He hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page
That Slender, though well landed is an idiot,
And he my husband best of all affects
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court He, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her

[*Exit*

SCENE V *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter HOST *and* SIMPLE

Host What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss, brief, short, quick, snap

Sim Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender

Host There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed, 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new Go knock and call, he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee Knock, I say

Sim There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down, I come to speak with her, indeed

Host Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed I'll call Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls

Fal [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman Let her descend, bully, let her descend, my chambers are honourable Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone

Sim Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell What would you with her?

Sim My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no

Fal I spake with the old woman about it

Sim And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it

Sim I would I could have spoken with the woman herself, I had other things to have spoken with her too from him

Fal What are they? let us know

Host Ay, come quick

Sim I may not conceal them, sir

Host Conceal them, or thou diest

Sim Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no

Fal Tis tis his fortune

Sim What sir?

Fal To have her or no Go say the woman told me so

Sim May I be bold to say so sir?

Fal Ay sir like who more bold

Sim I thank your worship I shall make my master glad with these tidings [*Exit*

Host Thou art clerkly thou art clerkly Sir John Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal Ay that there was mine host one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life and I paid nothing for it neither but was paid for my learning

Enter BARDOLPH

Bard Out alas sir! cozenage mere cozenage!

Host Where be my horses? speak well of them varletto

Bard Run away with the cozeners for so soon as I came beyond Eton they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire and set spurs and away like three German devils three Doctor Faustuses

Host They are gone but to meet the Duke villain Do not say they be fled Germans are honest men

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

Evans Where is mine host?

Host What is the matter sir?

Evans Have a care of your entertainments There is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three cozen germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins of Maidenhead of Colebrook of horses and money I tell you for good will look you You are wise and full of gibes and *vlouting stocks and tis not convenient you* should be cozened Fare you well [*Exit*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS

Caius Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host Here, master doctor in perplexity and doubtful dilemma

Caius I cannot tell vat is dat but it is tell a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany By my trot dere is no duke dat the court is know to come I tell you for good vill adieu [*Exit*

Host Hue and cry villain go! Assist me knight I am undone! Fly run hue and cry villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt* HOST *and* BARDOLPH

Fal I would all the world might be cozened for I have been cozened and beaten too If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen s boots with me I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero Well if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers I would repent

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Now whence come you?

Quick From the two parties forsooth

Fal The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed I have suffered more for their sakes more than the villainous inconstancy of man s disposition is able to bear

Quick And have not they suffered? Yes I warrant speciously one of them Mistress Ford good heart is beaten black and blue that you cannot see a white spot about her

Fal What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford But that my admirable dexterity of wit my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me the knave constable had set me i the stocks i the common stocks for a witch

Quick Sir let me speak with you in your chamber You shall hear how things go and I warrant to your content Here is a letter will say somewhat Good hearts what ado here is to bring you together! Sure one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so crossed

Fal Come up into my chamber [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Another room in the Garter Inn*
Enter FENTON *and* HOST

Host Master Fenton talk not to me my mind is heavy I will give over all

Fent Yet hear me speak Assist me in my purpose
And as I am a gentleman I ll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss

Host I will hear you Master Fenton and I will at the least keep your counsel

Fent From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page
Who mutually hath answer d my affection
So far forth as herself might be her chooser
Even to my wish I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both Fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene The image of the jest

I'll show you here at large Hark, good mine host
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen,
The purpose why, is here, in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry She hath consented
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her To this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor Now, thus it rests
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him Her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head,
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him

Host Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent Both, my good host, to go along with me
And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony

Host Well, husband your device, I'll to the vicar
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest

Fent So shall I evermore be bound to thee,
Besides, I'll make a present recompense [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY

Fal Prithee, no more prattling, go I'll hold This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd numbers Away! go They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death Away!

Quick I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns

Fal Away I say time wears Hold up your head, and mince [*Exit* MISTRESS QUICKLY

Enter FORD

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders

Ford Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man, but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy I will tell you He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman, for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle I am in haste, go along with me I'll tell you all, Master Brook Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately Follow me I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand Follow Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Windsor Park*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER

Page Come, come, we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies Remember, son Slender, my daughter

Slen Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another I come to her in white, and cry "mum", she cries "budget", and by that we know one another

Shal That's good too, but what needs either your "mum" or her "budget"? the white will decipher her well enough It hath struck ten o'clock

Page The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns Let's away, follow me [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A street leading to the Park*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* DOCTOR CAIUS

Mrs Page Master doctor, my daughter is in green When you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly Go before into the Park We two must go together

Caius I know vat I have to do Adieu

Mrs Page Fare you well sir [*Exit* CAIUS] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of

Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor s marrying my daughter But tis no matter better a little chiding than a great deal of heart break

Mrs Ford Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs Page They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne s oak with obscured lights which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting they will at once display to the night

Mrs Ford That cannot choose but amaze him

Mrs Page If he be not amazed he will be mocked if he be amazed he will every way be mocked

Mrs Ford We ll betray him finely

Mrs Page Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery

Mrs Ford The hour draws on To the oak to the oak! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Windsor Park*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *disguised with others as Fairies*

Evans Trib trib fairies come and remember your parts Be pold I pray you follow me into the pit and when I give the watch ords do as I pid you Come come trib trib [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another part of the Park*

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised as Herne with a buck s head upon him*

Fal The Windsor bell hath struck twelve the minute draws on Now the hot blooded gods assist me! Remember Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa love set on thy horns O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man in some other a man a beast You were also Jupiter a swan for the love of Leda O omni potent Love! how near the god drew to the com plexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast O Jove a beastly fault! And then an other fault in the semblance of a fowl think on t Jove a foul fault! When gods have hot backs what shall poor men do? For me I am here a Windsor stag and the fattest I think i the forest Send me a cool rut time Jove or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Ford Sir John! art thou there my deer? my male deer?

Fal My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here

Mrs Ford Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart

Fal Divide me like a bribe buck each a haunch I will keep my sides to myself my shoulders for the fellow of this walk and my horns I bequeath your husbands Am I a woodman ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why now is Cupid a child of conscience he makes restitution As I am a true spirit welcome!

Noise within

Mrs Page Alas what noise?

Mrs Ford Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal What should this be?

Mrs Ford / *Mrs Page* } Away away! [*They run off*

Fal I think the devil will not have me damned lest the oil that s in me should set hell on fire he would never else cross me thus

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *disguised as a Satyr*, PISTOL *as Hobgoblin* MISTRESS QUICKLY ANNE PAGE, *and others as Fairies with tapers*

Quick Fairies black grey green and white
You moonshine revellers and shades of night
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny
Attend your office and your quality
Crier Hobgoblin make the fairy oyes

Pist Elves list your names silence you airy toys
Cricket to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap
Where fires thou find st unraked and hearths un swept
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery

Fal They are fairies he that speaks to them shall die
I ll wink and couch no man their works must eye

Lies down upon his face

Evans Where s Bede? Go you and where you find a maid
That ere she sleep has thrice her prayers said
Raise up the organs of her fantasy
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy
But those as sleep and think not on their sins
Pinch them arms legs backs shoulders sides and shins

Quick About about
Search Windsor Castle elves within and out
Strew good luck ouphes on every sacred room
That it may stand till the perpetual doom
In state as wholesome as in state tis fit
Worthy the owner and the owner it
The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm and every precious flower,
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see,
And "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee
Fairies use flowers for their charactery
Away, disperse But till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget

Evans Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves
in order set,
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree
But, stay, I smell a man of middle-earth

Fal Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in
thy birth

Quick With trial-fire touch me his finger-end
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain, but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart

Pist A trial, come

Evans Come, will this wood take fire?

They burn him with their tapers

Fal Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme,
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time

SONG

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher
Pinch him fairies, mutually,
Pinch him for his villainy,
Pinch him and burn him and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF DOCTOR CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a boy in green,* SLENDER *another way and takes off a boy in white, and* FENTON *comes and steals away* ANNE PAGE *A noise of hunting is heard within All the Fairies run away* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE *and* MISTRESS FORD

Page Nay, do not fly, I think we have watch'd
you now
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs Page I pray you, come, hold up the jest no
higher
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, Master Brook, and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook, his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook

Mrs Ford Sir John, we have had ill luck, we could never meet I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer

Fal I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass

Ford Ay, and an ox too, both the proofs are extant

Fal And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you

Ford Well said, fairy Hugh

Evans And leave your jealousies too, I pray you

Ford I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English

Fal Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese

Evans Seese is not good to give putter, your belly is all putter

Fal "Seese" and "putter"! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm

Mrs Page Why, Sir John do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford What, a hodge pudding? a bag of flax?

favour—for so tis, I must confess—not brown neither—

Cres No but brown

Pan Faith to say truth brown and not brown

Cres To say the truth true and not true

Pan She praised his complexion above Paris

Cres Why Paris hath colour enough

Pan So he has

Cres Then Troilus should have too much If she praised him above his complexion is higher than his he having colour enough and the other high er is too flaming a praise for a good complexion I had as lief Helen s golden tongue had com mended Troilus for a copper nose

Pan I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris

Cres Then she s a merry Greek indeed

Pan Nay I am sure she does She came to him th other day into the compassed window—and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

Cres Indeed a tapster s arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total

Pan Why he is very young and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector

Cres Is he so young a man and so old a lift er?

Pan But to prove to you that Helen loves him she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan Why you know tis dimpled I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia

Cres O he smiles valiantly

Pan Does he not?

Cres O yes an twere a cloud in autumn

Pan Why go to then But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus—

Cres Troilus will stand to the proof if you ll prove it so

Pan Troilus! why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg

Cres If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head you would eat chickens i the shell

Pan I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin indeed she has a marvellous white hand I must needs confess—

Cres Without the rack

Pan And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin

Cres Alas poor chin! many a wart is richer

Pan But there was such laughing! Queen He cuba laughed that her eyes ran o er

Cres With mill stones

Pan And Cassandra laughed

Cres But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes Did her eyes run o er too?

Pan And Hector laughed

Cres At what was all this laughing?

Pan Marry at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus chin

Cres An t had been a green hair I should have laughed too

Pan They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer

Cres What was his answer?

Pan Quoth she Here s but two and fifty hairs on your chin and one of them is white

Cres This is her question

Pan That s true make no question of that Two and fifty hairs quoth he and one white That white hair is my father and all the rest are his sons Jupiter! quoth she which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluck t out and give it him But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed and Paris so chafed and all the rest so laughed that it passed

Cres So let it now for it has been a great while going by

Pan Well cousin I told you a thing yesterday think on t

Cres So I do

Pan I ll be sworn tis true he will weep you an twere a man born in April

Cres And I ll spring up in his tears an twere a nettle against May

A retreat sounded

Pan Hark! they are coming from the field shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece do sweet niece Cres sida

Cres At your pleasure

Pan Here here here s an excellent place here we may see most bravely I ll tell you them all by their names as they pass by but mark Troilus above the rest

Cres Speak not so loud

ÆNEAS *passes*

Pan That s Æneas is not that a brave man? he s one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you But mark Troilus you shall see anon

ANTENOR *passes*

Cres Who s that?

Pan That s Antenor he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you and he s a man good enough he s one o the soundest judgements in Troy whosoever and a proper man of person When comes Troil

us? I'll show you Troilus anon If he see me, you shall see him nod at me

Cres Will he give you the nod?

Pan You shall see

Cres If he do, the rich shall have more

HECTOR *passes*

Pan That's Hector, that, that, look you, that, there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cres O, a brave man!

Pan Is a' not? it does a man's heart good Look you what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there, there's no jesting, there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say There be hacks!

Cres Be those with swords?

Pan Swords! anything, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one By God's lid, it does one's heart good Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris

PARIS *passes*

Look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt Why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon

HELENUS *passes*

Cres Who's that?

Pan That's Helenus I marvel where Troilus is That's Helenus I think he went not forth to-day That's Helenus

Cres Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan Helenus? no Yes, he'll fight indifferent well I marvel where Troilus is Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"? Helenus is a priest

Cres What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes*

Pan Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres Peace, for shame peace!

Pan Mark him, note him O brave Troilus! Look well upon him niece Look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty Go thy way Troilus go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him, and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot

Cres Here come more

Forces pass

Pan Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus Ne'er look, ne'er look, the eagles are gone, crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece

Cres There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus

Pan Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel

Cres Well, well

Pan "Well, well!" Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres Ay, a minced man, and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out

Pan You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie

Cres Upon my back, to defend my belly, upon my wit, to defend my wiles, upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty, my mask, to defend my beauty, and you, to defend all these, and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches

Pan Say one of your watches

Cres Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching

Pan You are such another!

Enter TROILUS'S BOY

Boy Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you

Pan Where?

Boy At your own house, there he unarms him

Pan Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit* BOY]
I doubt he be hurt Fare ye well good niece

Cres Adieu, uncle

Pan I'll be with you niece, by and by

Cres To bring, uncle?

Pan Ay a token from Troillus

Cres By the same token you are a bawd

[*Exit* PANDARUS

Words vows gifts tears, and love's full sacrifice

He offers in another s enterprise
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar s praise may be
Yet hold I off Women are angels wooing
Things won are done joy s soul lies in the doing
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this
Men prize the thing ungain d more than it is
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach
Achievement is command ungain d beseech
Then though my heart s content firm love doth bear
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The Grecian camp Before Agamemnon s tent*

Sennet Enter AGAMEMNON NESTOR ULYSSES MENELAUS *and others*

Agam Princes
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promised largeness Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear d
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth
Nor princes is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years siege yet Troy walls stand
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave t surmised shape Why then you princes
Do you with cheeks abash d behold our works
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune s love for then the bold and coward
The wise and fool the artist and unread,
The hard and soft seem all affined and kin
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all winnows the light away
And what hath mass or matter by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled
Nest With due observance of thy godlike seat
Great Agamemnon Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis and anon behold
The strong ribb d bark through liquid mountains cut
Bounding between the two moist elements
Like Perseus horse where s then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimber d sides but even now
Co-rivall d greatness? Either to harbour fled
Or made a toast for Neptune Even so
Doth valour s show and valour s worth divide
In storms of fortune for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks
And flies fled under shade why then the thing of courage
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune
Ulyss Agamemnon
Thou great commander nerve and bone of Greece
Heart of our numbers soul and only spirit
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up hear what Ulysses speaks
Besides the applause and approbation
The which [*To* AGAMEMNON] most mighty for thy place and sway
[*To* NESTOR] And thou most reverend for thy stretch d-out life
I give to both your speeches which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass and such again
As venerable Nestor hatch d in silver
Should with a bond of air strong as the axle tree
On which heaven rides knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue yet let it please both
Thou great and wise to hear Ulysses speak
Agam Speak Prince of Ithaca and be t of less expect
That matter needless of importless burden,
Divide thy lips than we are confident
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws
We shall hear music wit and oracle
Ulyss Troy yet upon his basis had been down,
And the great Hector s sword had lack d a master
But for these instances

The specialty of rule hath been neglected,
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order,
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other, whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe
Strength should be lord of imbecility
And the rude son should strike his father dead
Force should be right or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names and so should justice too
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey
And last eat up himself Great Agamemnon,
This chaos when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength
Nest Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick
Agam The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?
Ulyss The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs With him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in, and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending, with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
Cries "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just
Now play me Nestor, hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration"
That's done as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels as like as Vulcan and his wife
Yet god Achilles still cries "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm"
And then forsooth the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet And at this sport
Sir Valour dies, cries "O, enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen And in this fashion,

All our abilities gifts natures shapes
Severals and generals of grace exact
Achievements plots orders preventions
Excitements to the field or speech for truce
Success or loss what is or is not serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes
Nest And in the imitation of these twain—
Who as Ulysses says opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect
Ajax is grown self will d and bears his head
In such a rein in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles keeps his tent like him
Makes factious feasts rails on our state of war
Bold as an oracle and sets Thersites
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint
To match us in comparisons with dirt
To weaken and discredit our exposure
How rank soever rounded in with danger
Ulyss They tax our policy and call it coward ice
Count wisdom as no member of the war
Forestall prescience and esteem no act
But that of hand The still and mental parts
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies weight—
Why this hath not a finger s dignity
They call this bed work mappery closet war
So that the ram that batters down the wall
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise
They place before his hand that made the engine
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution
Nest Let this be granted and Achilles horse
Makes many Thetis sons
A tucket
Agam What trumpet? look Menelaus
Men From Troy

Enter ÆNEAS

Agam What would you fore our tent?
Æne Is this great Agamemnon s tent I pray you?
Agam Even this
Æne May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam With surety stronger than Achilles arm
Fore all the Greekish heads which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general
Æne Fair leave and large security How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam How!
Æne Ay
I ask that I might waken reverence
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus
Which is that god in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam This Trojan scorns us or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers
Æne Courtiers as free as debonair unarm d
As bending angels that s their fame in peace
But when they would seem soldiers they have galls
Good arms, strong joints true swords and Jove s accord
Nothing so full of heart But peace Æneas
Peace Trojan lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth
But what the repining enemy commends
That breath fame blows that praise sole pure, transcends
Agam Sir you of Troy call you yourself Æneas?
Æne Ay Greek that is my name
Agam What s your affair I pray you?
Æne Sir pardon tis for Agamemnon s ears
Agam He hears nought privately that comes from Troy
Æne Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear
To set his sense on the attentive bent
And then to speak
Agam Speak frankly as the wind
It is not Agamemnon s sleeping hour
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake
He tells thee so himself
Æne Trumpet blow loud
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents
And every Greek of mettle let him know
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud
Trumpet sounds
We have great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call d Hector—Priam is his father—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown He bade me take a trumpet
And to this purpose speak Kings princes lords!
If there be one among the fair st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril
That knows his valour and knows not his fear
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves

And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love
If any come, Hector shall honour him,
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance Even so much

Agam This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas,
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home But we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector, if none else, I am he

Nest Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd He is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
As may be in the world His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood

Æne Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss Amen

Agam Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand,
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent
Yourself shall feast with us before you go
And find the welcome of a noble foe

[*Exeunt all but* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR

Ulyss Nestor!

Nest What says Ulysses?

Ulyss I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape

Nest What is't?

Ulyss This 'tis
Blunt wedges rive hard knots The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all

Nest Well, and how?

Ulyss This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles

Nest The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough—will with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him

Ulyss And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest Yes, 'tis most meet Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells,
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their finest palate, and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action, for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general,
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice,
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues, who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs

Ulyss Give pardon to my speech
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell, if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet,
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers

Nest I see them not with my old eyes What are they?

Ulyss What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him
But he already is too insolent
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes
Should he scape Hector fair If he were foil d
Why then we did our main opinion cru h
In taint of our best man No make a lottery
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector Among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off
We ll dress him up in voices If he fail
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men But hit or miss
Our project s life this shape of sense assumes
Ajax employ d plucks down Achilles plumes

Nest Ulysses
Now I begin to relish thy advice
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon Go we to him straight
Two curs shall tame each other pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on as twere their bone
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

Scene I *A part of the Grecian camp*

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES

Ajax Thersites!

Ther Agamemnon how if he had boils? full all over generally?

Ajax Thersites!

Ther And those boils did run? Say so did not the general run then? Were not that a botchy core?

Ajax Dog!

Ther Then would come some matter from him I see none now

Ajax Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? [*Beating him*] Feel then

Ther The plague of Greece upon thee thou mongrel beef witted lord!

Ajax Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven speak I will beat thee into handsomeness

Ther I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red murrain o thy jade s tricks!

Ajax Toadstool learn me the proclamation

Ther Dost thou think I have no sense thou strikest me thus?

Ajax The proclamation!

Ther Thou art proclaimed a fool I think

Ajax Do not porpentine do not my fingers itch

Ther I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece When thou art forth in the incursions thou strikest as slow as another

Ajax I say the proclamation!

Ther Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina s beauty, ay that thou barkest at him

Ajax Mistress Thersites!

Ther Thou shouldst strike him

Ajax Cobloaf!

Ther He would pun thee into shivers with his fist as a sailor breaks a biscuit

Ajax [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!

Ther Do do

Ajax Thou stool for a witch!

Ther Ay do do thou sodden witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows an assinego may tutor thee Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit like a barbarian slave If thou use to beat me I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches thou thing of no bowels thou!

Ajax You dog!

Ther You scurvy lord!

Ajax [*Beating him*] You cur!

Ther Mars his idiot! do rudeness do camel do do

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

Achil Why how now Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now Thersites! what s the matter man?

Ther You see him there do you?

Achil Ay what s the matter?

Ther Nay look upon him

Achil So I do What s the matter?

Ther Nay but regard him well

Achil Well! why I do so

Ther But yet you look not well upon him for whosoever you take him to be he is Ajax

Achil I know that fool

Ther Ay but that fool knows not himself

Ajax Therefore I beat thee

Ther Lo lo lo, hat modicums of wit utters! his evas ears thus long I h bobbed his brain he has beat my I will buy nine a penny and he

mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him

Achil What?

Ther I say, this Ajax—

AJAX *offers to beat him*

Achil Nay, good Ajax

Ther Has not so much wit—

Achil Nay, I must hold you

Ther As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight

Achil Peace, fool!

Ther I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not He there, that he Look you there

Ajax O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther No, I warrant you, for a fool's will shame it

Patr Good words, Thersites

Achil What's the quarrel?

Ajax I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me

Ther I serve thee not

Ajax Well, go to, go to

Ther I serve here voluntary

Achil Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary No man is beaten voluntary, Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress

Ther E'en so, a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains A' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel

Achil What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars

Achil What, what?

Ther Yes, good sooth To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax I shall cut out your tongue

Ther 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards

Patr No more words Thersites, peace!

Ther I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil There's for you Patroclus

Ther I will see you hanged like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools [*Exit*

Patr A good riddance

Achil Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what, 'tis trash Farewell

Ajax Farewell Who shall answer him?

Achil I know not 'Tis put to lottery, otherwise
He knew his man

Ajax O, meaning you I will go learn more of it [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Troy a room in Priam's palace*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS

Pri After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off" Hector, what say you to't?

Hect Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, "Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure, but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst Let Helen go
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen, I mean, of ours
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie for godly shame!

Hel No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
Tro You are for dreams and slumbers brother priest
You fur your gloves with reason Here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harm
You know a sword employ'd is perilous
And reason flies the object of all harm
Who marvels then when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay if we talk of reason
Let's shut our gates and sleep Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason Reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject
Hect Brother she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding
Tro What is aught but as 'tis valued?
Hect But value dwells not in particular will
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god
And the will dotes that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects
Without some image of the affected merit
Tro I take to-day a wife and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement how may I avoid
Although my will distaste what it elected
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails
The seas and winds old wranglers took a truce
And did him service he touch'd the ports desired
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt
Is she worth keeping? why she is a pearl
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—
As you must needs for you all cried Go go —
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—
As you must needs for you all clapp'd your hands
And cried Inestimable! —why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate
And do a deed that fortune never did
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place!
Cas [*Within*] Cry Trojans cry!
Pri What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro 'Tis our mad sister I do know her voice
Cas [*Within*] Cry Trojans!
Hect It is Cassandra

Enter CASSANDRA *raving*

Cas Cry Trojans cry! lend me ten thousand eyes
And I will fill them with prophetic tears
Hect Peace sister peace!
Cas Virgins and boys mid age and wrinkled eld
Soft infancy that nothing canst but cry
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come
Cry Trojans cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be nor goodly Ilion stand
Our firebrand brother Paris burns us all
Cry Trojans cry! a Helen and a woe
Cry cry! Troy burns or else let Helen go [*Exit*
Hect Now youthful Troilus do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause
Can qualify the same?
Tro Why brother Hector
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad Her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious For my private part
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons

And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels,
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit

Pri Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights
You have the honey still, but these the gall,
So to be valiant is no praise at all

Par Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honourable keeping her
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed
Where Helen is the subject then, I say,
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world s large spaces cannot parallel

Hect Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially, not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners Now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth, yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities

Tro Why, there you touch'd the life of our design
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us,
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue

Hect I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept
This, I presume, will wake him [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The Grecian camp before Achilles' tent*

Enter THERSITES, *solus*

Ther How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations Then there's Achilles, a rare enginer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods and Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a

spider without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web After this the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone ache! for that methinks is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS

Patr Who s there? Thersites! Good Thersites come in and rail

Ther If I could have remembered a gilt counter feit thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation But it is no matter thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind folly and ignorance be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse I ll be sworn and sworn upon t she never shrouded any but lazars Amen Where s Achilles?

Patr What art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther Ay The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES

Achil Who s there?

Patr Thersites my lord

Achil Where, where? Art thou come? why my cheese my digestion why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come what s Agamemnon?

Ther Thy commander Achilles Then tell me Patroclus what s Achilles?

Patr Thy lord Thersites Then tell me I pray thee what s thyself?

Ther Thy knower Patroclus Then tell me Patroclus what art thou?

Patr Thou mayst tell that knowest

Achil O tell tell

Ther I ll decline the whole question Aga memnon commands Achilles Achilles is my lord I am Patroclus knower and Patroclus is a fool

Patr You rascal!

Ther Peace fool! I have not done

Achil He is a privileged man Proceed Thersites

Ther Agamemnon is a fool Achilles is a fool Thersites is a fool and as aforesaid Patroclus is a fool

Achil Derive this come

Ther Agamemnon is a fool to offer to com mand Achilles Achilles is a fool to be com manded of Agamemnon Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool and Patroclus is a fool positive

Patr Why am I a fool?

Ther Make that demand of the prover It suffices me thou art Look you who comes here?

Achil Patroclus I ll speak with nobody Come in with me Thersites [*Exit*

Ther Here is such patchery such juggling and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold and a whore a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon Now the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit*

Enter AGAMEMNON ULYSSES NESTOR DIOMEDES *and* AJAX

Agam Where is Achilles?

Patr Within his tent but ill disposed my lord

Agam Let it be known to him that we are here
He shent our messengers and we lay by
Our appertainments visiting of him
Let him be told so lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place
Or know not what we are

Patr I shall say so to him [*Exit*

Ulyss We saw him at the opening of his tent
He is not sick

Ajax Yes lion sick sick of proud heart You may call it melancholy if you will favour the man but by my head tis pride But why why? let him show us the cause A word my lord [*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside*

Nest What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him

Nest Who Thersites?

Ulyss He

Nest Then will Ajax lack matter if he have lost his argument

Ulyss No you see he is his argument that has his argument Achilles

Nest All the better their fraction is more our wish than their faction But it was a strong com posure a fool could disunite

Ulyss The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie Here comes Patroclus

Re-enter PATROCLUS

Nest No Achilles with him

Ulyss The elephant hath joints but none for courtesy His legs are legs for necessity not for flexure

Patr Achilles bids me say he is much sorry
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him he hopes it is no other

But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath

Agam Hear you, Patroclus
We are too well acquainted with these answers,
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted Go and tell him
We come to speak with him, and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgement, and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance, yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him, but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report
"Bring action hither, this cannot go to war"
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant Tell him so

Patr I shall, and bring his answer presently [*Exit*

Agam In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him Ulysses, enter you [*Exit* ULYSSES

Ajax What is he more than another?

Agam No more than what he thinks he is

Ajax Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam No question

Ajax Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam No, noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle and altogether more tractable

Ajax Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is

Agam Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer He that is proud eats up himself, pride is his own glass, his own trumpet his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise

Ajax I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads

Nest [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself Is't not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES

Ulysses Achilles will not to the field tomorrow

Agam What's his excuse?

Ulyss He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission

Agam Why will he not upon our fair request
Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important Possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath Imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry "No recovery"

Agam Let Ajax go to him
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself

Ulyss O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired,
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles
That were to enlard his fat already pride
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder "Achilles go to him"

Nest [*Aside to* DIOMEDES] O, this is well he rubs the vein of him

Dio [*Aside to* NESTOR] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face

Agam O, no, you shall not go

Ajax An a be proud with me I ll pheeze his pride
Let me go to him
Ulyss Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel
Ajax A paltry insolent fellow!
Nest [*Aside*] How he describes himself!
Ajax Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness
Ajax I ll let his humours blood
Agam [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient
Ajax An all men were o my mind—
Ulyss [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion
Ajax A should not bear it so a should eat swords first Shall pride carry it?
Nest [*Aside*] An twould you ld carry half
Ulyss [*Aside*] A would have ten shares
Ajax I will knead him I ll make him supple
Nest [*Aside*] He s not yet through warm Force him with praises Pour in pour in his ambition is dry
Ulyss [*To* AGAMEMNON] My lord you feed too much on this dislike
Nest Our noble general do not do so
Dio You must prepare to fight without Achilles
Ulyss Why tis this naming of him does him harm
Here is a man—but tis before his face
I will be silent
Nest Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous as Achilles is
Ulyss Know the whole world he is as valiant
Ajax A whoreson dog that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!
Nest What a vice were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss If he were proud—
Dio Or covetous of praise—
Ulyss Ay or surly borne—
Dio Or strange or self affected!
Ulyss Thank the heavens lord thou art of sweet composure
Praise him that got thee she that gave thee suck
Famed be thy tutor and thy parts of nature
Thrice famed, beyond all erudition
But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half and, for thy vigour
Bull bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts Here s Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times
He must he is he cannot but be wise
But pardon, father Nestor were your days
As green as Ajax and your brain so temper d
You should not have the eminence of him
But be as Ajax
Ajax Shall I call you father?
Nest Ay my good son
Dio Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax
Ulyss There is no tarrying here the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war
Fresh kings are come to Troy to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast
And here s a lord—come knights from east to west
And cull their flower Ajax shall cope the best
Agam Go we to council Let Achilles sleep
Light boats sail swift though greater hulks draw deep [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Troy Priam s palace*

Enter a SERVANT *and* PANDARUS

Pan Friend you! pray you a word Do not you follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv Ay sir when he goes before me
Pan You depend upon him I mean?
Serv Sir I do depend upon the lord
Pan You depend upon a noble gentleman I must needs praise him
Serv The lord be praised!
Pan You know me do you not?
Serv Faith sir superficially
Pan Friend know me better I am the Lord Pandarus
Serv I hope I shall know your honour better
Pan I do desire it
Serv You are in the state of grace
Pan Grace! not so friend honour and lordship are my titles [*Music within*] What music is this?
Serv I do but partly know sir It is music in parts
Pan Know you the musicians?
Serv Wholly sir
Pan Who play they to?
Serv To the hearers sir
Pan At whose pleasure friend?
Serv At mine sir and theirs that love music
Pan Command I mean, friend
Serv Who shall I command, sir?
Pan Friend we understand not one another I am too courtly and thou art too cunning At whose request do these men play?
Serv That s to t indeed, sir Marry sir at the

request of Paris my lord, who's there in person, with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul—

Pan Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv No, sir, Helen Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes

Serv Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended*

Pan Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen Dear lord, you are full of fair words

Pan You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen Fair prince here is good broken music

Par You have broke it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again, you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance Nell, he is full of harmony

Pan Truly, lady, no

Helen O, sir—

Pan Rude, in sooth, in good sooth, very rude

Par Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits

Pan I have business to my lord, dear queen My lord will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen Nay, this shall not hedge us out We'll hear you sing, certainly

Pan Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me But, marry, thus my lord my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord—

Pan Go to, sweet queen, go to!—commends himself most affectionately to you—

Helen You shall not bob us out of our melody If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan Sweet queen sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith

Helen And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence

Pan Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not, in truth la Nay I care not for such words, no no And my lord he desires you that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse

Helen My Lord Pandarus—

Pan What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

Par What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen Nay, but, my lord—

Pan What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you You must not know where he sups

Par I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida

Pan No, no, no such matter, you are wide Come, your disposer is sick

Par Well, I'll make excuse

Pan Ay, good my lord Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick

Par I spy

Pan You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument Now, sweet queen

Helen Why, this is kindly done

Pan My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen

Helen She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris

Pan He! no, she'll none of him, they two are twain

Helen Falling in, after falling out, may make them three

Pan Come, come, I ll hear no more of this, I'll sing you a song now

Helen Ay, ay, prithee now By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead

Pan Ay, you may, you may

Helen Let thy song be love This love will undo us all O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith

Par Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love

Pan In good troth, it begins so

[*Sings*] 'Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For O, love s bow
Shoots buck and doe
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Heigh ho!

Helen In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose

Par He eats nothing but doves love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot

thoughts and hot thoughts beget hot deeds and hot deeds is love

Pan Is this the generation of love? hot blood hot thoughts and hot deeds? Why they are vipers Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord who s a field to-day?

Par Hector Deiphobus Helenus Antenor and all the gallantry of Troy I would fain have armed to-day but my Nell would not have it so How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen He hangs the lip at something You know all Lord Pandarus

Pan Not I honey sweet queen I long to hear how they sped to-day You ll remember your brother s excuse?

Par To a hair

Pan Farewell sweet queen

Helen Commend me to your niece

Pan I will sweet queen [*Exit*

A retreat sounded

Par They re come from field Let us to Priam s hall
To greet the warriors Sweet Helen I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector His stubborn buckles
With these your white enchanting fingers touch d
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews you shall do more
Than all the island kings—disarm great Hector

Helen 'Twill make us proud to be his servant Paris
Yea what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have
Yea overshines ourself

Par Sweet above thought I love thee [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same Pandarus orchard*

Enter PANDARUS *and* TROILUS BOY *meeting*

Pan How now! where s thy master? at my cousin Cressida s?

Boy No sir he stays for you to conduct him thither

Pan O here he comes

Enter TROILUS

How now how now!

Tro Sirrah walk off [*Exit* BOY

Pan Have you seen my cousin?

Tro No Pandarus I stalk about her door
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage O be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus
From Cupid s shoulder pluck his painted wings
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan Walk here i the orchard I ll bring her straight [*Exit*

Tro I am giddy expectation whirls me round
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense What will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love s thrice repured nectar? death I fear me
Swooning destruction or some joy too fine
Too subtle potent tuned too sharp in sweetness
For the capacity of my ruder powers
I fear it much and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys
As doth a battle when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pan She s making her ready she ll come straight You must be witty now She does so blush and fetches her wind so short as if she were frayed with a sprite I ll fetch her It is the prettiest villain she fetches her breath as short as a new ta en sparrow [*Exit*

Tro Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse
And all my powers do their bestowing lose
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty

Re-enter PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA

Pan Come come what need you blush? shame s a baby Here she is now swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me What are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways come your ways an you draw backward we ll put you i the fills Why do you not speak to her? Come draw this curtain and let s see your picture Alas the day how loath you are to offend daylight! an twere dark you ld close sooner So so rub on, and kiss the mistress How now! a kiss in fee farm! build there carpenter the air is sweet Nay you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you The falcon as the tercel for all the ducks i the river Go to go to

Tro You have bereft me of all words lady

Pan Words pay no debts give her deeds but she ll bereave you o the deeds too if she call your activity in question What billing again? Here s In witness whereof the parties interchangeably — Come in, come in I ll go get a fire [*Exit*

Cres Will you walk in my lord?

Tro O Cressida how often have I wished me thus!

Cres Wished, my lord! The gods grant—
O my lord!

Tro What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes

Tro Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly

Cres Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear To fear the worst oft cures the worse

Tro O, let my lady apprehend no fear, in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster

Cres Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro Nothing, but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers, thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit

Cres They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro Are there such? such are not we Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove, our head shall go bare till merit crown it No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present, we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble Few words to fair faith Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus

Cres Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pan What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet

Cres Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you

Pan I thank you for that, if my lord get a boy of you you'll give him me Be true to my lord, if he flinch, chide me for it

Tro You know now your hostages, your uncle's word and my firm faith

Pan Nay I'll give my word for her too Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed they are constant being won They are burs I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown

Cres Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months

Tro Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres Hard to seem won, but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant
I love you now, but not, till now, so much
But I might master it In faith, I lie,
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well I woo'd you not,
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth

Tro And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence

Pan Pretty, i' faith

Cres My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me,
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss
I am ashamed O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord

Tro Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cres Pray you, content you

Tro What offends you, lady?

Cres Sir, mine own company

Tro You cannot shun
Yourself

Cres Let me go and try
I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool I would be gone
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak

Tro Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely

Cres Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts But you are wise,
Or else you love not for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might, that dwells with gods above.

Tro O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty s outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter then blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow d purity in love
How were I then uplifted! but alas!
I am as true as truth s simplicity
And simpler than the infancy of truth

Cres In that I ll war with you

Tro O virtuous fight
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus When their rhymes
Full of protest of oath and big compare,
Want similes truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day as turtle to her mate
As iron to adamant as earth to the centre
Yet after all comparisons of truth
As truth s authentic author to be cited
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers

Cres Prophet may you be!
If I be false or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy
And blind oblivion swallow d cities up
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing yet let memory
From false to false among false maids in love
Upbraid my falsehood! when they ve said as false
As air as water wind or sandy earth
As fox to lamb as wolf to heifer s calf
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,
Yea, let them say to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid

Pan Go to a bargain made Seal it seal it I ll be the witness Here I hold your hand here my cousin s If ever you prove false one to another since I have taken such pains to bring you together let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world s end after my name call them all Pandars let all constant men be Troiluses all false women Cressids and all brokers-between Pandars! say amen

Tro Amen

Cres Amen

Pan Amen Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed which bed because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters press it to death Away!
And Cupid grant all tongue tied maidens here
Bed chamber Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The Grecian camp before Achilles tent*

Enter AGAMEMNON ULYSSES DIOMEDES NESTOR AJAX MENELAUS *and* CALCHAS

Cal Now princes for the service I have done you
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense Appear it to your mind
That through the sight I bear in things to love
I have abandon d Troy left my possession
Incurr d a traitor s name exposed myself
From certain and possess d conveniences
To doubtful fortunes sequestering from me all
That time acquaintance custom and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature
And here to do you service am become
As new into the world strange unacquainted
I do beseech you as in way of taste
To give me now a little benefit
Out of those many register d in promi e
Which you say live to come in my behalf

Agam What wouldst thou of us Trojan? make demand

Cal You have a Trojan prisoner call d Antenor
Yesterday took Troy holds him very dear
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange
Whom Troy hath still denied But this Antenor
I know is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack
Wanting his manage and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood a son of Priam
In change of him Let him be sent great princes
And he shall buy my daughter and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done
In most accepted pain

Agam Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither Calchas shall have
What he requests of us Good Diomed
Furnish you fairly for this interchange
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer d in his challenge Ajax is ready

Dio This shall I undertake and tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS *before their tent*

Ulyss Achilles stands i the entrance of his tent
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot and princes all
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him

I will come last 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink
It may do good, pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees
Agam We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along,
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on I will lead the way
Achil What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy
Agam What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil No
Nest Nothing, my lord
Agam The better
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR
Achil Good day, good day
Men How do you? how do you? [*Exit*
Achil What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax How now, Patroclus!
Achil Good morrow, Ajax
Ajax Ha?
Achil Good morrow
Ajax Ay, and good next day too [*Exit*
Achil What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr They pass by strangely They were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars
Achil What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too What the declined is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall, for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him as place riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall But tis not so with me
Fortune and I are friends I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks, who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given Here is Ulysses,
I'll interrupt his reading
How now, Ulysses!
Ulyss Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil What are you reading?
Ulyss A strange fellow here
Writes me "That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection,
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver "
Achil This is not strange, Ulysses
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To other's eyes, nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself, but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form,
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself This is not strange at all
Ulyss I do not strain at the position—
It is familiar—but at the author's drift,
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended, who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat I was much wrapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,
That has he knows not what Nature, what things there are
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder
As if his foot were on brave Hector s breast
And great Troy shrieking
Achil I do believe it for they pass d by me
As misers do by beggars neither gave to me
Good word nor look What are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss Time hath my lord a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion
A great sized monster of ingratitude
Those scraps are good deeds past which are devour d
As fast as they are made forgot as soon
As done Perseverance dear my lord
Keeps honour bright to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery Take the instant way
For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast Keep then the path
For Emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue If you give way
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright
Like to an enter d tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost
Or like a gallant horse fall n in first rank
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear
O er run and trampled on Then what they do in present
Though less than yours in past must o ertop yours
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand
And with his arms outstretch d as he would fly
Grasps in the comer Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing O let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was
For beauty wit
High birth, vigour of bone desert in service
Love friendship charity are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin
That all with one consent praise new born gawds
Though they are made and moulded of things past
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o er-dusted
The present eye praises the present object
Then marvel not thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs The cry went once on thee,
And still it might and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
Made emulous missions mongst the gods themselves
And drave great Mars to faction
Achil Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons
Ulyss But gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical
Tis known Achilles that you are in love
With one of Priam s daughters
Achil Ha! known!
Ulyss Is that a wonder?
The providence that s in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus gold
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps
Keeps place with thought and almost like the gods
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles
There is a mystery—with whom relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours my lord
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing
Great Hector s sister did Achilles win
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him
Farewell my lord I as your lover speak
The fool slides o er the ice that you should break
[*Exit*
Patr To this effect Achilles have I moved you
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action I stand condemn d for this
They think my little stomach to the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus
Sweet rouse yourself and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold
And like a dew-drop from the lion s mane,
Be shook to air
Achil Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr Ay and perhaps receive much honour by him
Achil I see my reputation is at stake
My fame is shrewdly gored
Patr O then beware
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves
Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger,
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun
Achil Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
To *invite the Trojan lords after the combat*
To see us here unarm'd I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view

Enter THERSITES

A labour saved!

Ther A wonder!
Achil What?
Ther Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself
Achil How so?
Ther He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing
Achil How can that be?
Ther Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—a stride and a stand, ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning, bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, "There were wit in this head, an 'twould out", and so there is but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking The man's undone for ever, for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory He knows not me I said, "Good morrow, Ajax", and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon ' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land fish languageless a monster A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin
Achil Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites
Ther Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody, he professes not answering Speaking is for beggars, he wears his tongue in s arms I will put on his presence, let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax
Achil To him, Patroclus Tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or seven times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army Agamemnon et cetera Do this
Patr Jove bless great Ajax!
Ther Hum!
Patr I come from the worthy Achilles—
Ther Ha!
Patr Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent—
Ther Hum!
Patr And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon
Ther Agamemnon!
Patr Ay, my lord
Ther Ha!
Patr What say you to't?
Ther God b' wi' you, with all my heart
Patr Your answer, sir
Ther If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other Howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me
Patr Your answer, sir
Ther Fare you well, with all my heart
Achil Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther No, but he's out o' tune thus What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not, but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on
Achil Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight
Ther Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature
Achil My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

Ther Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Troy a street*

Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS *and Servant with a torch, from the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches*

Par See, ho! who is that there?
Dei It is the Lord Æneas
Æne Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed mate of my company
Dio That s my mind too Good morrow, Lord Æneas
Par A valiant Greek Æneas—take his hand—
Witness the process of your speech wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days

Did haunt you in the field

Æne Health to you valiant sir
During all question of the gentle truce
But when I meet you arm d as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute

Dio The one and other Diomed embraces
Our bloods are now in calm and so long health!
But when contention and occasion meet
By Jove I ll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force pursuit and policy

Æne And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward In humane gentleness
Welcome to Troy! now by Anchises life
Welcome indeed! By Venus hand I swear
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently

Dio We sympathise Jove let Eneas live
If to my sword his fate be not the glory
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But in mine emulous honour let him die
With every joint a wound and that to-morrow!

Æne We know each other well

Dio We do and long to know each other worse

Par This is the most despiteful gentle greeting
The noblest hateful love, that e er I heard of
What business lord so early?

Æne I was sent for to the King but why I know not

Par His purpose meets you Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas house and there to render him
For the enfreed Antenor the fair Cressid
Let s have your company or if you please
Haste there before us I constantly do think—
Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge—
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night
Rouse him and give him note of our approach
With the whole quality wherefore I fear
We shall be much unwelcome

Æne That I assure you
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy

Par There is no help
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so On lord we ll follow you

Æne Good morrow all [*Exit with Servant*

Par And tell me noble Diomed, faith tell me true
Even in the soul of sound good fellowship
Who, in your thoughts merits fair Helen best
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio Both alike
He merits well to have her that doth seek her
Not making any scruple of her soilure
With such a hell of pain and world of charge
And you as well to keep her that defend her
Not palating the taste of her dishonour
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends
He like a puling cuckold would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece
You like a lecher out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors
Both merits poised each weighs nor less nor more
But he as he the heavier for a whore

Par You are too bitter to your countrywoman

Dio She s bitter to her country Hear me Paris
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian s life hath sunk for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain Since she could speak
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer d death

Par Fair Diomed you do as chapmen do
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy
But we in silence hold this virtue well
We ll but commend what we intend to sell
Here lies our way [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same court of Pandarus house*

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA

Tro Dear trouble not yourself The morn is cold

Cres Then, sweet my lord I ll call mine uncle down
He shall unbolt the gates

Tro *Trouble him not*
To bed to bed Sleep kill those pretty eyes
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants empty of all thought!

Cres Good morrow then

Tro I prithee now to bed

Cres Are you a weary of me?

Tro O Cressida! but that the busy day
Waked by the lark hath roused the ribald crows
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer
I would not from thee

Cres Night hath been too brief

Tro Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary swift than thought
You will catch cold and curse me

Cres Prithee tarry
You men will never tarry
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off
And then you would have tarried Hark! there s one up

Pan [*Within*] What s all the doors open here?

Tro It is your uncle

Cres A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking
I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS

Pan How now, how now! how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too

Pan To do what? to do what? let her say what
What have I brought you to do?

Cres Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others

Pan Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor *capocchia!* hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' the head!
Knocking within
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see
My lord, come you again into my chamber
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily

Tro Ha, ha!

Cres Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing
Knocking within
How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in
I would not for half Troy have you seen here
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA

Pan Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS

Æne Good morrow, lord good morrow

Pan Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth
I knew you not What news with you so early?

Æne Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan Here! what should he do here?

Æne Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him
It doth import him much to speak with me

Pan Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know I'll be sworn For my own part, I came in late What should he do here?

Æne Who!—nay, then Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware You'll be so true to him, to be false to him Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go

Re-enter TROILUS

Tro How now! what's the matter?

Æne My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida

Tro Is it so concluded?

Æne By Priam and the general state of Troy
They are at hand and ready to effect it

Tro How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them And, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance, you did not find me here

Æne Good, good, my lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS

Pan Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!

Re enter CRESSIDA

Cres How now! what's the matter? who was here?

Pan Ah, ah!

Cres Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan Prithee, get thee in Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone thou art changed for Antenor, thou must to thy father and be gone from Troilus 'Twill be his death, 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it

Cres O you immortal gods! I will not go

Pan Thou must

Cres I will not, uncle I have forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinity
No kin, no love no blood no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force and death
Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it I ll go in and weep—
Pan Do do
Cres Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart
With sounding Troilus I will not go from Troy
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same street before Pandarus house*

Enter PARIS TROILUS ÆNEAS DEIPHOBUS ANTENOR *and* DIOMEDES

Par It is great morning and the hour prefix d
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon Good my brother Troilus
Tell you the lady what she is to do
And haste her to the purpose
Tro Walk into her house
I ll bring her to the Grecian presently
And to his hand when I deliver her
Think it an altar and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart
[*Exit*
Par I know what tis to love
And would as I shall pity I could help!
Please you walk in my lords [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same Pandarus house*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA

Pan Be moderate be moderate
Cres Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full perfect that I taste
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief
My love admits no qualifying dross
No more my grief in such a precious loss
Pan Here, here here he comes

Enter TROILUS

Ah, sweet ducks!
Cres O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him*]
Pan What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too O heart as the goodly saying is
—O heart heavy heart
Why sigh st thou without breaking?
where he answers again,
Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking
There was never a truer rhyme Let us cast away nothing for we may live to have need of such a verse We see it we see it How now lambs?
Tro Cressid I love thee in so strain d a purity
That the bless d gods as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities take thee from me
Cres Have the gods envy?
Pan Ay ay ay ay tis too plain a case
Cres And is it true that I must go from Troy?
Tro A hateful truth
Cres What and from Troilus too?
Tro From Troy and Troilus
Cres Is it possible?
Tro And suddenly where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking justles roughly by
All time of pause rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock d embrasures strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath
We two that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one
Injurious time now with a robber s haste
Crams his rich thievery up he knows not how
As many farewells as be stars in heaven
With distinct breath and consign d kisses to them
He fumbles up into a loose adieu
And scants us with a single famish d kiss
Distasted with the salt of broken tears
Æne [*Within*] My lord is the lady ready?
Tro Hark! you are call d Some say the Genius so
Cries come to him that instantly must die
Bid them have patience she shall come anon
Pan Where are my tears? rain to lay this wind or my heart will be blown up by the root
[*Exit*
Cres I must then to the Grecians?
Tro No remedy
Cres A woful Cressid mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?
Tro Hear me my love Be thou but true of heart—
Cres I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?
Tro Nay we must use expostulation kindly
For it is parting from us
I speak not be thou true as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself
That there s no maculation in thy heart
But be thou true say I to fashion in
My sequent protestation be thou true
And I will see thee

Cres O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true
Tro And I'll grow friend with danger Wear this sleeve
Cres And you this glove When shall I see you?
Tro I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation
But yet be true
Cres O heavens! "be true" again!
Tro Hear why I speak it, love
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afeard
Cres O heavens! you love me not
Tro Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games, fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly But be not tempted
Cres Do you think I will?
Tro No
But something may be done that we will not
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency
Æne [*Within*] Nay, good my lord—
Tro Come, kiss, and let us part
Par [*Within*] Brother Troilus!
Tro Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you
Cres My lord, will you be true?
Tro Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare
Fear not my truth the moral of my wit
Is "plain and true", there's all the reach of it

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES

Welcome Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is
Entreat her fair, and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion
Dio Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage, and to Diomed
You shall be mistress and command him wholly
Tro Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge,
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat
Dio O, be not moved, Prince Troilus
Let me be privileged by my place and message,
To be a speaker free When I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust, and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge To her own worth
She shall be prized, but that you say "be't so,"
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "no"
Tro Come, to the port I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head
Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk
[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, *and* DIOMEDES
Trumpet within
Par Hark! Hector's trumpet
Æne How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field
Par 'Tis Troilus' fault Come, come, to field with him
Dei Let us make ready straight
Æne Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The Grecian camp Lists set out*

Enter AJAX, *armed*, AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others*

Agam Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither
Ajax Thou trumpet there s my purse
Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe
Blow villain till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon
Come stretch thy chest and let thy eyes spout blood
Thou blow st for Hector
Trumpet sounds
Ulyss No trumpet answers
Achil Tis but early days
Agam Is not yond Diomed with Calchas daughter?
Ulyss 'Tis he I ken the manner of his gait
He rises on the toe That spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth

Enter DIOMEDES *with* CRESSIDA

Agam Is this the Lady Cressid?
Dio Even she
Agam Most dearly welcome to the Greeks sweet lady
Nest Our general doth salute you with a kiss
Ulys Yet is the kindness but particular
Twere better she were kiss d in general
Nest And very courtly counsel I ll begin
So much for Nestor
Achil I ll take that winter from your lips fair lady
Achilles bids you welcome
Men I had good argument for kissing once
Patr But that s no argument for kissing now
For thus popp d Paris in his hardiment
And parted thus you and your argument
Ulyss O deadly gall and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns
Patr The first was Menelaus kiss this mine
Patroclus kisses you
Men O this is trim!
Patr Paris and I kiss evermore for him
Men I ll have my kiss sir Lady by your leave
Cres In kissing do you render or receive?
Patr Both take and give
Cres I ll make my match to live
The kiss you take is better than you give
Therefore no kiss
Men I ll give you boot I ll give you three for one
Cres You re an odd man give even, or give none
Men An odd man, lady! every man is odd
Cres No Paris is not for you know tis true
That you are odd and he is even with you
Men You fillip me o the head
Cres No I ll be sworn
Ulyss It were no match your nail against his horn
May I sweet lady beg a kiss of you?
Cres You may
Ulyss I do desire it
Cres Why beg then
Ulyss Why then for Venus sake give me a kiss
When Helen is a maid again and his
Cres I am your debtor claim it when tis due
Ulyss Never s my day and then a kiss of you
Dio Lady a word I ll bring you to your father [*Exit with* CRESSIDA
Nest A woman of quick sense
Ulyss Fie fie upon her!
There s language in her eye, her cheek her lip
Nay her foot speaks her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body
O these encounterers so glib of tongue
That give accosting welcome ere it comes
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game
Trumpet within
All The Trojans trumpet
Agam Yonder comes the troop

Enter HECTOR *armed* ENEAS TROILUS *and other* TROJANS *with Attendants*

Æne Hail all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask
Agam Which way would Hector have it?
Æne He cares not he'll obey conditions
Achil 'Tis done like Hector but securely done
A little proudly and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed
Æne If not Achilles sir
What is your name?
Achil If not Achilles nothing
Æne Therefore Achilles But whate er know this
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector
The one almost as infinite as all

The other blank as nothing Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home,
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek
Achil A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you

Re-enter DIOMEDES

Agam Here is Sir Diomed Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax As you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it, either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath The combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin
AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists*
Ulyss They are opposed already
Agam What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
Ulyss The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd,
His heart and hand both open and both free,
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows,
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath,
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope as fairly built as Hector
Thus says Æneas, one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me
Alarum HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight*
Agam They are in action
Nest Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro Hector, thou sleep'st,
Awake thee!
Agam His blows are well disposed There, Ajax!
Dio You must no more
Trumpets cease
Æne Princes, enough so please you
Ajax I am not warm yet, let us fight again
Dio As Hector pleases
Hect Why then will I no more
Thou art great lord my father's sister's son,
A cousin german to great Priam's seed,
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan, the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy, my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's", by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud, but the just gods gainsay
Thay any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms,
Hector would have them fall upon him thus
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax I thank thee, Hector
Thou art too gentle and too free a man
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death
Hect Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries "This is he," could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector
Æne There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do
Hect We'll answer it,
The issue is embracement Ajax, farewell
Ajax If I might in entreaties find success—
As seld I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents
Dio 'Tis Agamemnon's wish and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector
Hect Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part,
Desire them home Give me thy hand, my cousin
I will go eat with thee and see your knights
Ajax Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here
Hect The worthiest of them tell me name by name
But for Achilles mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size
Agam Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy,
But that's no welcome Understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion
But in this extant moment faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart great Hector welcome
Hect I thank thee most imperious Agamemnon
Agam [*To* TROILUS] My well famed lord of Troy no less to you
Men Let me confirm my princely brother s greeting
You brace of warlike brothers welcome hither
Hect Who must we answer?
Ene The noble Menelaus
Hect O you my lord? by Mars his gauntlet thanks!
Mock not that I affect the untraded oath
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus glove
She s well but bade me not commend her to you
Men Name her not now sir she s a deadly theme
Hect O pardon I offend
Nest I have thou gallant Trojan seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth and I have seen thee
As hot as Perseus spur thy Phrygian steed
Despising many forfeits and subduements
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i the air
Not letting it decline on the declined
That I have said to some my standers by
Lo Jupiter is yonder dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm d thee in
Like an Olympian wrestling This have I seen
But this thy countenance still lock d in steel
I never saw till now I knew thy grandsire
And once fought with him He was a soldier good
But by great Mars the captain of us all
Never like thee Let an old man embrace thee
And worthy warrior welcome to our tents
Ene 'Tis the old Nestor
Hect Let me embrace thee good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk d hand in hand with time
Most reverend Nestor I am glad to clasp thee
Nest I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy
Hect I would they could
Nest Ha!
By this white beard, I d fight with thee tomorrow
Well welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time
Ulyss I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us
Hect I know your favour Lord Ulysses well
Ah, sir there s many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy
Ulyss Sir I foretold you then what would ensue
My prophecy is but half his journey yet
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
Yond towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds
Must kiss their own feet
Hect I must not believe you
There they stand yet and modestly I think
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood The end crowns all
And that old common arbitrator Time
Will one day end it
Ulyss So to him we leave it
Most gentle and most valiant Hector welcome
After the general I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent
Achil I shall forestall thee Lord Ulysses thou!
Now Hector I have fed mine eyes on thee
I have with exact view perused thee Hector
And quoted joint by joint
Hect Is this Achilles?
Achil I am Achilles
Hect Stand fair I pray thee Let me look on thee
Achil Behold thy fill
Hect Nay I have done already
Achil Thou art too brief I will the second time
As I would buy thee view thee limb by limb
Hect O like a book of sport thou lt read me o er
But there s more in me than thou understand st
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil Tell me you heavens in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there or there or there?
That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector s great spirit flew Answer me heavens!
Hect It would discredit the blest gods proud man
To answer such a question Stand again
Think st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil I tell thee yea
Hect Wert thou an oracle to tell me so
I d not believe thee Henceforth guard thee well
For I ll not kill thee there nor there nor there
But by the forge that stithied Mars his helm
I ll kill thee everywhere yea o er and o er
You wisest Grecians pardon me this brag
His insolence draws folly from my lips

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax Do not chafe thee, cousin
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach, the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him

Hect I pray you, let us see you in the field
We have had pelting wars, since you refused
The Grecian's cause

Achil Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death,
To-night all friends

Hect Thy hand upon that match

Agam First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full convive we Afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know

[*Exeunt all except* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES

Tro My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night,
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid

Tro Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss You shall command me, sir
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved she loved, she is, and doth
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *The Grecian camp before Achilles' tent*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

Achil I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow
Patroclus let us feast him to the height

Patr Here comes Thersites

Enter THERSITES

Achil How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee

Achil From whence, fragment?

Ther Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy

Patr Who keeps the tent now?

Ther The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound

Patr Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther Prithee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk Thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet

Patr Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther Why, his masculine whore Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther Do I curse thee?

Patr Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no

Ther No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patr Out, gall!

Ther Finch egg!

Achil My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn I will not break it
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour or go or stay,
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent
This night in banqueting must all be spent
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

Ther With too much blood and too little brain these two may run mad but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do I'll be a

of madmen Here s Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails but he has not so much brain as ear wax and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his brother the bull—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds a thrifty shoeing horn in a chain, hanging at his brother s leg—to what form but that he is should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass were nothing he is both ass and ox to an ox, were nothing he is both ox and ass To be a dog a mule a cat a fitchew a toad a lizard an owl a puttock, or a herring without a roe I would not care but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites for I care not to be the louse of a lazar so I were not Menelaus Hoy-day! *spirits and fires!*

Enter HECTOR TROILUS AJAX AGAMEMNON ULYSSES NESTOR MENELAUS *and* DIOMEDES *with lights*

Agam We go wrong we go wrong

Ajax No yonder tis

There where we see the lights

Hect I trouble you

Ajax No not a whit

Ulyss Here comes himself to guide you

Re-enter ACHILLES

Achil Welcome brave Hector welcome princes all

Agam So now fair Prince of Troy I bid good night

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you

Hect Thanks and good night to the Greeks general

Men Good night my lord

Hect Good night sweet Lord Menelaus

Ther Sweet draught! Sweet quoth a! Sweet sink sweet sewer

Achil Good night and welcome both at once to those

That go or tarry

Agam Good night

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS

Achil Old Nestor tarries and you too Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two

Dio I cannot lord I have important business

The tide whereof is now Good night great Hector

Hect Give me your hand

Ulyss [*Aside to* TROILUS] Follow his torch he goes to Calchas tent

I ll keep you company

Tro Sweet sir you honour me

Hect And so good night

[*Exit* DIOMEDES ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following*

Achil Come come enter my tent

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES HECTOR AJAX *and* NESTOR

Ther That same Diomed s a false hearted rogue a most unjust knave I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses He will spend his mouth and promise like Brabbler the hound but when he performs astronomers foretell it it is prodigious there will come some change the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him They say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the traitor Calchas tent I ll after Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit*

SCENE II *The same before Calchas tent*

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio What are you up here ho? speak

Cal [*Within*] Who calls?

Dio Diomed Calchas I think Where s your daughter?

Cal [*Within*] She comes to you

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES *at a distance after them* THERSITES

Ulyss Stand where the torch may not discover us

Enter CRESSIDA

Tro Cressid comes forth to him

Dio How now my charge!

Cres Now my sweet guardian! Hark a word with you [*Whispers*]

Tro Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss She will sing any man at first sight

Ther And any man may sing her if he can take her cliff she s noted

Dio Will you remember?

Cres Remember! yes

Dio Nay but do then

And let your mind be coupled with your words

Tro What should she remember?

Ulyss List

Cres Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly

Ther Roguery!

Dio Nay then—

Cres I ll tell you what—

Dio Foh foh! come, tell a pin You are forsworn

Cres In faith I cannot What would you have me do?

Ther A juggling trick—to be secretly open.

Dio What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek
Dio Good night
Tro Hold, patience!
Ulyss How now, Trojan!
Cres Diomed—
Dio No, no, good night I'll be your fool no more
Tro Thy better must
Cres Hark, one word in your ear
Tro O plague and madness!
Ulyss You are moved, prince, let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms This place is dangerous,
The time right deadly, I beseech you, go
Tro Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss Nay, good my lord, go off
You flow to great distraction, come, my lord
Tro I pray thee, stay
Ulyss You have not patience, come
Tro I pray, stay, by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word!
Dio And so, good night
Cres Nay, but you part in anger
Tro Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss Why, how now, lord!
Tro By Jove,
I will be patient
Cres Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio Foh, foh! adieu, you palter
Cres In faith, I do not Come hither once again
Ulyss You shake, my lord, at something Will you go?
You will break out
Tro She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss Come, Come
Tro Nay, stay, by Jove, I will not speak a word
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience Stay a little while
Ther How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!
Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio But will you then?
Cres In faith I will, la, never trust me else
Dio Give me some token for the surety of it
Cres I'll fetch you one [*Exit*
Ulyss You have sworn patience
Tro Fear me not, sweet lord,
I will not be myself nor have cognition
Of what I feel I am all patience

Re-enter CRESSIDA

Ther Now the pledge, now, now, now!
Cres Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve
Tro O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss My lord—
Tro I will be patient, outwardly I will
Cres You look upon that sleeve, behold it well
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again
Dio Whose was't?
Cres It is no matter, now I have't again
I will not meet with you to-morrow night
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more
Ther Now she sharpens Well said, whetstone!
Dio I shall have it
Cres What, this?
Dio Ay, that
Cres O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee Nay, do not snatch it from me,
He that takes that doth take my heart withal
Dio I had your heart before, this follows it
Tro I did swear patience
Cres You shall not have it, Diomed, faith, you shall not,
I'll give you something else
Dio I will have this Whose was it?
Cres It is no matter
Dio Come, tell me whose it was
Cres 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will
But, now you have it, take it
Dio Whose was it?
Cres By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose
Dio To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it
Tro Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
It should be challenged
Cres Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past And yet it is not,
I will not keep my word
Dio Why then, farewell,
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again
Cres You shall not go One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you
Dio I do not like this fooling
Ther Nor I, by Pluto But that that likes not you pleases me best
Dio What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres Ay come—O Jove!—do come—I shall be plagued
Dio Farewell till then
Cres Good night I prithee come
[*Exit* DIOMEDES
Troilus farewell! one eye yet looks on thee
But with my heart the other eye doth see
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find
The error of our eye directs our mind
What error leads must err O then conclude
Minds sway d by eyes are full of turpitude [*Exit*
Ther A proof of strength she could not publish more
Unless she said My mind is now turn d whore
Ulyss All s done my lord
Tro It is
Ulyss Why stay we then?
Tro To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke
But if I tell how these two did co-act
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears
As if those organs had deceptious functions
Created only to calumniate
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss I cannot conjure Trojan
Tro She was not sure
Ulyss Most sure she was
Tro Why my negation hath no taste of madness
Ulyss Nor mine my lord Cressid was here but now
Tro Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think we had mothers do not give advantage
To stubborn critics apt without a theme
For depravation to square the general sex
By Cressid s rule rather think this not Cressid
Ulyss What hath she done, Prince that can soil our mothers?
Tro Nothing at all unless that this were she
Ther Will he swagger himself out on s own eyes?
Tro This she? no this is Diomed s Cressida
If beauty have a soul this is not she
If souls guide vows if vows be sanctimonies
If sanctimony be the gods delight
If there be rule in unity itself
This is not she O madness of discourse
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt this is and is not Cressid
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne s broken woof to enter
Instance O instance! strong as Pluto s gates
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven
Instance O instance! strong as heaven itself
The bonds of heaven are slipp d dissolved and loosed
And with another knot five finger tied
The fractions of her faith orts of her love
The fragments scraps the bits and greasy relics
Of her o er eaten faith are bound to Diomed
Ulyss May worthy Troilus be half attach d
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro Ay Greek and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus Never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix d a soul
Hark Greek as much as I do Cressid love
So much by weight hate I her Diomed
That sleeve is mine that he ll bear on his helm
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan s skill
My sword should bite it not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune s ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed
Ther He ll tickle it for his concupy
Tro O Cressid! O false Cressid! false false false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name
And they ll seem glorious
Ulyss O contain yourself
Your passion draws ears hither

Enter ÆNEAS

Æne I have been seeking you this hour my lord
Hector by this is arming him in Troy
Ajax your guard, stays to conduct you home
Tro Have with you, Prince My courteous lord, adieu
Farewell revolted fair! and Diomed
Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss I ll bring you to the gates
Tro Accept distracted thanks
[*Exeunt* TROILUS ÆNEAS *and* ULYSSES
Ther Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven I would bode I would bode Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore The parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commo-

dious drab Lechery, lechery, still, wars and lechery, nothing else holds fashion A burning devil take them! [*Exit*

SCENE III *Troy before Priam's palace*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE

And When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day
Hect You train me to offend you, get you in
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!
And My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day
Hect No more, I say

Enter CASSANDRA

Cas Where is my brother Hector?
And Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent
Consort with me in loud and dear petition
Pursue we him on knees, for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter
Cas O, 'tis true
Hect Ho! bid my trumpet sound
Cas No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother
Hect Be gone, I say The gods have heard me swear
Cas The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice
And O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just It is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity
Cas It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vows to every purpose must not hold
Unarm, sweet Hector
Hect Hold you still, I say,
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life

Enter TROILUS

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And Cassandra, call my father to persuade
[*Exit* CASSANDRA
Hect No, faith, young Troilus, doff thy harness youth
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy
Tro Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man
Hect What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it
Tro When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live
Hect O, 'tis fair play
Tro Fool's play, by heaven, Hector
Hect How now! how now!
Tro For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth
Hect Fie, savage, fie!
Tro Hector, then 'tis wars
Hect Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day
Tro Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire,
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears,
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM

Cas Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast
He is thy crutch, now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together
Pri Come, Hector, come, go back
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee, and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt
To tell thee that this day is ominous
Therefore, come back
Hect Æneas is a field,
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them
Pri Ay, but thou shalt not go
Hect I must not break my faith
You know me dutiful therefore, dear sir
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam
Cas O Priam, yield not to him!
And Do not, dear father

Hect Andromache, I am offended with you
Upon the love you bear me, get you in
[*Exit* ANDROMACHE

Tro This foolish, dreaming superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements

Cas O farewell dear Hector!
Look how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold distraction frenzy and amazement
Like witless antics one another meet
And all cry Hector! Hector s dead! O Hector!

Tro Away! away!

Cas Farewell yet soft! Hector I take my leave
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive [*Exit*

Hect You are amazed my liege at her exclaim
Go in and cheer the town We ll forth and fight
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night

Pri Farewell! the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR *Alarums*

Tro They are at it hark! Proud Diomed believe,
I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve

Enter PANDARUS

Pan Do you hear my lord? do you hear?

Tro What now?

Pan Here s a letter come from yond poor girl

Tro Let me read

Pan A whoreson tisick a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl and what one thing what another that I shall leave you one o these days And I have a rheum in mine eyes too and such an ache in my bones that unless a man were cursed I cannot tell what to think on t What says she there?

Tro Words words mere words no matter from the heart
The effect doth operate another way
Tearing the letter
Go wind to wind there turn and change together
My love with words and errors still she feeds
But edifies another with her deeds
[*Exeunt severally*

SCENE IV *Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp*

Alarums excursions Enter THERSITES

Ther Now they are clapper-clawing one another I ll go look on That dissembling abominable varlet Diomed has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave s sleeve of Troy there in his helm I would fain see them meet that that same young Trojan ass that loves the whore there might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain with the sleeve back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand O the t other side the policy of those crafty swearing rascals that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese Nestor and that same dog fox Ulysses is not proved worth a blackberry They set me up in policy that mongrel cur Ajax against that dog of as bad a kind Achilles And now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles and will not arm to-day whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism and policy grows into an ill opinion Soft! here comes sleeve and t other

Enter DIOMEDES TROILUS *following*

Tro Fly not for shouldst thou take the river Styx
I would swim after

Dio Thou dost miscall retire
I do not fly but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude
Have at thee!

Ther Hold thy whore Grecian!—now for thy whore Trojan!—now the sleeve now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMEDES *fighting*

Enter HECTOR

Hect What art thou Greek? art thou for Hector s match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther No no I am a rascal a scurvy railing knave a very filthy rogue

Hect I do believe thee Live [*Exit*

Ther God a mercy that thou wilt believe me but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What s become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another I would laugh at that miracle Yet in a sort lechery eats itself I ll seek them [*Exit*

SCENE V *Another part of the plains*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a Servant*

Dio Go go my servant take thou Troilus horse
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid
Fellow commend my service to her beauty
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof

Serv I go my lord [*Exit*

Enter AGAMEMNON

Agam Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon, bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius, Polyxenes is slain,
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised The dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers Haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all

Enter NESTOR

Nest Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame
There is a thousand Hectors in the field
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work, anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale, then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call d impossibility

Enter ULYSSES

Ulyss O, courage, courage, Princes! great Achilles
Is arming weeping, cursing vowing vengeance
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons
That noseless, handless, hack'd, and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm d and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Bade him win all

Enter AJAX

Ajax Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit*
Dio Ay there, there
Nest So so we draw together

Enter ACHILLES

Achil Where is this Hector?
Come come, thou boy-queller show thy face
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry
Hector! where s Hector? I will none but Hector
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Another part of the plains*

Enter AJAX

Ajax Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio Troilus, I say! where s Troilus?
Ajax What wouldst thou?
Dio I would correct him
Ajax Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS

Tro O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!
Dio Ha, art thou there?
Ajax I'll fight with him alone Stand, Diomed
Dio He is my prize, I will not look upon
Tro Come, both you cogging Greeks, have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting*

Enter HECTOR

Hect Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES

Achil Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!
Hect Pause, if thou wilt
Achil I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan
Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again,
Till when, go seek thy fortune [*Exit*
Hect Fare thee well
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee How now my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS

Tro Ajax hath ta'en Æneas Shall it be?
No by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him, I ll be ta en too
Or bring him off Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day [*Exit*

Enter one in sumptuous armour

Hect Stand stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark
No wilt thou not? I like thy armour well
I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all
But I ll be master of it Wilt thou not beast, abide?

Why then fly on I ll hunt thee for thy hide
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Another part of the plains*

Enter ACHILLES *with* MYRMIDONS

Achil Come here about me you my Myrmidons
Mark what I say Attend me where I wheel
Strike not a stroke but keep yourselves in breath
And when I have the bloody Hector found
Empale him with your weapons round about
In fellest manner execute your aims
Follow me sirs and my proceedings eye
It is decreed Hector the great must die [*Exeunt*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS *fighting, then* THERSITES

Ther The cuckold and the cuckold maker are at it Now bull! now dog! Loo Paris loo! now my double henned sparrow! loo Paris loo! The bull has the game ware horns ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS

Enter MARGARELON

Mar Turn, slave and fight

Ther What are thou?

Mar A bastard son of Priam s

Ther I am a bastard too I love bastards I am a bastard begot bastard instructed bastard in mind bastard in valour in everything illegitimate One bear will not bite another and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed the quarrel s most ominous to us If the son of a whore fight for a whore he tempts judgement Farewell bastard [*Exit*

Mar The devil take thee coward! [*Exit*

SCENE VIII *Another part of the plains*

Enter HECTOR

Hect Most putrefied core so fair without
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life
Now is my day s work done I ll take good breath
Rest sword thou hast thy fill of blood and death
Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him

Enter ACHILLES *and* MYRMIDONS

Achil Look Hector how the sun begins to set
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun
To close the day up Hector s life is done

Hect I am unarm'd forego this vantage Greek

Achil Strike fellows strike this is the man I seek [HECTOR *falls*
So Ilion fall thou next! now Troy sink down!
Here lies thy heart thy sinews and thy bone
On Myrmidons and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain
A retreat sounded
Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part

Myr The Trojan trumpets sound the like my lord

Achil The dragon wing of night o erspreads the earth
And stickler like the armies separates
My half supp d sword that frankly would have fed
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed
Sheathes his sword
Come tie his body to my horse s tail
Along the field I will the Trojan trail [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX *Another part of the plains*

Enter AGAMEMNON AJAX MENELAUS NESTOR DIOMEDES *and others marching Shouts within*

Agam Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest Peace drums!

[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector s slain! Achilles!

Dio The bruit is Hector s slain and by Achilles

Ajax If it be so yet bragless let it be
Great Hector was a man as good as he

Agam March patiently along Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent
If in his death the gods have us befriended
Great Troy is ours and our sharp wars are ended [*Exeunt marching*

SCENE X *Another part of the plains*

Enter ÆNEAS *and Trojans*

Æne Stand ho! yet are we masters of the field
Never go home here starve we out the night

Enter TROILUS

Tro Hector is slain

All Hector! the gods forbid!

Tro He s dead and at the murderer's horse s tail
In beastly sort dragg d through the shameful field
Frown on, you heavens effect your rage with speed!
Sit gods upon your thrones and smile at Troy!
I say at once let your brief plagues be mercy
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne My lord you do discomfort all the host

Tro You understand me not that tell me so
I do not speak of flight of fear of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in Hector is gone
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there, "Hector's dead!"
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself But, march away
Hector is dead, there is no more to say
Stay yet You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare
I'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go,
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe
[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and Trojans*

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side*, PANDARUS

Pan But hear you, hear you!

Tro Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit*

Pan A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting,
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail"

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths
As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall,
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeathe you my diseases
[*Exit*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF FLORENCE
BERTRAM *Count of Rousillon*
LAFEU *an old lord*
PAROLLES *a follower of Bertram*
TWO FRENCH LORDS *in the Florentine service*
RINALDO *steward to the Countess*
A CLOWN *servant to the Countess*
THREE FRENCH LORDS *attending on the King*
A GENTLEMAN *a stranger*
TWO SOLDIERS
A MESSENGER

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON *mother to Bertram*
HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess*
A WIDOW *of Florence*
DIANA *daughter to the Widow*
MARIANA *neighbour and friend to the Widow*

NON-SPEAKING *Lords Officers Soldiers French and Florentine Violenta neighbour and friend to the Widow Attendants*

SCENE *Rousillon Paris Florence Marseilles*

ACT I

SCENE I *Rousillon the Count s palace*

Enter BERTRAM *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON HELENA *and* LAFEU *all in black*

Count In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband

Ber And I in going madam weep o er my father s death anew but I must attend his Majesty s command to whom I am now in ward evermore in subjection

Laf You shall find of the King a husband madam you, sir a father He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance

Count What hope is there of his Majesty s amendment?

Laf He hath abandoned his physicians madam under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time

Count This young gentlewoman had a father— O that had ' how sad a passage tis'—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty had it stretched so far would have made nature immortal and death should have play for lack of work Would for the King s sake he were living' I think it would be the death of the King s disease

Laf How called you the man you speak of madam?

Count He was famous sir in his profession and it was his great right to be so Gerard de Narbon

Laf He was excellent indeed madam The King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly He was skilful enough to have lived still if knowledge could be set up against mortality

Ber What is it my good lord the King languishes of?

Laf A fistula my lord

Ber I heard not of it before

Laf I would it were not notorious Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count His sole child my lord and bequeathed to my overlooking I have those hopes of her good that her education promises her dispositions she inherits which makes fair gifts fairer for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities there commendations go with pity they are virtues and traitors too In her they are the better for their simpleness she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness

Laf Your commendations madam get from her tears

Count 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek No more of this Helena go to no more lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it

Hel I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too

Laf Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living

Count If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal

Ber Madam, I desire your holy wishes

Laf How understand we that?

Count Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy
father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none Be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech What heaven more
will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck
down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,
Advise him

Laf He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love

Count Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram
[*Exit*

Ber [*To* HELENA] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her

Laf Farewell, pretty lady You must hold the credit of your father

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU

Hel O, were that all! I think not on my
father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance
more
Than those I shed for him What was he like?
I have forgot him My imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's
I am undone, there is no living, none
If Bertram be away 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour to sit and draw
His arched brows his hawking eye his curls,
In our heart's table heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour
But now he's gone and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES

[*Aside*] One that goes with him I love him for
his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward,
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind Withal, full oft we
see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly

Par Save you, fair queen!

Hel And you, monarch!

Par No

Hel And no

Par Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel Ay You have some stain of soldier in you, let me ask you a question Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it against him?

Par Keep him out

Hel But he assails, and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak Unfold to us some warlike resistance

Par There is none Man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up

Hel Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up Marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost That you were made of is metal to make virgins Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found, by being ever kept, it is ever lost 'Tis too cold a companion away with 't!

Hel I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin

Par There's little can be said in 't, 'tis against the rule of nature To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience He that hangs himself is a virgin Virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit as a desperate offendress against nature Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring and so dies with feeding his own stomach Besides virginity is peevish proud idle made of self love which is the most inhibited sin in the canon Keep it not you cannot choose but lose by 't Out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a

goodly increase and the principal itself not much the worse Away with t'

Hel How might one do sir to lose it to her own liking?

Par Let me see Marry ill to like him that ne er it likes Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying the longer kept the less worth Of with t while tis vendible answer the time of request Virginity like an old courtier wears her cap out of fashion richly suited but unsuitable just like the brooch and the tooth pick which wear not now Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek And your virginity your old virginity is like one of our French withered pears it looks ill it eats drily marry tis a withered pear it was formerly better marry yet tis a withered pear Will you anything with it?

Hel Not my virginity yet
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend
A phoenix captain, and an enemy
A guide a goddess and a sovereign
A counsellor a traitress and a dear
His humble ambition proud humility
His jarring concord and his discord dulcet,
His faith his sweet disaster with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips Now shall he—
I know not what he shall God send him well!
The court s a learning place and he is one—

Par What one i faith?

Hel That I wish well 'Tis pity—

Par What s pity?

Hel That wishing well had not a body in t,
Which might be felt that we the poorer born
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes
Might with effects of them follow our friends
And show what we alone must think which never
Returns us thanks

Enter PAGE

Page Monsieur Parolles my lord calls for you [*Exit*

Par Little Helen farewell If I can remember thee I will think of thee at court

Hel Monsieur Parolles you were born under a charitable star

Par Under Mars I

Hel I especially think under Mars

Par Why under Mars?

Hel The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars

Par When he was predominant

Hel When he was retrograde I think rather

Par Why think you so?

Hel You go so much backward when you fight.

Par That s for advantage

Hel So is running away when fear proposes the safety But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing and I like the wear well

Par I am so full of business I cannot answer thee acutely I will return perfect courtier in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee so thou wilt be capable of a courtier s counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee else thou diest in thine unthankfulness and thine ignorance makes thee away Farewell When thou hast leisure say thy prayers when thou hast none remember thy friends Get thee a good husband and use him as he uses thee So farewell [*Exit*

Hel Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven The fated sky
Gives us free scope only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The King s disease—my project may deceive me
But my intents are fix d and will not leave me [*Exit*

SCENE II *Paris the King s palace*

Flourish of cornets Enter the KING OF FRANCE, *with letters* LORDS *and divers Attendants*

King The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war

1st Lord So tis reported sir

King Nay tis most credible we here receive it
A certainty vouch d from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business and would seem
To have us make denial

1st Lord His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your Majesty may plead
For amplest credence

King He hath arm d our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service freely have they leave
To stand on either part

2nd Lord It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry who are sick

For breathing and exploit

King What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES

1st Lord It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram

King Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face,
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris

Ber My thanks and duty are your Majesty's

King I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Discipled of the bravest He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act It much repairs me
To talk of your good father In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords, but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour
So like a courtier Contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness, if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honour,
Clock to itself knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand Who were below him
He used as creatures of another place
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward

Ber His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb,
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech

King Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now, his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears but grafted them
To grow there and to bear—"Let me not live"—
This his good melancholy oft began
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime
When it was out—"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil to be the snuff
Of younger spirits whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain, whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments, whose constancies
Expire before their fashions" This he wish'd
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room

2nd Lord You are loved, sir,
They that least lend it you shall lack you first

King I fill a place, I know't How long is't, Count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed

Ber Some six months since, my lord

King If he were living, I would try him yet
Lend me an arm, the rest have worn me out
With several applications Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure Welcome, Count,
My son's no dearer

Ber Thank your Majesty

[*Exeunt Flourish*

SCENE III *Rousillon The Count's palace*

Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD, *and* CLOWN

Count I will now hear, what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours, for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them

Count What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe 'Tis my slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours

Clo 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow

Count Well sir

Clo No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned, but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may

Count Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo I do beg your good will in this case

Count In what case?

Clo In Isbel's case and mine own Service is no heritage and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body, for they say barnes are blessings

Count Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry

Clo My poor body madam requires it I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives

Count Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo Faith madam I have other holy reasons, such as they are

Count May the world know them?

Clo I have been madam a wicked creature as you and all flesh and blood are and indeed I do marry that I may repent

Count Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness

Clo I am out o friends madam and I hope to have friends for my wife s ake

Count Such friends are thine enemies knave

Clo You re shallow madam in great friends for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop if I be his cuckold he s my drudge He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend ergo he that kisses my wife is my friend If men could be contented to be what they are there were no fear in marriage for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist howsome er their hearts are severed in religion their heads are both one they may joul horns together like any deer i the herd

Count Wilt thou ever be a foul mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo A prophet I madam and I speak the truth the next way

For I the ballad will repeat
Which men full true shall find
Your marriage comes by destiny
Your cuckoo sings by kind

Count Get you gone sir I ll talk with you more anon

Stew May it please you madam that he bid Helen come to you Of her I am to speak

Count Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her Helen I mean

Clo [*Sings*]

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done done fond
Was this King Priam s joy?
With that she sighed as she stood
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then
Among nine bad if one be good
Among nine bad if one be good,
There s yet one good in ten

Count What one good in ten? you corrupt the song sirrah

Clo One good woman in ten madam which is a purifying o the song Would God would serve the world so all the year! we d find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson One in ten, quoth a ! An we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star or at an earthquake twould mend the lottery well a man may draw his heart out ere a pluck one

Count You ll be gone sir knave, and do as I command you

Clo That man should be at woman s command and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan yet it will do no hurt it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart I am going forsooth The business is for Helen to come hither [*Exit*

Count Well now

Stew I know madam you love your gentlewoman entirely

Count Faith I do Her father bequeathed her to me and she herself without other advantage may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds There is more owing her than is paid and more shall be paid her than she ll demand

Stew Madam I was very late more near her than I think she wished me Alone she was and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears she thought I dare vow for her they touched not any stranger sense Her matter was she loved your son Fortune she said was no goddess that had put such difference betwixt their two estates Love no god that would not extend his might only where qualities were level Dian no queen of virgins that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e er I heard virgin exclaim in which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it

Count You have discharged this honestly keep it to yourself Many likelihoods informed me of this before which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt Pray you leave me Stall this in your bosom and I thank you for your honest care I will speak with you further anon

[*Exit* STEWARD

Enter HELENA

Even so it was with me when I was young
If ever we are nature s these are ours this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong
Our blood to us this to our blood is born
It is the show and seal of nature s truth
Where love s strong passion is impress d in youth
By our remembrances of days foregone

Such were our faults, or then we thought them none
Her eye is sick on't, I observe her now
Hel What is your pleasure, madam?
Count You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you
Hel Mine honourable mistress
Count Nay, a mother
Why not a mother? When I said "a mother,"
Methought you saw a serpent what's in "mother,"
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan
Yet I express to you a mother's care
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?
Hel That I am not
Count I say, I am your mother
Hel Pardon, madam,
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother
I am from humble, he from honour'd name,
No note upon my parents, his all noble
My master, my dear lord he is, and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die
He must not be my brother
Count Nor I your mother?
Hel You are my mother, madam, would you were—
So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head Now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son invention is ashamed
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not therefore tell me true,
But tell me then, 'tis so for look thy cheeks
Confess it th' one to th' other and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it Only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue
That truth should be suspected Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew,
If it be not, forswear 't However, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly
Hel Good madam, pardon me!
Count Do you love my son?
Hel Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count Love you my son?
Hel Do not you love him, madam?
Count Go not about, my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd
Hel Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son
My friends were poor, but honest, so's my love
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit,
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be
I know I love in vain, strive against hope,
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still Thus, Indian like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O, then give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose,
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle like lives sweetly where she dies!
Count Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—
To go to Paris?
Hel Madam, I had
Count Wherefore? tell true
Hel I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty, and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note Amongst the rest
There is a remedy, approved set down
To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The King is render d lost
Count This was your motive
For Paris was it? speak
Hel My lord your son made me to think of this
Else Paris and the medicine and the King
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then
Count But think you Helen
If you should tender your supposed aid
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind he that they cannot help him
They that they cannot help How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin when the schools
Embowell d of their doctrine have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel There s something in t
More than my father s skill which was the greatest
Of his profession that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven and would your honour
But give me leave to try success I d venture
The well lost life of mine on his Grace s cure
By such a day and hour
Count Dost thou believe t?
Hel Ay madam knowingly
Count Why Helen thou shalt have my leave and love
Means and attendants and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court I ll stay at home
And pray God s blessing into thy attempt
Be gone to-morrow and be sure of this
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Paris the King s palace*

Flourish of cornets Enter the KING *attended with divers young* LORDS *taking leave for the Florentine war* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES

King Farewell young lords these warlike principles
Do not throw from you and you my lords farewell!
Share the advice betwixt you if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as tis received
And is enough for both
1st Lord 'Tis our hope sir
After well enter d soldiers to return
And find your Grace in health
King No no it cannot be and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege Farewell young lords
Whether I live or die be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen let higher Italy—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come
Not to woo honour but to wed it when
The bravest questant shrinks find what you seek
That fame may cry you loud I say farewell
2nd Lord Health at your bidding serve your majesty!
King Those girls of Italy take heed of them
They say our French lack language to deny
If they demand Beware of being captives
Before you serve
Both Our hearts receive your warnings
King Farewell Come hither to me
[*Exit attended*
1st Lord O my sweet lord that you will stay behind us!
Par Tis not his fault the spark
2nd Lord O tis brave wars!
Par Most admirable I have seen those wars!
Ber I am commanded here and kept a coil with
Too young and the next year and tis too early
Par An thy mind stand to t boy steal away bravely
Ber I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven I ll steal away
1st Lord There s honour in the theft
Par Commit it Count
2nd Lord I am your accessary and so farewell
Ber I grow to you and our parting is a tortured body
1st Lord Farewell captain
2nd Lord Sweet Monsieur Parolles!
Par Noble heroes my sword and yours are kin Good sparks and lustrous a word, good metals you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio with his cicatrice an emblem of war here on his sinister cheek it was this very sword entrenched it Say to him I live and observe his reports for me
1st Lord We shall noble captain
[*Exeunt* LORDS
Par Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?
Ber Stay The King!

Re-enter KING BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES *retire*

Par [*To* BERTRAM] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords, you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu Be more expressive to them, for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star, and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed After them, and take a more dilated farewell

Ber And I will do so

Par Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword men

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES

Enter LAFEU

Laf [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings

King I'll fee thee to stand up

Laf Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up

King I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't

Laf Good faith, across But, my good lord, tis thus,
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King No

Laf O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them I have seen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line

King What "her" is this?

Laf Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one arrived,
If you will see her Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness Will you see her,
For that is her demand and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me

King Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration that we with thee
May spend our wonder too or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it

Laf Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither [*Exit*

King Thus he his special nothing ever prologues

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA

Laf Nay, come your ways

King This haste hath wings indeed

Laf Nay, come your ways,
This is his majesty, say your mind to him
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors
His Majesty seldom fears I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together, fare you well

[*Exit*

King Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel Ay, my good lord
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess, well found

King I knew him

Hel The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear, I have so,
And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance
With all bound humbleness

King We thank you, maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate, I say we must not
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem

Hel My duty then shall pay me for my pains
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again

King I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril thou no art

Hel What I can do can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest gainst remedy
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown
When judges have been babes great floods have flown
From simple sources and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied
Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits

King I must not hear thee fare thee well kind maid
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward

Hel Inspired merit so by breath is barr d
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As tis with us that square our guess by shows
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men
Dear sir to my endeavours give consent
Of heaven not me make an experiment
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim
But know I think and think I know most sure
My art is not past power nor you past cure

King Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?

Hel The great st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench d his sleepy lamp
Or four and twenty times the pilot s glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly
Health shall live free and sickness freely die

King Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?

Hel Tax of impudence,
A strumpet s boldness a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads my maiden s name
Sear d otherwise nay worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended

King Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense sense saves another way
Thy life is dear for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate
Youth, beauty wisdom courage all
That happiness and prime can happy call
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate
Sweet practiser thy physic I will try
That ministers thine own death if I die

Hel If I break time or flinch in property
Of what I spoke unpitied let me die
And well deserved Not helping death s my fee
But if I help what do you promise me?

King Make thy demand

Hel But will you make it even?

King Ay by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven

Hel Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state
But such a one thy vassal whom I know
Is free for me to ask thee to bestow

King Here is my hand the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served
So make the choice of thy own time for I
Thy resolved patient on thee still rely
More should I question thee and more I must
Though more to know could not be more to trust
From whence thou camest how tended on but rest
Unquestion d welcome and undoubted blest
Give me some help here ho! If thou proceed
As high as word my deed shall match thy meed

[*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE II *Rousillon the Count s palace*

Enter COUNTESS *and* CLOWN

Count Come on sir I shall now put you to the height of your breeding

Clo I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught I know my business is but to the court

Count To the court! why what place make you special when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo Truly madam, if God have lent a man any manners he may easily put it off at court He that cannot make a leg put off's cap kiss his hand and say nothing has neither leg hands lip, nor cap and indeed such a fellow to say precisely were not for the court but for me I have an answer will serve all men

Count Marry that s a bountiful answer that fits all questions

Clo It is like a barber s chair that fits all but tocks the pin-buttock the quatch buttock the brawn buttock, or any buttock

Count Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin

Count Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question

Count It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands

Clo But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it Here it is, and all that belongs to't Ask me if I am a courtier it shall do you no harm to learn

Count To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off More, more, a hundred of them

Count Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you

Clo O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me

Count I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat

Clo O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you

Count You were lately whipped, sir, as I think

Clo O Lord, sir! spare not me

Count Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping, you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't

Clo I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever

Count I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain't so merrily with a fool

Clo O Lord, sir! why, there's serves well again

Count An end, sir, to your business Give Helen this
And urge her to a present answer back
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son
This is not much

Clo Not much commendation to them

Count Not much employment for you You understand me?

Clo Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs

Count Haste you again [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE III *Paris the King's palace*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES

Laf They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear

Par Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times

Ber And so 'tis

Laf To be relinquished of the artists—

Par So I say

Laf Both of Galen and Paracelsus

Par So I say

Laf Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

Par Right, so I say

Laf That gave him out incurable—

Par Why, there 'tis, so say I too

Laf Not to be helped—

Par Right, as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf Uncertain life, and sure death

Par Just, you say well, so would I have said

Laf I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world

Par It is, indeed, if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor

Par That's it, I would have said the very same

Laf Why, your dolphin is not lustier 'Fore me, I speak in respect—

Par Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf Very hand of heaven

Par Ay, so I say

Laf In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence, which should indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the King, as to be—[*pausing*] generally thankful

Par I would have said it, you say well Here comes the King

Enter KING, HELENA, *and Attendants*

LAFEU *and* PAROLLES *retire*

Laf *Lustig*, as the Dutchman says I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head Why he's able to lead her a coranto

Par *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf 'Fore God I think so

King Go call before me all the lords in court
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side,

And with this healthful hand whose banish d sense
Thou hast repeal d a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift
Which but attends thy naming

Enter three or four LORDS

Fair maid send forth thine eye This youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O er whom both sovereign power and father s voice
I have to use thy frank election make
Thou hast power to choose and they none to forsake

Hel To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall when Love please! marry to each but one!

Laf I d give bay Curtal and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken than these boys
And writ as little beard

King Peruse them well
Not one of those but had a noble father

Hel Gentlemen
Heaven hath through me restored the King to health

All We understand it and thank heaven for you

Hel I am a simple maid and therein wealthiest
That I protest I simply am a maid
Please it your Majesty I have done already
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me
'We blush that thou shouldst choose but be refused
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever
We ll ne er come there again

King Make choice and see
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me

Hel Now Dian, from thy altar do I fly
And to imperial Love that god most high
Do my sighs stream Sir will you hear my suit?

1st Lord And grant it

Hel Thanks sir all the rest is mute

Laf I had rather be in this choice than throw ames ace for my life

Hel The honour sir that flames in your fair eyes
Before I speak too threateningly replies
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

2nd Lord No better if you please

Hel My wish receive
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave

Laf Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine I d have them whipped or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of

Hel Be not afraid that I your hand should take
I ll never do you wrong for your own sake
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune if you ever wed!

Laf These boys are boys of ice, they ll none have her Sure they are bastards to the English the French ne er got em

Hel You are too young too happy and too good
To make yourself a son out of my blood

4th Lord Fair one I think not so

Laf There s one grape yet I am sure thy father drunk wine But if thou be st not an ass I am a youth of fourteen I have known thee already

Hel [*To* BERTRAM] I dare not say I take you but I give
Me and my service ever whilst I live
Into your guiding power This is the man

King Why then young Bertram take her she s thy wife

Ber My wife my liege! I shall beseech your Highness
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes

King Know st thou not Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber Yes my good lord
But never hope to know why I should marry her

King Thou know st she has raised me from my sickly bed

Ber But follows it my lord to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well
She had her breeding at my father s charge
A poor physician s daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King Tis only title thou disdain st in her the which
I can build up Strange is it that our bloods
Of colour weight and heat pour d all together
Would quite confound distinction yet stand off
In differences so mighty If she be
All that is virtuous save what thou dislikest
A poor physician s daughter thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name But do not so
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed
The place is dignified by the doer s deed
Where great additions swell s and virtue none
It is a dropsied honour Good alone
Is good without a name Vileness is so
The property by what it is should go
Not by the title She is young wise fair
In these to nature she s immediate heir
And these breed honour That is honour s scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour s born
And is not like the sire Honours thrive

When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers The mere word's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest Virtue and she
Is her own dower, honour and wealth from me

Ber I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't

King Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose

Hel That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad
Let the rest go

King My honour's at the stake, which to defeat,
I must produce my power Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert, that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam, that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow Check thy contempt
Obey our will, which travails in thy good
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims,
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance, both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity Speak, thine answer

Ber Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy to your eyes When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the King, who, so ennobled,
Is as 'twere born so

King Take her by the hand
And tell her she is thine, to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete

Ber I take her hand

King Good fortune and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract, whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now born brief,
And be perform'd to-night The solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space
Expecting absent friends As thou lovest her
Thy love's to me religious, else does err

[*Exeunt all but* LAFEU *and* PAROLLES

Laf [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you

Par Your pleasure, sir?

Laf Your lord and master did well to make his recantation

Par Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf Ay, is it not a language I speak?

Par A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding My master!

Laf Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par To any count, to all counts, to what is man

Laf To what is count's man Count's master is of another style

Par You are too old, sir, let it satisfy you, you are too old

Laf I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man, to which title age cannot bring thee

Par What I dare too well do, I dare not do

Laf I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow, thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might pass Yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen I have now found thee, when I lose thee again, I care not Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth

Par Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee—

Laf Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial, which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well Thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee Give me thy hand

Par My lord, you give me most egregious indignity

Laf Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it

Par I have not, my lord, deserved it

Laf Yes, good faith, every dram of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple

Par Well I shall be wiser

Laf Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge that I may say in the default, 'He is a man I know'

Par My lord you do me most insupportable vexation

Laf I would it were hell pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal for doing I am past, as I will by thee in what motion age will give me leave [*Exit.*

Par Well, thou hast a son shall take this

grace off me scurvy old filthy scurvy lord! Well I must be patient there is no fettering of authority I ll beat him by my life if I can meet him with any convenience an he were double and double a lord I ll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I ll beat him an if I could but meet him again

Re-enter LAFEU

Laf Sirrah your lord and master s married there s news for you You have a new mistress

Par I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs He is my good lord Whom I serve above is my master

Laf Who? God?

Par Ay sir

Laf The devil it is that s thy master Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands By mine honour if I were but two hours younger I d beat thee Methinks thou art a general offence and every man should beat thee I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee

Par This is hard and undeserved measure my lord

Laf Go to sir you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate you are a vagabond and no true traveller you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry You are not worth another word else I d call you knave I leave you [*Exit*

Par Good very good it is so then Good very good let it be concealed awhile

Re-enter BERTRAM

Ber Undone and forfeited to cares forever!

Par What s the matter sweetheart?

Ber Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her

Par What what sweetheart?

Ber O my Parolles they have married me!
I ll to the Tuscan wars and never bed her

Par France is a dog hole and it no more merits
The tread of a man s foot To the wars!

Ber There s letters from my mother What the import is I know not yet

Par Ay that would be known To the wars
my boy to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kicky wicky here at home
Spending his manly marrow in her arms
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars s fiery steed To other regions
France is a stable we that dwell in t jades
Therefore to the war!

Ber It shall be so I ll send her to my house
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her
And wherefore I am fled write to the King
That which I durst not speak his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife

Par Will this *capriccio* hold in thee? art sure?

Ber Go with me to my chamber and advise me
I ll send her straight away To morrow
I ll to the wars she to her single sorrow

Par Why these balls bound there s noise in it
Tis hard!
A young man married is a man that s marr d
Therefore away and leave her bravely go
The King has done you wrong but hush tis so [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Paris the King s palace*

Enter HELENA *and* CLOWN

Hel My mother greets me kindly Is she well?

Clo She is not well but yet she has her health She s very merry but yet she is not well, but thanks be given she s very well and wants nothing i the world but yet she is not well

Hel If she be very well what does she ail that she s not very well?

Clo Truly she s very well indeed but for two things

Hel Wha two things?

Clo One that she s not in heaven whither God send her quickly! the other that she s in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES

Par Bless you my fortunate lady!

Hel I hope sir I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes

Par You had my prayers to lead them on and to keep them on have them still O my knave how does my old lady?

Clo So that you had her wrinkles and I her money I would she did as you say

Par Why I say nothing

Clo Marry you are the wiser man for many a man s tongue shakes out his master s undoing To say nothing to do nothing to know nothing and to have nothing is to be a great part of your title which is within a very little of nothing

Par Away! thou rt a knave

Clo You should have said sir before a knave thou rt a knave that s before me thou rt a knave this had been truth sir

Par Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee

Clo Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter

Par A good knave, i' faith, and well fed
Madam, my lord will go away to-night,
A very serious business calls on him
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint,
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim

Hel What's his will else?

Par That you take your instant leave o' the King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need

Hel What more commands he?

Par That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure

Hel In everything I wait upon his will

Par I shall report it so

Hel I pray you [*Exit* PAROLLES]
Come, sirrah [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Paris the King's palace*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM

Laf But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier

Ber Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof

Laf You have it from his own deliverance

Ber And by other warranted testimony

Laf Then my dial goes not true I took this lark for a bunting

Ber I do assure you, my lord he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant

Laf I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent Here he comes, I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity

Enter PAROLLES

Par [*To* BERTRAM] These things shall be done, sir

Laf Pray you sir who's his tailor?

Par Sir?

Laf O, I know him well, I, sir, he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor

Ber [*Aside to* PAROLLES] Is she gone to the King?

Par She is

Ber Will she away to-night?

Par As you'll have her

Ber I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses, and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin

Laf A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten God save you, captain

Ber Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure

Laf You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard, and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence

Ber It may be you have mistaken him, my lord

Laf And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut, the soul of this man is his clothes Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence, I have kept of them tame, and know their natures Farewell, monsieur I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil [*Exit*

Par An idle lord, I swear

Ber I think so

Par Why, do you not know him?

Ber Yes I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass Here comes my clog

Enter HELENA

Hel I have, sir as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King and have procured his leave
For present parting, only he desires
Some private speech with you

Ber I shall obey his will
You must not marvel Helen, at my course
Which holds no colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular Prepared I was not
For such a business therefore am I found
So much unsettled This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,

For my respects are better than they seem
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not This to my mother
Giving a letter
Twill be two days ere I shall see you so
I leave you to your wisdom
Hel Sir I can nothing say
But that I am your most obedient servant
Ber Come, come, no more of that
Hel And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail d
To equal my great fortune
Ber Let that go
My ha te is very great Farewell hie home
Hel Pray sir your pardon
Ber Well what would you say?
Hel I am not worthy of the wealth I owe
Nor dare I say tis mine and yet it is
But like a timorous thief most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own
Ber What would you have?
Hel Something and scarce so much nothing indeed
I would not tell you what I would my lord
Faith yes
Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss
Ber I pray you stay not but in haste to horse
Hel I shall not break your bidding good my lord
Ber Where are my other men, monsieur? Fare well [*Exit* HELENA
Go thou toward home where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum
Away and for our flight
Par Bravely *coragio!*
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Florence the Duke s palace*

Flourish Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, *attended the two French* LORDS *with a troop of soldiers*

Duke So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after
1st Lord Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace s part black and fearful
On the opposer
Duke Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers
2nd Lord Good my lord
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self unable motion therefore dare not
Say what I think of it since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess d
Duke Be it his pleasure
1st Lord But I am sure the younger of our nature
That surfeit on their ease will day by day
Come here for physic
Duke Welcome shall they be
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle You know your places well
When better fall for your avails they fell
To-morrow to the field [*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE II *Rousillon the Count s palace*

Enter COUNTESS *and* CLOWN

Count It hath happened all as I would have had it save that he comes not along with her

Clo By my troth I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man

Count By what observance I pray you?

Clo Why he will look upon his boot and sing mend the ruff and sing ask questions and sing pick his teeth and sing I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song

Count Let me see what he writes and when he means to come [*Opening a letter*]

Clo I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court Our old ling and our Isbels o the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o the court The brains of my Cupid s knocked out and I begin to love as an old man loves money with no stomach

Count What have we here?

Clo E en that you have there [*Exit*

Count [*Reads*] I have sent you a daughter in-law She hath recovered the King and undone me I have wedded her not bedded her and sworn to make the not eternal You shall hear I am run away Know it before the report come If there be breadth enough in the world I will hold a long distance My duty to you
Your unfortunate son,
Bertram

This is not well rash and unbridled boy
To fly the favours of so good a King
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire

Re-enter CLOWN

Clo O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count What is the matter?

Clo Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort, your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would

Count Why should he be killed?

Clo So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does The danger is in standing to't, that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children Here they come will tell you more, for my part, I only hear your son was run away [*Exit*

Enter HELENA *and* TWO FRENCH LORDS

1st Lord Save you, good madam

Hel Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone

2nd Lord Do not say so

Count Think upon patience Pray you, gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't Where is my son, I pray you?

2nd Lord Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence
We met him thitherward, for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again

Hel Look on his letter, madam, here's my passport
[*Reads*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband, but in such a 'then' I write a 'never' "
This is a dreadful sentence

Count Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1st Lord Ay, madam,
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains

Count I prithee lady have a better cheer,
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine
Thou robb'st me of a moiety He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood
And thou art all my child Towards Florence is he?

2nd Lord Ay, madam

Count And to be a soldier?

2nd Lord Such is his noble purpose and believe't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims

Count Return you thither?

1st Lord Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed

Hel [*Reads*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France "
'Tis bitter

Count Find you that there?

Hel Ay, madam

1st Lord 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to

Count Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress Who was with him?

1st Lord A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known

Count Parolles, was it not?

1st Lord Ay, my good lady, he

Count A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement

1st Lord Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have

Count You're welcome, gentlemen
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses More I'll entreat you
Written to bear along

2nd Lord We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs

Count Not so, but as we change our courtesies
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and the* TWO LORDS

Hel "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France "
Nothing in France until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire
Fly with false aim move the still peering air,
That sings with piercing do not touch my lord
Whoever shoots at him I set him there,
Whoever charges on his forward breast
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't,
And, though I kill him not I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit

SCENE III. *Florence. before the Duke's palace*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Soldiers, Drum, and Trumpets*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. the Count's palace*

Enter COUNTESS *and* STEWARD

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [*Reads*]
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for Death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: provide this messenger:
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *Florence. without the walls. A tucket afar off*

Enter an old WIDOW *of Florence*, DIANA, VIOLENTA, *and* MARIANA, *with other Citizens*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French Count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parol-

les, a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl Beware of them, Diana, their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under Many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost

Dia You shall not need to fear me
Wid I hope so

Enter HELENA, *disguised like a Pilgrim*

Look, here comes a pilgrim I know she will lie at my house, thither they send one another I'll question her God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel To Saint Jaques le Grand
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid At the Saint Francis here beside the port
Hel Is this the way?
Wid Ay, marry, is't
A march afar
Hark you! they come this way
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged,
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself
Hel Is it yourself?
Wid If you shall please so, pilgrim
Hel I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure
Wid You came, I think, from France?
Hel I did so
Wid Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service
Hel His name, I pray you
Dia The Count Rousillon Know you such a one?
Hel But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him
His face I know not
Dia Whatsome'er he is,
He's bravely taken here He stole from France
As 'tis reported, for the King had married him
Against his liking Think you it is so?
Hel Ay, surely, mere the truth I know his lady
Dia There is a gentleman that serves the Count
Reports but coarsely of her
Hel What's his name?
Dia Monsieur Parolles
Hel O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated All her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined
Dia Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord
Wid I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased
Hel How do you mean?
May be the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose
Wid He does indeed,
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence
Mar The gods forbid else!
Wid So, now they come

Drum and Colours

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and the whole army*

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son,
That, Escalus
Hel Which is the Frenchman?
Dia He,
That with the plume 'Tis a most gallant fellow
I would he loved his wife If he were honester
He were much goodlier Is't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel I like him well
Dia 'Tis pity he is not honest Yond's that same knave
That leads him to these places Were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal
Hel Which is he?
Dia That jack-an-apes with scarfs Why is he melancholy?
Hel Perchance he's hurt i' the battle
Par Lose our drum! well
Mar He's shrewdly vexed at something Look, he has spied us
Wid Marry, hang you!
Mar And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and army*
Wid The troop is past Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house

Hel I humbly thank you
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night the charge and thanking
Shall be for me and to requite you further
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note

Both We ll take your offer kindly
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Camp before Florence*

Enter BERTRAM *and the* TWO FRENCH LORDS

2nd Lord Nay good my lord put him to t let him have his way

1st Lord If your lordship find him not a hilding hold me no more in your respect

2nd Lord On my life my lord a bubble

Ber Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

2nd Lord Believe it my lord in mine own direct knowledge without any malice but to speak of him as my kinsman he s a most notable coward an infinite and endless liar an hourly promise breaker the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship s entertainment

1st Lord It were fit you knew him lest reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you

Ber I would I knew in what particular action to try him

1st Lord None better than to let him fetch off his drum which you hear him so confidently undertake to do

2nd Lord I with a troop of Florentines will suddenly surprise him such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy We will bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents Be but your lordship present at his examination If he do not for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath never trust my judgement in anything

1st Lord O for the love of laughter let him fetch his drum he says he has a stratagem for t When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in t and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted if you give him not John Drum s entertainment your inclining cannot be removed Here he comes

Enter PAROLLES

2nd Lord [*Aside to* BERTRAM] O for the love of laughter hinder not the honour of his design Let him fetch off his drum in any hand

Ber How now monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition

1st Lord A pox on t let it go tis but a drum

Par But a drum! is t but a drum? A drum so lost! There was excellent command—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings and to rend our own soldiers!

1st Lord That was not to be blamed in the command of the service It was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command

Ber Well we cannot greatly condemn our success Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum but it is not to be recovered

Par It might have been recovered

Ber It might but it is not now

Par It is to be recovered but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer I would have that drum or another or *hic jacet*

Ber Why if you have a stomach to t monsieur if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit If you speed well in it the Duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness

Par By the hand of a soldier I will undertake it

Ber But you must not now slumber in it

Par I ll about it this evening and I will presently pen down my dilemmas encourage myself in my certainty put myself into my mortal preparation and by midnight look to hear further from me

Ber May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par I know not what the success will be my lord but the attempt I vow

Ber I know thou rt valiant and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee Farewell

Par I love not many words [*Exit*

2nd Lord No more than a fish loves water Is not this a strange fellow my lord that so confidently seems to undertake this business which he knows is not to be done damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do t?

1st Lord You do not know him my lord as we do Certain it is that he will steal himself into a man s favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries but when you find him out you have him ever after

Ber Why do you think he will make no deed

at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2nd Lord None in the world, but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to night, for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect

1st Lord We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night

2nd Lord I must go look my twigs He shall be caught

Ber Your brother he shall go along with me

2nd Lord As't please your lordship I'll leave you [*Exit*

Ber Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of

1st Lord But you say she's honest

Ber That's all the fault I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send,
And this is all I have done She's a fair creature
Will you go see her?

1st Lord With all my heart, my lord
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Florence the Widow's house*

Enter HELENA *and* WIDOW

Hel If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon

Wid Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act

Hel Nor would I wish you
First give me trust, the Count he is my husband
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it

Wid I should believe you
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune

Hel Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far
Which I will over pay and pay again
When I have found it The Count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her Let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand A ring the County wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it This ring he holds
In most rich choice, yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after

Wid Now I see
The bottom of your purpose

Hel You see it lawful, then It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already

Wid I have yielded
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed
To her unworthiness It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on 't

Hel Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact
But let's about it [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Without the Florentine camp*

Enter SECOND FRENCH LORD, *with five or six other* SOLDIERS *in ambush*

2nd Lord He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner When you sally upon him speak what terrible language you will Though you understand it not yourselves no matter for we must not seem to understand him unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter

1st Sold Good captain let me be the interpreter

2nd Lord Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1st Sold No sir I warrant you

2nd Lord But what linsey woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1st Sold E en such as you speak to me

2nd Lord He must think us some band of strangers i the adversary s entertainment Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy not to know what we speak one to another so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose choughs language gabble enough and good enough As for you interpreter you must seem very politic But couch ho! here he comes to beguile two hours in a sleep and then to return and swear the lies he forges

Enter PAROLLES

Par Ten o clock within these three hours twill be time enough to go home What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it They begin to smoke me and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door I find my tongue is too foolhardy but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures not daring the reports of my tongue

2nd Lord [*Aside in ambush*] This is the first truth that e er thine own tongue was guilty of

Par What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum being not ignorant of the impossibility and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts and say I got them in exploit Yet slight ones will not carry it they will say Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give Wherefore what s the instance? Tongue I must put you into a butter woman s mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet s mule if you prattle me into these perils

2nd Lord Is it possible he should know what he is and be that he is?

Par I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn or the breaking of my Spanish sword

2nd Lord We cannot afford you so

Par Or the baring of my beard and to say it was in stratagem

2nd Lord 'I would not do

Par Or to drown my clothes and say I was stripped

2nd Lord Hardly serve

Par Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

2nd Lord How deep?

Par Thirty fathom

2nd Lord Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed

Par I would I had any drum of the enemy s I would swear I recovered it

2nd Lord You shall hear one anon

Par A drum now of the enemy s—

[*Alarum within*

2nd Lord *Throca movousus cargo cargo cargo*

All *Cargo cargo cargo villianda par corbo cargo*

Par O ransom ransom! do not hide mine eyes

They seize and blindfold him

1st Sold *Boskos thromuldo boskos*

Par I know you are the Muskos regiment
And I shall lose my life for want of language
If there be here German or Dane low Dutch
Italian or French let him speak to me I ll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine

1st Sold *Boskos vauvado* I understand thee and can speak thy tongue *Kerelybonto* sir betake thee to thy faith for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom

Par O!

1st Sold O pray pray pray! *Manka revania dulche*

2nd Lord *Oscorbidulchos volivorco*

1st Sold The general is content to spare thee yet
And hoodwink d as thou art will lead thee on
To gather from thee Haply thou may st inform
Something to save thy life

Par O let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I ll show
Their force their purposes nay I ll speak that
Which you will wonder at

1st Sold But wilt thou faithfully?

Par If I do not damn me

1st Sold *Acordo linta*
Come on thou art granted space

[*Exit with* PAROLLES *guarded A short alarum within*

2nd Lord Go tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother
We have caught the woodcock and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them

2nd Sold Captain I will

2nd Lord A will betray us all unto ourselves
Inform on that

2nd Sold So I will sir

2nd Lord Till then I ll keep him dark and safely lock d [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Florence the Widow s house*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA

Ber They told me that your name was Fontibell

Dia No my good lord, Diana

Ber Titled goddess
And worth it with addition! But fair soul

In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got

Dia She then was honest

Ber So should you be

Dia No
My mother did but duty, such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife

Ber No more o'that,
I prithee, do not strive against my vows
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service

Dia Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you, but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness

Ber How have I sworn!

Dia 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by Him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against Him, therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion

Ber Change it, change it,
Be not so holy-cruel Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever

Dia I see that men make ropes in such a scarre
That we'll forsake ourselves Give me that ring

Ber I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me

Dia Will you not, my lord?

Ber It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose

Dia Mine honour's such a ring
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault

Ber Here, take my ring
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee

Dia When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window
I'll order take my mother shall not hear
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd,
And on your finger in the night I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds
Adieu, till then, then, fail not You have won
A wife of me though there my hope be done

Ber A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee [*Exit*

Dia For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart, she says all men
Have the like oaths He had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead, therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid
Only in this disguise I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win [*Exit*

SCENE III *The Florentine camp*

Enter the TWO FRENCH LORDS *and some two or three* SOLDIERS

1st Lord You have not given him his mother's letter?

2nd Lord I have delivered it an hour since There is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man

1st Lord He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady

2nd Lord Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him I will tell you a thing but you shall let it dwell darkly with you

1st Lord When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it

2nd Lord He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste re-

nown and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour He hath given her his monu mental ring and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition

1st Lord Now God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves what things are we!

2nd Lord Merely our own traitors And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorred ends so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility in his proper stream o'erflows himself

1st Lord Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2nd Lord Not till after midnight for he is dieted to his hour

1st Lord That approaches apace I would gladly have him see his company anatomized that he might take a measure of his own judge ments wherein so curiously he had set this coun-terfeit

2nd Lord We will not meddle with him till he come for his presence must be the whip of the other

1st Lord In the mean time what hear you of these wars?

2nd Lord I hear there is an overture of peace

1st Lord Nay I assure you a peace concluded

2nd Lord What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher or return again into France?

1st Lord I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council

2nd Lord Let it be forbid, sir so should I be a great deal of his act

1st Lord Sir his wife some two months since fled from his house Her pretence is a pilgri mage to Saint Jaques le Grand which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished and there residing the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief in fine made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven

2nd Lord How is this justified?

1st Lord The stronger part of it by her own letters which makes her story true even to the point of her death Her death itself which could not be her office to say is come was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place

2nd Lord Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1st Lord Ay and the particular confirmations point from point to the full arming of the verity

2nd Lord I am heartily sorry that he ll be glad of this

1st Lord How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2nd Lord And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample

1st Lord The web of our life is of a mingled yarn good and ill together Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues

Enter a MESSENGER

How now! where s your master?

Mess He met the Duke in the street sir of whom he hath taken a solemn leave His lord ship will next morning for France The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King

2nd Lord They shall be no more than needful there if they were more than they can commend

1st Lord They cannot be too sweet for the King s tartness Here s his lordship now

Enter BERTRAM

How now my lord! is t not after midnight?

Ber I have to-night dispatched sixteen busi nesses a month s length a piece by an abstract of success I have congied with the Duke done my adieu with his nearest buried a wife mourned for her writ to my lady mother I am returning entertained my convoy and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs The last was the greatest but that I have not ended yet

2nd Lord If the business be of any difficulty and this morning your departure hence it re-quires haste of your lordship

Ber I mean the business is not ended as fear ing to hear of it hereafter But shall we have this dialogue beween the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module has de-ceived me like a double meaning prophesier

2nd Lord Bring him forth Has sat i the stocks all night poor gallant knave

Ber No matter his heels have deserved it in usurping his spurs so long How does he carry himself?

2nd Lord I have told your lordship already the stocks carry him But to answer you as you would be understood he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk He hath confessed him-self to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i the stocks and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber Nothing of me has a?

2nd Lord His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face If your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it

Enter PAROLLES *guarded, and* FIRST SOLDIER

Ber A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me Hush, hush!

1st Lord Hoodman comes! *Portotartarosa*

1st Sold He calls for the tortures What will you say without 'em?

Par I will confess what I know without constraint If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more

1st Sold *Bosko chimurcho*

1st Lord *Boblibindo chicurmurco*

1st Sold You are a merciful general Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note

Par And truly, as I hope to live

1st Sold [*Reads*] "First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong " What say you to that?

Par Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live

1st Sold Shall I set down your answer so?

Par Do I'll take the sacrament on t, how and which way you will

Ber All s one to him What a past saving slave is this!

1st Lord You're deceived, my lord, this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger

2nd Lord I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly

1st Sold Well that's set down

Par Five or six thousand horse I said—I will say true—or thereabouts, set down for I ll speak truth

1st Lord He s very near the truth in this

Ber But I con him no thanks for t, in the nature he delivers it

Par Poor rogues I pray you say

1st Sold Well that s set down

Par I humbly thank you sir A truth's a truth the rogues are marvellous poor

1st Sold [*Reads*] Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot What say you to that?

Par By my troth sir if I were to live this present hour I will tell true Let me see Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus, so many, Jaques, so many, Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each, mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll, half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces

Ber What shall be done to him?

1st Lord Nothing, but let him have thanks Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke

1st Sold Well, that's set down [*Reads*] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman, what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars, or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt " What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories Demand them singly

1st Sold Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par I know him A' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay

FIRST LORD *raises his hand as if to strike him*

Ber Nay, by your leave, hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls

1st Sold Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy

1st Lord Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your lordship anon

1st Sold What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band I think I have his letter in my pocket

1st Sold Marry, we ll search

Par In good sadness I do not know, either it is there or it is upon a file with the Duke s other letters in my tent

1st Sold Here 'tis, here s a paper shall I read it to you?

Par I do not know if it be it or no

Ber Our interpreter does it well

1st Lord Excellently

1st Sold [*Reads*] "Dian the Count's a fool and full of gold —

Par That is not the Duke s letter, sir that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence one Diana to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all

that very ruttish I pray you sir put it up again

1st Sold Nay I ll read it first by your favour

Par My meaning in t I protest was very honest in the behalf of the maid for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds

Ber Damnable both sides rogue!

1st Sold [*Reads*] When he swears oaths bid him drop gold and take it

After he score he never pays the score
Half won is match well made match and well make it
He ne er pays after-debts take it before
And say a soldier Dian told thee this
Men are to mell with boys are not to kiss
For count of this the Count s a fool I know it
Who pays before but not when he does owe it
Thine as he vowed to thee in thine ear
Parolles

Ber He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in his forehead

2nd Lord This is your devoted friend sir the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier

Ber I could endure anything before but a cat and now he s a cat to me

1st Sold I perceive sir by the general s looks we shall be fain to hang you

Par My life sir in any case Not that I am afraid to die but that my offences being many I would repent out the remainder of nature Let me live sir in a dungeon i the stocks or any where so I may live

1st Sold We ll see what may be done so you confess freely therefore once more to this Captain Dumain You have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valour What is his honesty?

Par He will steal sir an egg out of a cloister for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus he professes not keeping of oaths in breaking em he is stronger than Hercules he will lie sir with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool drunkenness is his best virtue for he will be swine-drunk and in his sleep he does little harm save to his bed-clothes about him but they know his conditions and lay him in straw I have but little more to say sir of his honesty He has everything that an honest man should not have what an honest man should have he has nothing

1st Lord I begin to love him for this

Ber For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me he s more and more a cat

1st Sold What say you to his expertness in war?

Par Faith sir has led the drum before the English tragedians to belie him I will not and more of his soldiership I know not except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end to instruct for the doubling of files I would do the man what honour I can but of this I am not certain

1st Lord He hath out villained villainy so far that the rarity redeems him

Ber A pox on him he s a cat still

1st Sold His qualities being at this poor price I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt

Par Sir for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee simple of his salvation the inheritance of it and cut the entail from all remainders and a perpetual succession for it perpetually

1st Sold What s his brother the other Captain Dumain?

2nd Lord Why does he ask him of me?

1st Sold What's he?

Par E en a crow o the same nest not altogether so great as the first in goodness but greater a great deal in evil He excels his brother for a coward yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is, in a retreat he outruns any lackey marry in coming on he has the cramp

1st Sold If your life be saved will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par Ay and the captain of his horse Count Rousillon

1st Sold I ll whisper with the general and know his pleasure

Par [*Aside*] I ll no more drumming a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count have I run into this danger Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1st Sold There is no remedy sir but you must die The general says you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held can serve the world for no honest use therefore you must die Come headsman, off with his head

Par O Lord sir let me live or let me see my death!

1st Sold That shall you and take your leave of all your friends [*Unblinding him*]
So look about you Know you any here?

Ber Good morrow noble captain

2nd Lord God bless you Captain Parolles

1st Lord God save you noble captain

2nd Lord Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France

1st Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LORDS.

1st Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1st Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit with* SOLDIERS.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the King than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed!

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf I will subscribe for thee thou art both knave and fool

Clo At your service

Laf No no no

Clo Why sir if I cannot serve you I can serve as great a prince as you are

Laf Who s that? a Frenchman?

Clo Faith sir, a has an English name but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there

Laf What prince is that?

Clo The Black Prince sir alias the Prince of Darkness alias the devil

Laf Hold thee there s my purse I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of serve him still

Clo I am a woodland fellow sir that always loved a great fire and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire But sure he is the prince of the world let his nobility remain in s court I am for the house with the narrow gate which I take to be too little for pomp to enter Some that humble themselves may but the many will be too chill and tender and they ll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire

Laf Go thy ways I begin to be aweary of thee and I tell thee so before because I would not fall out with thee Go thy ways Let my horses be well looked to without any tricks

Clo If I put any tricks upon em sir they shall be jades tricks which are their own right by the law of nature [*Exit*

Laf A shrewd knave and an unhappy

Count So he is My lord that s gone made himself much sport out of him By his authority he remains here which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness and indeed he has no pace but runs where he will

Laf I like him well tis not amiss And I was about to tell you since I heard of the good lady s death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty out of a self-gracious remembrance did first propose His Highness hath promised me to do it and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter How does your ladyship like it?

Count With very much content my lord and I wish it happily effected

Laf His Highness comes post from Marseilles of as able body as when he numbered thirty He will be here to-morrow or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed

Count It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die I have letters that my son will be here to-night I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together

Laf Madam I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted

Count You need but plead your honourable privilege

Laf Lady of that I have made a bold charter but I thank my God it holds yet

Re-enter CLOWN

Clo O madam yonder s my lord your son with a patch of velvet on s face Whether there be a scar under t or no the velvet knows but tis a goodly patch of velvet His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare

Laf A scar nobly got or a noble scar is a good livery of honour so belike is that

Clo But it is your carbonadoed face

Laf Let us go see your son I pray you I long to talk with the young noble soldier

Clo Faith there s a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Marseilles a street*

Enter HELENA WIDOW *and* DIANA *with two Attendants*

Hel But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low we cannot help it
But since you have made the days and nights as one
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you In happy time

Enter a GENTLEMAN A STRANGER

This man may help me to his Majesty s ear
If he would spend his power God save you sir

Gent And you

Hel Sir I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent I have been sometimes there

Hel I do presume sir that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness
And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by I put you to
The use of your own virtues for the which
I shall continue thankful

Gent What s your will?

Hel That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence

Gent The king s not here

Hel Not here, sir!
Gent Not, indeed
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use
Wid Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going
Hel I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means
Gent This I'll do for you
Hel And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more We must to horse again
Go, go, provide [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Rousillon before the Count's palace*

Enter CLOWN, *and* PAROLLES, *following*

Par Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes, but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure

Clo Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering Prithee, allow the wind

Par Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir, I spake but by a metaphor

Clo Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose, or against any man's metaphor Prithee get thee further

Par Pray you sir, deliver me this paper

Clo Foh! prithee stand away A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself

Enter LAFEU

Here is a purr of fortune's sir, or of fortune's cat—but not a musk-cat—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure and as he says is muddied withal Pray you sir use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed ingenious foolish, rascally knave I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship [*Exit*

Laf My lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched

Laf And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she would scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you Let the justices make you and fortune friends I am for other business

Par I beseech your honour to hear me one single word

Laf You beg a single penny more Come, you shall ha't, save your word

Par My name, my good Lord, is Parolles

Laf You beg more than "word," then Cox my passion! give me your hand How does your drum?

Par O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee

Par It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out

Laf Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out [*Trumpets sound*] The King's coming, I know by his trumpets Sirrah inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night Though you are a fool and a knave you shall eat, go to, follow

Par I praise God for you [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Rousillon the Count's palace*

Flourish Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, *the* TWO FRENCH LORDS, *with Attendants*

King We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it, but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home
Count 'Tis past, my liege,
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion done i' the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on
King My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him
And watch'd the time to shoot
Laf This I must say
But first I beg my pardon the young lord
Did to his Majesty his mother and his lady
Offence of mighty note but to himself
The greatest wrong of all He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes whose words all ears took captive

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn d to serve
Humbly call d mistress

King Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear Well call him hither
We are reconciled and the first view shall kill
All repetition Let him not ask our pardon
The nature of his great offence is dead
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it Let him approach
A stranger no offender and inform him
So tis our will he should

1st Lord I shall my liege [*Exit*

King What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf All that he is hath reference to your highness

King Then shall we have a match I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame

Enter BERTRAM

Laf He looks well on t

King I am not a day of season,
For thou may st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way so stand thou forth
The time is fair again

Ber My high repented blames
Dear sovereign pardon to me

King All is whole
Not one word more of the consumed time
Let s take the instant by the forward top
For we are old and on our quick st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber Admiringly my liege at first
I stuck my choice upon her ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where the impression of mine eye infixing
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me
Which warp d the line of every other favour
Scorn d a fair colour or express d it stolen
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself
Since I have lost have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it

King Well excused
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried
To the great sender turns a sour offence
Crying That s good that s gone Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have
Not knowing them until we know their grave
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust
Our own love waking cries to see what s done
While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon
Be this sweet Helen s knell and now forget her
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin
The main consents are had and here we ll stay
To see our widower s second marriage day

Count Which better than the first O dear heaven bless!
Or ere they meet in me, O nature cease!

Laf Come on my son in whom my house s name
Must be digested give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter
That she may quickly come [BERTRAM *gives a ring*] By my old beard
And every hair that s on t Helen that s dead
Was a sweet creature Such a ring as this
The last that e er I took her leave at court
I saw upon her finger

Ber Hers it was not

King Now pray you let me see it for mine eye
While I was speaking oft was fasten d to t
This ring was mine and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help that by this token
I would relieve her Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber My gracious sovereign
Howe er it pleases you to take it so
The ring was never hers

Count Son on my life
I have seen her wear it and she reckon d it
At her life s rate

Laf I am sure I saw her wear it

Ber You are deceived, my lord she never saw it
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me
Wrapp d in a paper which contain d the name
Of her that threw it Noble she was and thought
I stood engaged but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform d her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again

King Plutus himself

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her She call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster

Ber She never saw it

King Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so—
And yet I know not Thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring Take him away

Guards seize BERTRAM

My fore past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further

Ber If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was [*Exit, guarded*

King I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings

Enter a GENTLEMAN

Gent Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant who by this I know
Is here attending Her business looks in her
With an importing visage and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself

King [*Reads*] "Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead I blush to say it he won me Now is the Count Rousillon a widower His vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him He stole from Florence, taking no leave and I follow him to his country for justice Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies otherwise a seducer flourishes and a poor maid is undone.
Diana Capilet

Laf I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this I'll none of him

King The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery Seek these suitors
Go speedily and bring again the Count
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd

Count Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded*

King I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry

Enter WIDOW *and* DIANA

What woman's that?

Dia I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied

Wid I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy

King Come hither, Count, do you know these women?

Ber My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them Do they charge me further?

Dia Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber She's none of mine, my lord

Dia If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine,
You give away myself, which is known mine,
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none

Laf Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her

Ber My lord this is a fond and desperate creature
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with Let your Highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here

King Sir for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them, fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies

Dia Good my lord
Ask him upon his oath if he does think
He had not my virginity
King What say st thou to her?
Ber She s impudent my lord
And was a common gamester to the camp
Dia He does me wrong my lord if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price
Do not believe him O behold this ring
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o the camp
If I be one
Count He blushes and tis it
Of six preceding ancestors that gem
Conferr d by testament to the sequent issue
Hath it been owed and worn This is his wife
That ring s a thousand proofs
King Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it
Dia I did my lord but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument His name s Parolles
Laf I saw the man to-day if man he be
King Find him and bring him hither
[*Exit an Attendant*
Ber What of him?
He s quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots o the world tax d and de bosh d
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth
Am I or that or this for what he ll utter
That will speak any thing?
King She hath that ring of yours
Ber I think she has Certain it is I liked her
And boarded her i the wanton way of youth
She knew her distance and did angle for me
Madding my eagerness with her restraint
As all impediments in fancy s course
Are motives of more fancy and in fine
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace
Subdued me to her rate She got the ring
And I had that which any inferior might
At market price have bought
Dia I must be patient
You that have turn d off a first so noble wife
May justly diet me I pray you yet
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband
Send for your ring I will return it home,
And give me mine again
Ber I have it not
King What ring was yours I pray you?
Dia Sir much like
The same upon your finger
King Know you this ring? this ring was his of late
Dia And this was it I gave him, being abed
King The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement
Dia I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES

Ber My lord I do confess the ring was hers
King You boggle shrewdly every feather starts you
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia Ay my lord
King Tell me sirrah but tell me true, I charge you
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
Which on your just proceeding I ll keep off
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par So please your Majesty my master hath been an honourable gentleman Tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have
King Come come to the purpose Did he love this woman?
Par Faith sir he did love her but how?
King How I pray you?
Par He did love her sir as a gentleman loves a woman
King How is that?
Par He loved her sir and loved her not
King As thou art a knave and no knave What an equivocal companion is this!
Par I am a poor man and at your Majesty s command
Laf He s a good drum my lord but a naughty orator
Dia Do you know he promised me marriage?
Par Faith I know more than I ll speak
King But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?
Par Yes so please your Majesty I did go be tween them as I said but more than that he loved her for indeed he was mad for her and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed and of other motions as promising her mar riage and things which would derive me ill will to speak of therefore I will not speak what I know
King Thou hast spoken all already unless thou canst say they are married but thou art too fine in thy evidence therefore stand aside
This ring you say was yours?
Dia Ay my good lord
King Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Dia It was not given me nor I did not buy it
King Who lent it you?
Dia It was not lent me neither

King Where did you find it, then?
Dia I found it not
King If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?
Dia I never gave it him
Laf This woman's an easy glove, my lord, she goes off and on at pleasure
King This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife
Dia It might be yours or hers, for aught I know
King Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her, and away with him
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour
Dia I'll never tell you
King Take her away
Dia I'll put in bail, my liege
King I think thee now some common customer
Dia By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you
King Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
Dia Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty,
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't,
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife
King She does abuse our ears To prison with her
Dia Good mother, fetch my bail Stay, royal sir [*Exit* WIDOW
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled,
And at that time he got his wife with child
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick
So there's my riddle one that's dead is quick
And now behold the meaning

Re-enter WIDOW, *with* HELENA

King Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
Hel No my good lord
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing
Ber Both, both O, pardon!
Hel O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind There is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter, this it says
"When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child," &c This is done
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly
Hel If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon
[*To* PAROLLES] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher So,
I thank thee, wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones
King Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow
[*To* DIANA] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower,
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express
All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet
[*Flourish*

EPILOGUE

King The king's a beggar, now the play is done
All is well ended if this suit be won,
That you express content, which we will pay,
With strife to please you day exceeding day
Ours be your patience then and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us and take our hearts
[*Exeunt*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO *the Duke*
ANGELO *the Deputy*
ESCALUS *an ancient Lord*
CLAUDIO *a young gentleman*
LUCIO *a fantastic*
TWO GENTLEMEN
PROVOST
THOMAS | PETER *two friars*
A JUSTICE
VARRIUS
ELBOW *a simple constable*
FROTH *a foolish gentleman*
POMPEY *servant to Mistress Overdone*
ABHORSON *an executioner*
BARNARDINE *a dissolute prisoner*
A BOY
A MESSENGER
A SERVANT *to Angelo*

ISABELLA *sister to Claudio*
MARIANA *bethrothed to Angelo*
JULIET *beloved of Claudio*
FRANCISCA *a nun*
MISTRESS OVERDONE *a bawd*

NON-SPEAKING *Lords Officers Citizens and Attendants*

SCENE *Vienna*

ACT I

SCENE I *An apartment in the Duke s palace*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS *Lords and Attendants*

Duke Escalus
Escal My lord
Duke Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
My strength can give you Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency
as your worth is able,
And let them work The nature of our people,
Our city s institutions and the terms
For common justice you re as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp Call hither
I say bid come before us Angelo
[*Exit an Attendant*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply
Lent him our terror dress d him with our love
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power What think you of it?
Escal If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour
It is Lord Angelo
Duke Look where he comes

Enter ANGELO

Ang Always obedient to your Grace s will
I come to know your pleasure
Duke Angelo
There is a kind of character in thy life
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues they on thee
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do
Not light them for themselves for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us twere all alike
As if we had them not Spirits are not finely touch d
But to fine issues nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But like a thrifty goddess she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor
Both thanks and use But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise
Hold therefore Angelo
In our remove be thou at full ourself,
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart Old Escalus
Though first in question is thy secondary
Take thy commission
Ang Now good my lord
Let there be some more test made of my metal
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp d upon it
Duke No more evasion
We have with a leaven d and prepared choice
Proceeded to you therefore take your honours
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here So, fare you well
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions

Ang Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way

Duke My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple, your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good Give me your hand,
I'll privily away I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it Once more fare you well

Ang The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke I thank you Fare you well [*Exit*

Escal I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you, and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed

Ang 'Tis so with me Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point

Escal I'll wait upon your honour [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A street*

Enter LUCIO *and* TWO GENTLEMEN

Lucio If the Duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the King

1st Gent Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2nd Gent Amen

Lucio Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table

2nd Gent 'Thou shalt not steal'

Lucio Ay, that he razed

1st Gent Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions they put forth to steal There's not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace

2nd Gent I never heard any soldier dislike it

Lucio I believe thee, for I think thou never wast where grace was said

2nd Gent No? a dozen times at least

1st Gent What, in metre?

Lucio In any proportion or in any language

1st Gent I think, or in any religion

Lucio Ay, why not? *Grace is grace, despite of* all controversy, as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace

1st Gent Well, there went but a pair of shears between us

Lucio I grant, as there may between the lists and the velvet Thou art the list

1st Gent And thou the velvet Thou art good velvet, thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio I think thou dost, and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health, but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee

1st Gent I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2nd Gent Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free

Lucio Behold behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2nd Gent To what, I pray?

Lucio Judge

2nd Gent To three thousand dolours a year

1st Gent Ay, and more

Lucio A French crown more

1st Gent Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but thou art full of error, I am sound

Lucio Nay, not as one would say healthy, but so sound as things that are hollow Thy bones are hollow, impiety has made a feast of thee

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE

1st Gent How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs O Well, well there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all

2nd Gent Who's that I pray thee?

Mrs O Marry, sir, that's Claudio Signior Claudio

1st Gent Claudio to prison? 'tis not so

Mrs O. Nay, but I know 'tis so I saw him arrested saw him carried away and which is more within these three days his head to be chopped off

Lucio But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so Art thou sure of this?

Mrs Ov I am too sure of it and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child

Lucio Believe me this may be He promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise keeping

2nd Gent Besides you know it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose

1st Gent But most of all agreeing with the proclamation

Lucio Away! let s go learn the truth of it

[*Exeunt* LUCIO *and* GENTLEMEN

Mrs O Thus what with the war what with the sweat what with the gallows and what with poverty I am custom shrunk

Enter POMPEY

How now! what s the news with you?

Pom Yonder man is carried to prison

Mrs O Well what has he done?

Pom A woman

Mrs Ov But what s his offence?

Pom Groping for trouts in a peculiar river

Mrs Ov What is there a maid with child by him?

Pom No but there s a woman with maid by him You have not heard of the proclamation have you?

Mrs O What proclamation man?

Pom All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down

Mrs O And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom They shall stand for seed They had gone down too but that a wise burgher put in for them

Mrs O But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom To the ground mistress

Mrs O Why here s a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom Come fear not you good counsellors lack no clients Though you change your place you need not change your trade I ll be your tapster still Courage! there will be pity taken on you you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered

Mrs O What s to do here Thomas tapster? let s withdraw

Pom Here comes Signior Claudio led by the provost to prison and there s Madam Juliet

[*Exeunt*

Enter PROVOST CLAUDIO JULIET *and* *Officers*

Claud Fellow why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison where I am committed

Prov I do it not in evil disposition
But from Lord Angelo by special charge

Claud Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven on whom it will it will
On whom it will not so yet still tis just

Re-enter LUCIO *and* TWO GENTLEMEN

Lucio Why how now Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud From too much liberty my Lucio, liberty
As surfeit is the father of much fast
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint Our natures do pursue
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane
A thirsty evil and when we drink we die

Lucio If I could speak so wisely under an arrest I would send for certain of my creditors And yet to say the truth I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment What s thy offence Claudio?

Claud What but to speak of would offend again

Lucio What is t murder?

Claud No

Lucio Lechery?

Claud Call it so

Prov Away sir! you must go

Claud One word, good friend Lucio a word with you

Lucio A hundred if they ll do you any good
Is lechery so look d after?

Claud Thus stands it with me Upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta s bed
You know the lady she is fast my wife
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet

Lucio With child perhaps?

Claud Unhappily even so
And the new deputy now for the Duke—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride
Who newly in the seat that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up

I stagger in but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn, and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me 'Tis surely for a name

Lucio I warrant it is, and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off Send after the Duke and appeal to him

Claud I have done so, but he's not to be found
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy, bid herself assay him,
I have great hope in that, for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men, beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade

Lucio I pray she may, as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack I'll to her

Claud I thank you, good friend Lucio

Lucio Within two hours

Claud Come officer, away!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A monastery*

Enter DUKE *and* FRIAR THOMAS

Duke No holy father, throw away that thought
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth

Fri T May your Grace speak of it?

Duke My holy sir none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth and cost and witless bravery keeps
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo
A man of stricture and firm abstinence
My absolute power and place here in Vienna
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri T Gladly, my lord

Duke We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip,
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd, so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum

Fri T It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased,
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo

Duke I do fear, too dreadful
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment Therefore indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office,
Who may, in the ambush of my name strike home
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander And to behold his sway,
I will as 'twere a brother of your order
Visit both prince and people therefore I prithee,
Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you,
Only this one Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy scarce confesses
That his blood flows or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone hence shall we see,
If power change purpose what our seemers be

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A nunnery*

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA

Isab And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Fran Are not these large enough?

Isab Yes truly I speak not as desiring more
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood the votarists of Saint Clare

Lucio [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab Who's that which calls?—

Fran It is a man s voice Gentle Isabella
Turn you the key and know his business of him
You may I may not you are yet unsworn
When you have vow d, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress
Then if you speak you must not show your face
Or if you show your face you must not speak
He calls again I pray you answer him [*Exit*
Isab Peace and prosperity! Who is t that calls?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio Hail virgin if you be, as those cheek roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab Why her unhappy brother ? let me ask
The rather for I now mu t make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister
Lucio Gentle and fair your brother kindly greets you
Not to be weary with you he s in prison
Isab Woe me! for what?
Lucio For that which if myself might be his judge
He should receive his punishment in thanks
He hath got his friend with child
Isab Sir make me not your story
Lucio It is true
I would not—though tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so
I hold you as a thing ensky d and sainted
By your renouncement an immortal spirit
And to be talk d with in sincerity
As with a saint
Isab You do blaspheme the good in mocking me
Lucio Do not believe it Fewness and truth tis thus
Your brother and his lover have embraced
As those that feed grow full as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry
Isab Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?
Lucio Is she your cousin?
Isab Adoptedly as school maids change their names
By vain though apt affection
Lucio She it is
Isab O let him marry her
Lucio This is the point
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence
Bore many gentlemen myself being one
In hand and hope of action but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true meant design Upon his place
And with full line of his authority
Governs Lord Angelo a man whose blood
Is very snow broth one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind study and fast
He—to give fear to use and liberty
Which have for long run by the hideous law
As mice by lions—hath pick d out an act
Under whose heavy sense your brother s life
Falls into forfeit he arrests him on it
And follows close the rigour of the statute
To make him an example All hope is gone
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo And that's my pith of business
Twixt you and your poor brother
Isab Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio Has cen ured him
Already and as I hear the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution
Isab Alas! what poor ability s in me
To do him good?
Lucio Assay the power you have
Isab My power? Alas I doubt—
Lucio Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt Go to Lord Angelo
And let him learn to know when maidens sue
Men give like gods but when they weep and kneel
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them
Isab I ll see what I can do
Lucio But speedily
Isab I will about it straight
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair I humbly thank you
Commend me to my brother Soon at night
I ll send him certain word of my success
Lucio I take my leave of you
Isab Good sir adieu
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *A hall in Angelo s house*

Enter ANGELO ESCALUS *and a* JUSTICE, PROVOST *Officers and other Attendants behind*

Ang We must not make a scarecrow of the law

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.
Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the Provost?
Prov. Here, if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* PROVOST
Escal. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none:
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, *and Officers with* FROTH *and* POMPEY

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law. Bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow. I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well, what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are, but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well, here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to, what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir, he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir, parcel bawd, one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs, and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour—

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir, whom I thank heaven, is an honest woman—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes, sir; we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom No indeed sir not of a pin you are therein in the right but to the point As I say this Mistress Elbow, being as I say with child and bein great bellied and longing as I said for prunes and having but two in the dish as I said, Master Froth here this very man, having eaten the rest as I said and as I say paying for them very honestly for as you know Master Froth I could not give you three pence again

Froth No indeed

Pom Very well you being then if you be remembered cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—

Froth Ay so I did indeed

Pom Why very well I telling you then if you be remembered that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of unless they kept very good diet as I told you—

Froth All this is true

Pom Why very well then—

Escal Come, you are a tedious fool to the purpose What was done to Elbow s wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her

Pom Sir your honour cannot come to that yet

Escal No sir nor I mean it not

Pom Sir but you shall come to it by your honour s leave And I beseech you look into Master Froth here sir a man of fourscore pound a year whose father died at Hallowmas Was t not at Hallowmas Master Froth?

Froth All hallond eve

Pom Why very well I hope here be truths He sir sitting as I say in a lower chair sir twas in the Bunch of Grapes where indeed you have a delight to sit have you not?

Froth I have so because it is an open room and good for winter

Pom Why very well then I hope here be truths

Ang This will last out a night in Russia
When nights are longest there I ll take my leave
And leave you to the hearing of the cause
Hoping you ll find good cause to whip them all

Escal I think no less Good morrow to your lordship [*Exit* ANGELO
Now sir come on What was done to Elbow s wife once more?

Pom Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once

Elb I beseech you sir ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom I beseech your honour ask me

Escal Well sir what did this gentleman to her?

Pom I beseech you, sir look in this gentle man s face Good Master Froth look upon his honour tis for a good purpose Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal Ay sir very well

Pom Nay I beseech you mark it well

Escal Well I do so

Pom Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal Why no

Pom I ll be supposed upon a book his face is the worst thing about him Good then if his face be the worst thing about him how could Master Froth do the constable s wife any harm? I would know that of your honour

Escal He s in the right Constable what say you to it?

Elb First an it like you the house is a respected house next this is a respected fellow and his mistress is a respected woman

Pom By this hand sir his wife is a more respected person than any of us all

Elb Varlet thou liest thou liest wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man woman or child

Pom Sir she was respected with him before he married with her

Escal Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her or she with me let not your worship think me the poor Duke s officer Prove this thou wicked Hannibal or I ll have mine action of battery on thee

Escal If he took you a box o the ear you might have your action of slander too

Elb Marry I thank your good worship for it What is t your worship s pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal Truly officer because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are

Elb Marry I thank your worship for it Thou seest thou wicked varlet now what s come upon thee Thou art to continue now thou varlet thou art to continue

Escal Where were you born, friend?

Froth Here in Vienna sir

Escal Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth Yes an t please you sir

Escal So What trade are you of sir?

Pom A tapster a poor widow s tapster

Escal Your mistress name?

Pom Mistress Overdone

Escal Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom Nine, sir, Overdone by the last

Escal Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters, they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you

Froth I thank your worship For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in

Escal Well, no more of it, Master Froth farewell [*Exit* FROTH] Come you hither to me, Master tapster What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom Pompey

Escal What else?

Pom Bum, sir

Escal Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you

Pom Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live

Escal How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom If the law would allow it, sir

Escal But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna

Pom Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal No Pompey

Pom Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds

Escal There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you It is but heading and hanging

Pom If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a bay If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so

Escal Thank you, good Pompey and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you I advise you let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever no, not for dwelling where you do If I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt So for this time, Pompey, fare you well

Pom I thank your worship for your good counsel, [*aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine

Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade
[*Exit*

Escal Come hither to me, Master Elbow, come hither, Master constable How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb Seven year and a half, sir

Escal I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time You say, seven years together?

Elb And a half, sir

Escal Alas, it hath been great pains to you They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them, I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all

Escal Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish

Elb To your worship's house, sir?

Escal To my house Fare you well
[*Exit* ELBOW

What's o'clock, think you?

Just Eleven, sir

Escal I pray you home to dinner with me

Just I humbly thank you

Escal It grieves me for the death of Claudio,
But there's no remedy

Just Lord Angelo is severe

Escal It is but needful
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe
But yet—poor Claudio! There is no remedy
Come, sir
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Another room in the same*

Enter PROVOST *and a* SERVANT

Serv He's hearing of a cause, he will come straight
I'll tell him of you

Prov Pray you do [*Exit* SERVANT]
I'll know
His pleasure, may be he will relent Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't!

Enter ANGELO

Ang Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?
Prov Lest I might be too rash
Under your good correction I have seen
When after execution, judgement hath
Repented o er his doom
Ang Go to let that be mine
Do you your office, or give up your place
And you shall well be spared
Prov I crave your honour s pardon
What shall be done sir with the groaning Juliet?
She s very near her hour
Ang Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed

Re-enter SERVANT

Serv Here is the sister of the man condemn d
Desires access to you
Ang Hath he a sister?
Prov Ay my good lord a very virtuous maid
And to be shortly of a sisterhood
If not already
Ang Well let her be admitted
[*Exit* SERVANT
See you the fornicatress be removed
Let her have needful but not lavish means
There shall be order for t

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCIO

Prov God save your honour!
Ang Stay a little while [*To* ISABELLA] You re welcome what s your will?
Isab I am a woeful suitor to your honour
Please but your honour hear me
Ang Well what s your suit?
Isab There is a vice that most I do abhor
And most desire should meet the blow of justice
For which I would not plead but that I must
For which I must not plead but that I am
At war twixt will and will not
Ang Well the matter?
Isab I have a brother is condemn d to die
I do beseech you, let it be his fault
And not my brother
Prov [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?
Why every fault s condemn d ere it be done
Mine were the very cipher of a function
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record
And let go by the actor
Isab O just but severe law!
I had a brother then Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] Give t not o er so To him again, entreat him
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown
You are too cold if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it
To him I say!
Isab Must he needs die?
Ang Maiden, no remedy
Isab Yes I do think that you might pardon him
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy
Ang I will not do t
Isab But can you if you would?
Ang Look what I will not that I cannot do
Isab But might you do t and do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang He s sentenced 'tis too late
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] You are too cold
Isab Too late? why no I, that do speak a word
May call it back again Well believe this
No ceremony that to great ones longs
Not the king s crown nor the deputed sword
The marshal s truncheon nor the judge s robe
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does
If he had been as you and you as he
You would have slipt like him but he like you
Would not have been so stern
Ang Pray you be gone
Isab I would to heaven I had your potency
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No I would tell what twere to be a judge
And what a prisoner
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] Ay touch him there s the vein
Ang Your brother is a forfeit of the law
And you but waste your words
Isab Alas alas!
Why all the souls that were were forfeit once
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy How would you be
If He which is the top of judgement should
But judge you as you are? O think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made
Ang Be you content fair maid
It is the law not I condemn your brother
Were he my kinsman brother or my son
It should be thus with him He must die to-morrow
Isab To-morrow! O that s sudden! Spare him spare him!
He s not prepared for death Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you,
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] Ay, well said
Ang The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end
Isab Yet show some pity
Ang I show it most of all when I show justice,
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another Be satisfied,
Your brother dies to-morrow, be content
Isab So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] That's well said
Isab Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle, but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep, who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent,
He's coming, I perceive't
Prov [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!
Isab We cannot weigh our brother with ourself
Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation
Lucio [*Aside*] Thou'rt i' the right girl, more o' that
Isab That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] Art avised o' that? more on't
Ang Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' the top Go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault If it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life
Ang [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it Fare you well
Isab Gentle my lord, turn back
Ang I will bethink me Come again to-morrow
Isab Hark how I'll bribe you Good my lord, turn back
Ang How! bribe me?
Isab Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] You had marr'd all else
Isab Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them, but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal
Ang Well, come to me to-morrow
Lucio [*Aside to* ISABELLA] Go to, 'tis well, away!
Isab Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang [*Aside*] Amen
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross
Isab At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang At any time 'fore noon
Isab 'Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* ISABELLA, LUCIO, *and* PROVOST
Ang From thee even from thy virtue!
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she, nor doth she tempt, but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou or what art thou Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves What do I love her
That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes? What is t I dream on?
O cunning enemy that to catch a saint
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour art and nature
Once stir my temper but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite Ever till now
When men were fond I smiled and wonder d how [*Exit*

SCENE III *A room in a prison*

Enter severally DUKE *disguised as a friar and* PROVOST

Duke Hail to you Provost! so I think you are
Prov I am the Provost What s your will good friar?
Duke Bound by my charity and my blest order
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison Do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes that I may minister
To them accordingly
Prov I would do more than that If more were needful

Enter JULIET

Look here comes one a gentlewoman of mine
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth
Hath blister d her report She is with child
And he that got it sentenced a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this
Duke When must he die?
Prov As I do think to-morrow
I have provided for you stay awhile [*To* JULIET
And you shall be conducted
Duke Repent you, fair one of the sin you carry?
Jul I do and bear the shame most patiently
Duke I ll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on
Jul I ll gladly learn
Duke Love you the man that wrong d you
Jul Yes as I love the woman that wrong d him
Duke So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul Mutually
Duke Then was your sin of heavier kind than his
Jul I do confess it and repent it father
Duke Tis meet so daughter but lest you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves not heaven
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it
But as we stand in fear—
Jul I do repent me as it is an evil
And take the shame with joy
Duke There rest
Your partner as I hear must die to-morrow
And I am going with instruction to him
Grace go with you *Benedicite!* [*Exit*
Jul Must die to-morrow! O injurious love
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov Tis pity of him [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A room in Angelo s house*

Enter ANGELO

Ang When I would pray and think I think and pray
To several subjects Heaven hath my empty words
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue
Anchors on Isabel Heaven in my mouth
As if I did but only chew his name
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception The state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing being often read
Grown fear d and tedious yea my gravity
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain O place O form,
How often dost thou with thy case thy habit
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood thou art blood
Let s write good angel on the devil s horn
Tis not the devil s crest

Enter a SERVANT

How now! who s there?
Serv One Isabel a sister desires access to you
Ang Teach her the way [*Exit* SERVANT] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart
Making both it unable for itself
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons
Come all to help him and so stop the air

By which he should revive, and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid?
Isab I am come to know your pleasure
Ang That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis Your brother cannot live
Isab Even so Heaven keep your honour!
Ang Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be,
As long as you or I Yet he must die
Isab Under your sentence?
Ang Yea
Isab When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not
Ang Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid 'Tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one
Isab 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth
Ang Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul
Ang I talk not of your soul Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt
Isab How say you?
Ang Nay, I'll not warrant that, for I can speak
Against the thing I say Answer to this
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
Isab Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity
Ang Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity
Isab That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer
Ang Nay, but hear me
Your sense pursues not mine Either you are ignorant,
Or seem so craftily, and that's not good
Isab Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better
Ang Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself, as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross
Your brother is to die
Isab So
Ang And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain
Isab True
Ang Admit no other way to save his life—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law, and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?
Isab As much for my poor brother as myself
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame
Ang Then must your brother die
Isab And 'twere the cheaper way
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever
Ang Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses Lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption
Ang You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice
Isab O, pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love
Ang We are all frail

Isab Else let my brother die
If not a fedary but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness
Ang Nay women are frail too
Isab Ay as the glasses where they view them selves
Which are as easy broke as they make forms
Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them Nay call us ten times frail
For we are soft as our complexions are
And credulous to false prints
Ang I think it well
And from this testimony of your own sex—
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames—let me be bold
I do arrest your words Be that you are
That is a woman if you be more you re none
If you be one, as you are well express d
By all external warrants show it now
By putting on the destined livery
Isab I have no tongue but one gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language
Ang Plainly conceive I love you
Isab My brother did love Juliet
And you tell me that he shall die for it
Ang He shall not Isabel if you give me love
Isab I know your virtue hath a license in t
Which seems a little fouler than it is
To pluck on others
Ang Believe me on mine honour
My words express my purpose
Isab Ha! little honour to be much believed
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming seeming!
I will proclaim thee Angelo look for t
Sign me a present pardon for my brother
Or with an outstretch d throat I ll tell the world aloud
What man thou art
Ang Who will believe thee Isabel?
My unsoil d name the austereness of my life
My vouch against you and my place i the state
Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will
Or else he must not only die the death
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance Answer me to-morrow
Or by the affection that now guides me most
I ll prove a tyrant to him As for you
Say what you can my false o erweighs your true [*Exit*
Isab To whom should I complain? Did I tell this
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths
That bear in them one and the self same tongue
Either of condemnation or approof
Bidding the law make court sy to their will
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite
To follow as it draws! I ll to my brother
Though he hath fall n by prompture of the blood
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks he ld yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr d pollution
Then Isabel live chaste and brother die
More than our brother is our chastity
I ll tell him yet of Angelo s request
And fit his mind to death for his soul s rest
[*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *A room in the prison*

Enter DUKE *disguised as before* CLAUDIO *and* PROVOST

Duke So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope
I ve hope to live and am prepared to die
Duke Be absolute for death either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter Reason thus with life
If I do lose thee I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep A breath thou art
Servile to all the skyey influences
That dost this habitation where thou keep st
Hourly afflict Merely thou art Death s fool
For him thou labour st by thy flight to shun
And yet runn st toward him still Thou art not noble
For all the accommodations that thou bear st
Are nursed by baseness Thou rt by no means valiant
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm Thy best of rest is sleep
And that thou oft provokest yet grossly fear st
Thy death which is no more Thou art not thy self
For thou exist st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st Thou are not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee Friend hast thou none,
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld, and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths, yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even

Claud I humbly thank you
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life Let it come on

Isab [*Within*] What, ho! Peace here, grace and good company!

Prov Who's there? come in The wish deserves a welcome

Duke Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again

Claud Most holy sir, I thank you

Enter ISABELLA

Isab My business is a word or two with Claudio

Prov And very welcome Look, signior, here's your sister

Duke Provost, a word with you

Prov As many as you please

Duke Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed [*Exeunt* DUKE *and* PROVOST

Claud Now, sister, what s the comfort?

Isab Why,
As all comforts are, most good, most good indeed
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger,
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To-morrow you set on

Claud Is there no remedy?

Isab None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain

Claud But is there any?

Isab Yes, brother, you may live
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death

Claud Perpetual durance?

Isab Ay, just, perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope

Claud But in what nature?

Isab In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked

Claud Let me know the point

Isab O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies

Claud Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms

Isab There spake my brother, there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice Yes, thou must die
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil,
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell

Claud The prenzie Angelo!

Isab O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed

Claud O heavens! it cannot be

Isab Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow

Claud Thou shalt not do't

Isab O, were it but my life,
I' throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin

Claud Thanks, dear Isabel

Isab Be ready Claudio for your death to-morrow

Claud Yes Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin
Or of the deadly seven it is the least

Isab Which is the least?

Claud If it were damnable he being so wise
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

Isab What says my brother?

Claud Death is a fearful thing

Isab And shamed life a hateful

Claud Ay but to die and go we know not where
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling region of thick ribbed ice
To be imprison d in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age ache penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death

Isab Alas alas!

Claud Sweet sister let me live
What sin you do to save a brother s life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue

Isab O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is t not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister s shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play d my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne er issued from his blood Take my defiance!
Die perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate it should proceed
I ll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee

Claud Nay hear me Isabel

Isab O fie fie, fie!
Thy sin s not accidental but a trade
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd
'Tis best that thou diest quickly

Claud O hear me Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke Vouchsafe a word young sister but one word

Isab What is your will?

Duke Might you dispense with your leisure I would by and by have some speech with you The satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit

Isab I have no superfluous leisure my stay must be stolen out of other affairs but I will attend you awhile [*Walks apart*

Duke Son I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures She having the truth of honour in her hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive I am confessor to Angelo and I know this to be true therefore prepare yourself to death Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible to-morrow you must die go to your knees and make ready

Claud Let me ask my sister pardon I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it

Duke Hold you there! Farewell [*Exit Claudio*] Provost a word with you!

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov What s your will father?

Duke That now you are come, you will be gone Leave me awhile with the maid My mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company

Prov In good time

[*Exit* PROVOST ISABELLA *comes forward*

Duke The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness but grace being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair The assault that Angelo hath made to you fortune hath conveyed to my understanding and but that frailty hath examples for his falling I should wonder at Angelo How will you do to content this substitute and to save your brother?

Isab I am now going to resolve him I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born But O how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government

Duke That shall not be much amiss yet as the matter now stands he will avoid your accusation he made trial of you only Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings To the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself I

do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business

Isab Let me hear you speak farther I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit

Duke Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name

Duke She should this Angelo have married, was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed, between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman There she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural, with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry, with both, her combinate husband, this well seeming Angelo

Isab Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort, swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour, in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not

Isab What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke It is a rupture that you may easily heal, and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it

Isab Show me how, good father

Duke This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection, his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point, only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience This being granted in course—and now follows all—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place, if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof What think you of it?

Isab The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection

Duke It lies much in your holding up Haste you speedily to Angelo If for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction I will presently to Saint Luke's, there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana At that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly

Isab I thank you for this comfort Fare you well, good father [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II *The street before the prison*

Enter, on one side, DUKE *disguised as before, on the other,* ELBOW, *and Officers with* POMPEY

Elb Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard

Duke O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm, and furred with fox and lambskins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing

Elb Come your way, sir 'Bless you, good father friar

Duke And you, good brother father What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb Marry, sir, he hath offended the law, and, sir, we take him to be a thief too sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy

Duke Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice, say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend

Pom Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir, yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke Nay if the devil have given thee proofs for sin
Thou wilt prove his Take him to prison officer
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit

Elb He must before the deputy sir he has given him warning The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster If he be a whoremonger and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand

Duke That we were all as some would seem to be
From our faults as faults from seeming free!

Elb His neck will come to your waist—a cord sir

Pom I spy comfort I cry bail Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine

Enter LUCIO

Lucio How now noble Pompey! What at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pygmalion's images newly made woman to be had now for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply ha? What sayest thou to this tune matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain ha? What sayest thou Trot? Is the world as it was man? Which is the way? Is it sad and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke Still thus and thus still worse!

Lucio How doth my dear morsel thy mistress? Procures she still ha?

Pom Troth sir she hath eaten up all her beef and she is herself in the tub

Lucio Why 'tis good it is the right of it it must be so Ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd an unshunned consequence it must be so Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom Yes faith, sir

Lucio Why 'tis not amiss Pompey Farewell Go say I sent thee thither For debt Pompey? or how?

Elb For being a bawd for being a bawd

Lucio Well then imprison him If imprisonment be the due of a bawd why 'tis his right Bawd is he doubtless and of antiquity too bawd born Farewell good Pompey Commend me to the prison, Pompey You will turn good husband now Pompey you will keep the house

Pom I hope, sir your good worship will be my bail

Lucio No indeed will I not Pompey it is not the wear I will pray Pompey to increase your bondage If you take it not patiently why your mettle is the more Adieu, trusty Pompey 'Bless you, friar

Duke And you

Lucio Does Bridget paint still Pompey ha?

Elb Come your ways sir come

Pom You will not bail me then sir?

Lucio Then Pompey nor now What news abroad friar? what news?

Elb Come your ways sir come

Lucio Go to kennel Pompey go [*Exeunt* ELBOW POMPEY *and Officers*] What news friar of the Duke?

Duke I know none Can you tell me of any?

Lucio Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia other some he is in Rome but where is he think you?

Duke I know not where but wheresoever I wish him well

Lucio It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he was never born to Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence he puts transgression to't

Duke He does well in't

Lucio A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him something too crabbed that way friar

Duke It is too general a vice and severity must cure it

Lucio Yes in good sooth the vice is of a great kindred it is well allied but it is impossible to extirp it quite friar till eating and drinking be put down They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation Is it true think you?

Duke How should he be made, then?

Lucio Some report a sea maid spawned him some, that he was begot between two stock fishes But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice that I know to be true and he is a motion generative that's infallible

Duke You are pleasant sir and speak apace

Lucio Why what a ruthless thing is this in him for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards he would have paid for the nursing a thousand He had some feeling of the sport he knew the service and that instructed him to mercy

Duke I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women he was not inclined that way

Lucio O sir you are deceived

Duke 'Tis not possible

Lucio Who not the Duke? yes your beggar of fifty and his use was to put a ducat in her clack dish The Duke had crotchets in him He would be drunk too that let me inform you

Duke You do him wrong surely

Lucio Sir, I was an inward of his A shy fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing

Duke What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio No, pardon, 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips But this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise

Duke Wise! why, no question but he was

Lucio A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow

Duke Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking The very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier Therefore you speak unskilfully, or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice

Lucio Sir, I know him, and I love him

Duke Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love

Lucio Come, sir, I know what I know

Duke I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke

Duke He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you

Lucio I fear you not

Duke O, you hope the Duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite But indeed I can do you little harm, you'll forswear this again

Lucio I'll be hanged first Thou art deceived in me, friar But no more of this Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke Why should he die, sir?

Lucio Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish I would the Duke we talk of were returned again This ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency, sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered, he would never bring them to light Would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing Farewell, good friar, I prithee, pray for me The Duke, I say to thee again would eat mutton on Fridays He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic Say that I said so Farewell [*Exit*

Duke No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape, back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, *and Officers with* MISTRESS OVERDONE

Escal Go, away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov Good my lord, be good to me, your honour is accounted a merciful man, good my lord

Escal Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant

Prov A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour

Mrs Ov My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time, he promised her marriage His child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal That fellow is a fellow of much license Let him be called before us Away with her to prison! Go to, no more words [*Exeunt Officers with* MISTRESS OVERDONE] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to morrow Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him

Prov So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death

Escal Good even, good father

Duke Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal Of whence are you?

Duke Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness

Escal What news abroad i' the world?

Duke None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it Novelty is only in request, and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure but security enough to make fellowships accurst Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom

of the world This news is old enough yet it is every day s news I pray you sir of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal One that above all other strifes contended especially to know himself

Duke What pleasure was he given to?

Escal Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice, a gentleman of all temperance But leave we him to his events with a prayer they may prove prosperous and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation

Duke He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice yet had he framed to himself by the instruction of his frailty many deceiving promises of life which I by my good leisure have discredited to him and now is he resolved to die

Escal You have paid the heavens your function and the prisoner the very debt of your calling I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice

Duke If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding it shall become him well wherein if he chance to fail he hath sentenced himself

Escal I am going to visit the prisoner Fare you well

Duke Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and* PROVOST

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe
Pattern in himself to know
Grace to stand and virtue go
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O what may man within him hide
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes
Making practice on the times
To draw with idle spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised
So disguise shall by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting
And perform an old contracting [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *The moated grange at St Luke s*

Enter MARIANA *and a* BOY

BOY [*sings*]

'Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn
And those eyes the break of day
Lights that do mislead the morn
But my kisses bring again, bring again
Seals of love, but seal d in vain seal d in vain

Mari Break off thy song and haste thee quick away
Here comes a man of comfort whose advice
Hath often still d my brawling discontent
[*Exit* BOY

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*

I cry you mercy sir and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical
Let me excuse me and believe me so
My mirth it much displeased but pleased my woe

Duke Tis good though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good and good provoke to harm
I pray you tell me hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet

Mari You have not been inquired after I have sat here all day

Enter ISABELLA

Duke I do constantly believe you The time is come even now I shall crave your forbearance a little May be I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself

Mari I am always bound to you [*Exit*

Duke Very well met and well come
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab He hath a garden circummured with brick
Whose western side is with a vineyard back d
And to that vineyard is a planched gate
That makes his opening with this bigger key
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him

Duke But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab I have ta en a due and wary note upon t
With whispering and most guilty diligence
In action all of precept he did show me
The way twice o er

Duke Are there no other tokens

Between you 'greed concerning her observance?
Isab No, none, but only a repair i' the dark,
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief, for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother
Duke 'Tis well borne up
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid,
She comes to do you good
Isab I do desire the like
Duke Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari Good friar, I know you do, and have found it
Duke Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste,
The vaporous night approaches
Mari Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA
Duke O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings, thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA

Welcome, how agreed?
Isab She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it
Duke It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too
Isab Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother "
Mari Fear me not
Duke Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all
He is your husband on a pre-contract
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit Come, let us go
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A room in the prison*

Enter PROVOST *and* POMPEY

Prov Come hither, sirrah Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can, but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head

Prov Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper If you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves, if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd

Pom Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner

Prov What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor Do you call, sir?

Prov Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you, if not, use him for the present and dismiss him He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd

Abhor A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery

Prov Go to, sir, you weigh equally, a feather will turn the scale [*Exit*

Pom Pray, sir, by your good favour—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor Ay, sir, a mystery

Pom Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery, and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery, but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine

Abhor Sir, it is a mystery

Pom Proof?

Abhor Every true man's apparel fits your thief If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough, if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough, so every true man's apparel fits your thief

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov Are you agreed?

Pom Sir, I will serve him, for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd, he doth oftener ask forgiveness

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[*Exeunt* POMPEY *and* ABHORSON

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*]
But hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[*Exit* CLAUDIO.]

By and by.
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelope you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.

Knocking within

Now are they come.

[*Exit* PROVOST

This is a gentle Provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

Knocking within

How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper.*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* MESSENGER

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads*]

'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.'
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred, one that is a prisoner nine years old

Duke How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so

Prov His friends still wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof

Duke It is now apparent?

Prov Most manifest, and not denied by himself

Duke Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep, careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come, insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal

Duke He wants advice

Prov He will hear none He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison, give him leave to escape hence, he would not, drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all

Duke More of him anon There is written in your brow Provost, honesty and constancy If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me, but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy

Prov Pray, sir, in what?

Duke In the delaying death

Prov Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest

Duke By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo

Prov Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour

Duke O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death you know the course is common If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life

Prov Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath

Duke Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov To him, and to his substitutes

Duke You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov But what likelihood is in that?

Duke Not a resemblance, but a certainty Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke You know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you

Prov I know them both

Duke The contents of this is the return of the Duke You shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is writ Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be All difficulties are but easy when they are known Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you Come away, it is almost clear dawn [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Another room in the same*

Enter POMPEY

Pom I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession One would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers First, here's young Master Rash, he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money Marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I

forty more all great doers in our trade and are now for the Lord s sake

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor Sirrah bring Barnardine hither

Pom Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor What ho Barnardine!

Bar [*Within*] A pox o your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom Your friends sir the hangman You must be so good sir to rise and be put to death

Bar [*Within*] Away you rogue away! I am sleepy

Abhor Tell him he must awake and that quickly too

Pom Pray Master Barnardine awake till you are executed and sleep afterwards

Abhor Go in to him and fetch him out

Pom He is coming sir he is coming I hear his straw rustle

Abhor Is the axe upon the block sirrah?

Pom Very ready sir

Enter BARNARDINE

Bar How now Abhorson? what s the news with you?

Abhor Truly sir I would desire you to clap into your prayers for look you the warrant s come

Bar You rogue I have been drinking all night I am not fitted for t

Pom O the better sir for he that drinks all night and is hanged betimes in the morning may sleep the sounder all the next day

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*

Abhor Look you sir here comes your ghostly father Do we jest now think you?

Duke Sir induced by my charity and hearing how hastily you are to depart I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you

Bar Friar not I I have been drinking hard all night and I will have more time to prepare me or they shall beat out my brains with billets I will not consent to die this day that s certain

Duke O sir you must and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go

Bar I swear I will not die to-day for any man s persuasion

Duke But hear you

Bar Not a word If you have anything to say to me come to my ward for thence will not I to-day [*Exit*

Duke Unfit to live or die, O gravel heart!
After him fellows bring him to the block
[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* POMPEY

Enter PROVOST

Prov Now sir how do you find the prisoner?

Duke A creature unprepared unmeet for death
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable

Prov Here in the prison father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine a most notorious pirate
A man of Claudio s years his beard and head
Just of his colour What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine more like to Claudio?

Duke O tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently, the hour draws on
Prefix d by Angelo See this be done
And sent according to command whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die

Prov This shall be done good father presently
But Barnardine must die this afternoon
And how shall we continue Claudio
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke Let this be done
Put them in secret holds both Barnardine and Claudio
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested

Prov I am your free dependant

Duke Quick dispatch and send the head to Angelo [*Exit* PROVOST
Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The Provost he shall bear them—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly Him I ll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city and from thence,
By cold gradation and well balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov Here is the head I ll carry it myself

Duke Convenient is it Make a swift return
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours

Prov I ll make all speed [*Exit*

Isab [*Within*] Peace ho be here!

Duke The tongue of Isabel She s come to know
If yet her brother s pardon be come hither

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected

Enter ISABELLA

Isab Ho, by your leave!
Duke Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter
Isab The better, given me by so holy a man
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke He hath released him, Isabel, from the world
His head is off and sent to Angelo
Isab Nay, but it is not so
Duke It is no other Show your wisdom, daughter,
In your patience
Isab O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke You shall not be admitted to his sight
Isab Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
Duke This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot,
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity
The Duke comes home to-morrow, nay, dry your eyes,
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour
Isab I am directed by you
Duke This letter, then, to Friar Peter give,
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent Wend you with this letter
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart, trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course Who's here?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio Good even Friar, where's the Provost?
Duke Not within, sir
Lucio O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red Thou must be patient I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran, I dare not for my head fill my belly, one fruitful meal would set me to't But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother If the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived [*Exit* ISABELLA

Duke Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them

Lucio Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do He's a better woodman than thou takest him for

Duke Well, you'll answer this one day Fare ye well

Lucio Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke

Duke You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true, if not true, none were enough

Lucio I was once before him for getting a wench with child

Duke Did you such a thing?

Lucio Yes, marry, did I, but I was fain to forswear it They would else have married me to the rotten medlar

Duke Sir, your company is fairer than honest Rest you well

Lucio By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A room in Angelo's house*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS

Escal Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other

Ang In most uneven and distracted manner His actions show much like to madness, pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal I guess not

Ang And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal He shows his reason for that to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us

Ang Well, I beseech you let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him

Escal I shall sir Fare you well
Ang Good night [*Exit* ESCALUS
This deed unshapes me quite makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings A deflower d maid'
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it' But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss
How might she tongue me' Yet reason dares her no
For my authority bears of a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather He should have lived
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour d life
With ransom of such shame Would yet he had lived'
Alack when once our grace we have forgot
Nothing goes right we would and we would not
[*Exit*

SCENE V *Fields without the town*

Enter DUKE *in his own habit and* FRIAR PETER

Duke These letters at fit time deliver me
Giving letters
The Provost knows our purpose and our plot
The matter being afoot keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that
As cause doth minister Go call at Flavius house,
And tell him where I stay Give the like notice
To Valentinus Rowland and to Crassus
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate
But send me Flavius first
Fri P It shall be speeded well [*Exit*

Enter VARRIUS

Duke I thank thee, Varrius thou hast made good haste
Come we will walk There s other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Street near the city gate*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA

Isab To speak so indirectly I am loath
I would say the truth but to accuse him so
That is your part Yet I am advised to do it
He says to veil full purpose
Mari Be ruled by him
Isab Besides he tells me that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side
I should not think it strange for tis a physic
That s bitter to sweet end
Mari I would Friar Peter—
Isab O peace' the friar is come

Enter FRIAR PETER

Fri P Come, I have found you out a stand most fit
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
He shall not pass you Twice have the trumpets sounded
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates and very near upon
The Duke is entering therefore hence away'
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *The city gate*

MARIANA *veiled* ISABELLA *and* FRIAR PETER, *at their stand Enter* DUKE, VARRIUS *Lords* ANGELO ESCALUS LUCIO PROVOST *Officers and Citizens at several doors*

Duke My very worthy cousin fairly met'
Our old and faithful friend we are glad to see you
Ang / *Escal* Happy return be to your royal Grace'
Duke Many and hearty thankings to you both
We have made inquiry of you and we hear
Such goodness of your justice that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks
Forerunning more requital
Ang You make my bonds still greater
Duke O your desert speaks loud and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion Give me your hand,
And let the subject see to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within Come Escalus
You must walk by us on our other hand
And good supporters are you
FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward*
Fri P Now is your time Speak loud and kneel before him
Isab Justice, O royal Duke' Vail your regard
Upon a wrong d, I would fain have said a maid'
O worthy Prince dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice justice justice'
Duke Relate your wrongs in what? by whom? be brief

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice
Reveal yourself to him

Isab O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice—

Isab By course of justice!

Ang And she will speak most bitterly and strange

Isab Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke Nay, it is ten times strange

Isab It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning

Duke Away with her! Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense

Isab O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo, even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain, believe it, royal prince
If he be less, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badness

Duke By mine honesty,
If she be mad—as I believe no other—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness

Isab O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true

Duke Many that are not mad
Have, sure more lack of reason What would you say?

Isab I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head, condemn'd by Angelo
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother, one Lucio
As then the messenger—

Lucio That's I, an't like your Grace
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon

Isab That's he indeed

Duke You were not bid to speak

Lucio No, my good lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace

Duke I wish you now, then,
Pray you, take note of it, and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect

Lucio I warrant your honour

Duke The warrant's for yourself, take heed to 't

Isab This gentleman told somewhat of my tale—

Lucio Right

Duke It may be right, but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time Proceed

Isab I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy—

Duke That's somewhat madly spoken

Isab Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter

Duke Mended again The matter, proceed

Isab In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me and how I replied—
For this was of much length—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother, and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him, but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head

Duke This is most likely!

Isab O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice First, his integrity
Stands without blemish Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself If he had so offended
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself

And not have cut him off Some one hath set you on
Confess the truth and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain
Isab And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above
Keep me in patience and with ripen d time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong d hence unbelieved go!
Duke I know you d fain be gone An officer!
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
Isab One that I would were here Friar Lodowick
Duke A ghostly father belike Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio My lord I know him tis a meddling friar
I do not like the man Had he been lay my lord
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement I had swinged him soundly
Duke Words against me! this is a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found
Lucio But yesternight my lord she and that friar
I saw them at the prison A saucy friar
A very scurvy fellow
Fri P Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by my lord and I have heard
Your royal ear abused First hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot
Duke We did believe no less
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Fri P *I know him for a man divine and holy*
Not scurvy nor a temporary meddler
As he s reported by this gentleman
And on my trust a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches misreport your Grace
Lucio My lord most villainously believe it
Fri P Well he in time may come to clear himself
But at this instant he is sick my lord
Of a strange fever Upon his mere request
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended gainst Lord Angelo came I hither
To speak as from his mouth what he doth know
Is true and false and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear
Whensoever he s convented First for this woman
To justify this worthy nobleman
So vulgarly and personally accused
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes
Till she herself confess it
Duke Good friar let s hear it
[ISABELLA is carried off guarded, and MARIANA *comes forward*
Do you not smile at this Lord Angelo?
O heaven the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats Come cousin Angelo
In this I ll be impartial be you judge
Of your own cause Is this the witness friar?
First let her show her face and after speak
Mari Pardon, my lord I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me
Duke What are you married?
Mari No my lord
Duke Are you a maid?
Mari No my lord
Duke A widow then?
Mari Neither my lord
Duke Why you are nothing then neither maid widow nor wife?
Lucio My lord she may be a punk for many of them are neither maid widow nor wife
Duke Silence that fellow I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself
Lucio Well my lord
Mari My lord I do confess I ne er was married
And I confess besides I am no maid
I have known my husband yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me
Lucio He was drunk then my lord It can be no better
Duke For the benefit of silence would thou wert so too!
Lucio Well my lord
Duke This is no witness for Lord Angelo
Mari Now I come to t my lord
She that accuses him of fornication
In self same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him my lord with such a time
When I ll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love
Ang Charges she more than me?
Mari Not that I know
Duke No? you say your husband
Mari Why just my lord and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne er *knew my* body

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's

Ang This is a strange abuse Let's see thy face

Mari My husband bids me, now I will unmask [*Unveiling*]
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on,
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine, this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person

Duke Know you this woman?

Lucio Carnally, she says

Duke Sirrah, no more!

Lucio Enough, my lord

Ang My lord, I must confess I know this woman,
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity, since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour

Mari Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows, and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang I did but smile till now
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice,
My patience here is touch'd I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out

Duke Ay, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin, lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived
There is another friar that set them on,
Let him be sent for

Fri P Would he were here, my lord! for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint
Your Provost knows the place where he abides
And he may fetch him

Duke Go do it instantly [*Exit* PROVOST
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement I for a while will leave you,
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers

Escal My lord, we'll do it throughly [*Exit* DUKE
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio *Cucullus non facit monachum* honest in nothing but in his clothes, and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke

Escal We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him We shall find this friar a notable fellow

Lucio As any in Vienna, on my word

Escal Call that same Isabel here once again, I would speak with her [*Exit an Attendant*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question, you shall see how I'll handle her

Lucio Not better than he, by her own report

Escal Say you?

Lucio Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess, perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed

Escal I will go darkly to work with her

Lucio That's the way, for women are light at midnight

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA, *and* PROVOST *with the* DUKE *in his friar's habit*

Escal Come on, mistress Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said

Lucio My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the Provost

Escal In very good time Speak not you to him till we call upon you

Lucio Mum

Escal Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did

Duke 'Tis false

Escal How! know you where you are?

Duke Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour d for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? tis he should hear me speak
Escal The Duke s in us and we will hear you speak
Look you speak justly
Duke Boldly at least But O poor souls
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too The Duke s unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal
And put your trial in the villain s mouth
Which here you come to accuse
Lucio This is the rascal this is he I spoke of
Escal Why thou unreverend and unhallow d friar
Is t not enough thou hast suborn d these women
To accuse this worthy man but in foul mouth
And in the witness of his proper ear
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence to the rack with him! We ll touse you
Joint by joint but we will know his purpose
What unjust !
Duke Be not so hot the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own His subject am I not
Nor here provincial My business in this state
Made me a looker on here in Vienna
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o er run the stew laws for all faults
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber s shop
As much in mock as mark
Escal Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!
Ang What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
Lucio 'Tis he my lord Come hither goodman baldpate Do you know me?
Duke I remember you sir by the sound of your voice I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke
Lucio O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?
Duke Most notedly sir
Lucio Do you so sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger a fool and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
Duke You must sir change persons with me, ere you make that my report You, indeed spoke so of him and much more much worse
Lucio O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck *thee by the nose for thy speeches?*
Duke I protest I love the Duke as I love my self
Ang Hark how the villain would close now after his treasonable abuses!
Escal Such a fellow is not to be talked withal Away with him to prison Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him Let him speak no more Away with those giglots too and with the other confederate companion!
Duke [*To* PROVOST] Stay sir stay awhile
Ang What resists he? Help him Lucio
Lucio Come sir come, sir come sir *foh sir!* Why you bald pated lying rascal you must be hooded must you? Show your knave s visage with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face and be hanged an hour! Will t not off?
Pulls off the friar s hood and discovers the Duke
Duke Thou art the first knave that e er madest a Duke
First Provost let me bail these gentle three
[*To* LUCIO] Sneak not away sir for the friar and you
Must have a word anon Lay hold on him
Lucio This may prove worse than hanging
Duke [*To* ESCALUS] *What you have spoke I* pardon Sit you down
We ll borrow place of him [*To* ANGELO] Sir by your leave
Hast thou or word or wit or impudence
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast
Rely upon it till my tale be heard
And hold no longer out
Ang *O my dread lord,*
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace like power divine
Hath look d upon my passes Then good Prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame
But let my trial be mine own confession
Immediate sentence then and sequent death
Is all the grace I beg
Duke Come hither Mariana
Say wast thou e er contracted to this woman?
Ang I was my lord
Duke Go take her hence and marry *her instantly*
Do you the office, friar which consummate
Return him here again Go with him, Provost
[*Exeunt* ANGELO MARIANA FRIAR PETER *and* PROVOST
Escal My lord I am more amazed at his dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it
Duke Come hither, Isabel
Your friar is now your Prince As I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service
Isab O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!
Duke You are pardon'd, Isabel
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother
Isab I do, my lord

Re enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *and* PROVOST

Duke For this new-married man approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake But as he adjudged your brother—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste
Away with him!
Mari O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband
Duke It is your husband mock'd you with a husband
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit, else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband
Mari O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man
Duke Never crave him, we are definitive
Mari Gentle my liege— [*Kneeling*]
Duke You do but lose your labour
Away with him to death! [*To* LUCIO] Now, sir, to you
Mari O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service
Duke Against all sense you do importune her
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror
Mari Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad, so may my husband
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
Duke He dies for Claudio's death
Isab Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling*]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me Since it is so,
Let him not die My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way Thoughts are no subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts
Mari Merely, my lord
Duke Your suit's unprofitable, stand up, I say
I have bethought me of another fault
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov It was commanded so
Duke Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov No, my good lord, it was by private message
Duke For which I do discharge you of your office
Give up your keys
Prov Pardon me, noble lord

I thought it was a fault but knew it not
Yet did repent me after more advice
For testimony whereof one in the prison
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive

Duke What s he?

Prov His name is Barnardine

Duke I would thou hadst done so by Claudio
Go fetch him hither let me look upon him

[*Exit* PROVOST

Escal I am sorry one so learned and so wise
As you Lord Angelo have still appear d
Should slip so grossly both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper d judgement afterward

Ang I am sorry that such sorrow I procure
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy
'Tis my deserving and I do entreat it

Re-enter PROVOST *with* BARNARDINE CLAUDIO *muffled and* JULIET

Duke Which is that Barnardine?

Prov This my lord

Duke There was a friar told me of this man
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehends no further than this world
And squarest thy life according Thou rt condemn d
But for those earthly faults I quit them all
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come Friar advise him
I leave him to your hand What muffled fellow s that?

Prov This is another prisoner that I saved
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head
As like almost to Claudio as himself

Unmuffles CLAUDIO

Duke [*To* ISABELLA] If he be like your brother for his sake
Is he pardon d and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too but fitter time for that
By this Lord Angelo perceives he s safe
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye
Well Angelo your evil quits you well
Look that you love your wife her worth worth yours

I find an apt remission in myself
And yet here s one in place I cannot pardon
[*To* LUCIO] You, sirrah that knew me for a fool a coward
One all of luxury an ass a madman
Wherein have I so deserved of you !
That you extol me thus?

Lucio Faith my lord I spoke it but according to the trick If you will hang me for it you may but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt

Duke Whipt first sir and hanged after
Proclaim it Provost round about the city
Is any woman wrong d by this lewd fellow
As I have heard him swear himself there s one
Whom he begot with child let her appear
And he shall marry her the nuptial finish d
Let him be whipt and hang d

Lucio I beseech your Highness do not marry me to a whore Your Highness said even now I made you a Duke Good my lord do not recompense me in making me a cuckold

Duke Upon mine honour thou shalt marry her
Thy slanders I forgive and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits Take him to prison
And see our pleasure herein executed

Lucio Marrying a punk my lord is pressing to death whipping and hanging

Duke Slandering a prince deserves it

[*Exeunt Officers with* LUCIO

She Claudio that you wrong d look you restore
Joy to you Mariana! Love her Angelo
I have confess d her and I know her virtue
Thanks good friend Escalus for thy much goodness
There s more behind that is more gratulate
Thanks Provost for thy care and secrecy
We shall employ thee in a worthier place
Forgive him Angelo that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio s
The offence pardons itself Dear Isabel
I have a motion much imports your good
Whereto if you ll a willing ear incline
What s mine is yours and what is yours is mine
So bring us to our palace where we ll show
What s yet behind that s meet you all should know

[*Exeunt*

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE
BRABANTIO, *a Senator*
TWO SENATORS
GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio*
LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio*
OTHELLO, *a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state*
CASSIO *his lieutenant*
IAGO, *his ancient*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman*
MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus*
CLOWN *servant to Othello*
TWO GENTLEMEN, *of Venice*
FOUR GENTLEMEN, *of Cyprus*

AN OFFICER
A HERALD
A MESSENGER
A SAILOR
A MUSICIAN

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello*
EMILIA, *wife to Iago*
BIANCA, *mistress to Cassio*

NON-SPEAKING *Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants*

SCENE *Venice, and a Sea-port in Cyprus*



ACT I

SCENE I *Venice a street*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO

Rod Tush! never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this
Iago 'Sblood, but you will not hear me
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me
Rod Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate
Iago Despise me, if I do not Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him, and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators, for, "Certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer "
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he Mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership But he, sir, had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient
Rod By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman
Iago Why, there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor
Rod I would not follow him then
Iago O sir, content you,
I follow him to serve my turn upon him
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd
Whip me such honest knaves Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,

Do well thrive by them and when they have lined their coats
Do themselves homage These fellows have some soul
And such a one do I profess myself For sir
It is as sure as you are Roderigo
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago
In following him I follow but myself
Heaven is my judge not I for love and duty
But seeming so for my peculiar end
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at I am not what I am

Rod What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
If he can carry t thus!

Iago Call up her father
Rouse him Make after him poison his delight
Proclaim him in the streets Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile climate dwell
Plague him with flies Though that his joy be joy
Yet throw such changes of vexation on t
As it may lose some colour

Rod Here is her father s house I ll call aloud

Iago Do with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities

Rod What ho Brabantio! Signior Brabantio ho!

Iago Awake! what ho Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *appears above at a window*

Bra What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod Signior is all your family within?

Iago Are your doors lock d?

Bra Why wherefore ask you this?

Iago Zounds sir you re robb d for shame put on your gown
Your heart is burst you have lost half your soul
Even now now very now an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe Arise arise
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you
Arise I say

Bra What have you lost your wits?

Rod Most reverend signior do you know my voice?

Bra Not I What are you?

Rod My name is Roderigo

Bra The worser welcome
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee and now in madness
Being full of supper and distempering draughts
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet

Rod Sir sir sir—

Bra But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee

Rod Patience good sir

Bra What tell st thou me of robbing? this is Venice
My house is not a grange

Rod Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you

Iago Zounds sir you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians you ll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse you ll have your nephews neigh to you you ll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans

Bra What profane wretch art thou?

Iago I am one sir that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs

Bra Thou art a villain

Iago You are—a senator

Bra This thou shalt answer I know thee Roderigo

Rod Sir I will answer anything But I beseech you
If t be your pleasure and most wise consent
As partly I find it is that your fair daughter
At this odd-even and dull watch o the night
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor—
If this be known to you and your allowance
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs
But if you know not this my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence
Your daughter if you have not given her leave
I say again hath made a gross revolt
Tying her duty beauty wit and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger

Of here and everywhere Straight satisfy yourself
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you

Bra Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already
Light, I say! light! [*Exit above*

Iago Farewell, for I must leave you
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor, for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business, in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him So, farewell
[*Exit*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and Servants with torches*

Bra It is too true an evil, gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers
Raise all my kindred Are they married, think you?

Rod Truly, I think they are

Bra O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod Yes, sir, I have indeed

Bra Call up my brother O, would you had had her!
Some one way, some another Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me

Bra Pray you, lead on At every house I'll call,
I may command at most Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night
On, good Roderigo, I'll deserve your pains
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Another street*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants with torches*

Iago Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contrived murder I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs

Oth 'Tis better as it is

Iago Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's He will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable

Oth Let him do his spite,
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints 'Tis yet to know—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd, for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth But, look! what lights come yond?

Iago Those are the raised father and his friends
You were best go in

Oth Not I, I must be found
My parts my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly Is it they?

Iago By Janus, I think no

Enter CASSIO, *and certain* OFFICERS *with torches*

Oth The servants of the Duke, and my lieu
tenant
The goodness of the night upon you friends!
What is the news?
Cas The Duke does greet you general
And he requires your haste post haste appear
ance
Even on the instant
Oth What is the matter think you?
Cas Something from Cyprus as I may divine
It is a business of some heat The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another s heels
And many of the consuls raised and met
Are at the Duke s already You have been hotly
call d for
When being not at your lodging to be found
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out
Oth Tis well I am found by you
I will but spend a word here in the house
And go with you [*Exit*
Cas Ancient what makes he here?
Iago Faith he to-night hath boarded a land
carack
If it prove lawful prize he s made for ever
Cas I do not understand
Iago He s married
Cas To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO

Iago Marry to—Come captain will you go?
Oth Have with you
Cas Here comes another troop to seek for you
Iago It is Brabantio General be advised
He comes to bad intent

Enter BRABANTIO RODERIGO *and Officers with torches and weapons*

Oth Holla! stand there!
Rod Signior it is the Moor
Bra Down with him thief!
They draw on both sides
Iago You Roderigo! come sir I am for you
Oth Keep up your bright swords for the dew
will rust them
Good signior you shall more command with
years
Than with your weapons
Bra O thou foul thief where hast thou stow d
my daughter?
Damn d as thou art thou hast enchanted her
For I ll refer me to all things of sense
If she in chains of magic were not bound
Whether a maid so tender fair and happy
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have to incur a general mock
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou—to fear not to delight
Judge me the world if tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion I ll have t disputed on
Tis probable and palpable to thinking
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant
Lay hold upon him If he do resist
Subdue him at his peril
Oth Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining and the rest
Were it my cue to fight I should have known it
Without a prompter Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra To prison till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer
Oth What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied
Whose messengers are here about my side
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?
1st Off Tis true most worthy signior
The Duke s in council and your noble self
I am sure is sent for
Bra How! the Duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away
Mine s not an idle cause The Duke himself
Or any of my brothers of the state
Cannot but feel this wrong as twere their own
For if such actions may have passage free
Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A council-chamber*

The DUKE *and* SENATORS *sitting at a table* OFFICERS *attending*

Duke There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit
1st Sen Indeed they are disproportion d
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys
Duke And mine a hundred and forty
2nd Sen And mine two hundred
But though they jump not on a just account—
As in these cases where the aim reports
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet and bearing up to Cyprus
Duke Nay it is possible enough to judgement
I do not so secure me in the error
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense

Sailor [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
1st Off A messenger from the galleys

Enter a SAILOR

Duke Now, what's the business?
Sail The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo
Duke How say you by this change?
1st Sen This cannot be,
By no assay of reason, 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in If we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake and wage a danger profitless
Duke Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes
1st Off Here is more news

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet
1st Sen Ay, so I thought How many, as you guess?
Mess Of thirty sail, and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him
Duke 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
1st Sen He s now in Florence
Duke Write from us to him, post-post-haste dispatch
1st Sen Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers*

Duke Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman
[*To* BRABANTIO] I did not see you, welcome, gentle signior,
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night
Bra So did I yours Good your Grace, pardon me,
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself
Duke Why, what's the matter?
Bra My daughter! O, my daughter!
All Dead?
Bra Ay, to me,
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks,
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not
Duke Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action
Bra Humbly I thank your Grace
Here is the man this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought
All We are very sorry for't
Duke [*To* OTHELLO] What, in your own part, can you say to this?
Bra Nothing, but this is so
Oth Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true, true, I have married her
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver

Of my whole course of love what drugs what charms
What conjuration and what mighty magic
For such proceeding I am charged withal
I won his daughter
Bra A maiden never bold
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush d at herself and she in spite of nature
Of years of country credit everything
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgement maim d and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell
Why this should be I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o er the blood
Or with some dram conjured to this effect
He wrought upon her
Duke To vouch this is no proof
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him
1st Sen But Othello speak
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid s affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
Oth I do beseech you
Send for the lady to the Sagittary
And let her speak of me before her father
If you do find me foul in her report
The trust the office I do hold of you
Not only take away but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life
Duke Fetch Desdemona hither
Oth Ancient conduct them you best know the place [*Exeunt* IAGO *and Attendants*
And till she come as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood
So justly to your grave ears I ll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady s love,
And she in mine
Duke Say it Othello
Oth Her father loved me oft invited me
Still question d me the story of my life
From year to year the battles sieges fortunes
That I have pass d
I ran it through even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances
Of moving accidents by flood and field
Of hair breadth scapes i the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels history
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven
It was my hint to speak—such was the process—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline
But still the house affairs would draw her thence
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch
She d come again and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse which I observing
Took once a pliant hour and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard
But not intentively I did consent
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer d My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs
She swore in faith twas strange twas passing strange,
Twas pitiful twas wondrous pitiful
She wish d she had not heard it yet she wish d
That heaven had made her such a man She thank d me
And bade me if I had a friend that loved her
I should but teach him how to tell my story
And that would woo her Upon this hint I spake
She loved me for the dangers I had pass d
And I loved her that she did pity them
This only is the witchcraft I have used
Here comes the lady let her witness it

Enter DESDEMONA IAGO *and Attendants*

Duke I think this tale would win my daughter too
Good Brabantio
Take up this mangled matter at the best
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands
Bra I pray you hear her speak
If she confess that she was half the wooer
Destruction on my head if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither gentle mistress
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?
Des My noble father
I do perceive here a divided duty
To you I am bound for life and education
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you you are the lord of duty

I am hitherto your daughter But here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord
Bra God be wi' you! I have done
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs
I had rather to adopt a child than get it
Come hither, Moor
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them I have done, my lord
Duke Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief,
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief
Bra So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not, so long as we can smile
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal
But words are words, I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state

Duke The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you, and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you You must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition

Oth The tyrant custom most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding
Duke If you please,
Be 't at her father's
Bra I'll not have it so
Oth Nor I
Des Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness
Duke What would you, Desdemona?
Des That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world My heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence Let me go with him
Oth Let her have your voices
Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!
Duke Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going The affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it
1st Sen You must away to-night
Oth With all my heart
Duke At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again

Othello leave some officer behind
And he shall our commission bring to you
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you

Oth So please your Grace my ancient
A man he is of honesty and trust
To his conveyance I assign my wife
With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me

Duke Let it be so
Good night to every one [*To* BRABANTIO] And noble signior
If virtue no delighted beauty lack
Your son in law is far more fair than black

1st Sen Adieu brave Moor use Desdemona well

Bra Look to her Moor if thou hast eyes to see
She has deceived her father and may thee

[*Exeunt* DUKE, SENATORS *Officers &c*

Oth My life upon her faith! Honest Iago
My Desdemona must I leave to thee
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her
And bring them after in the best advantage
Come Desdemona I have but an hour
Of love of worldly matters and direction
To spend with thee We must obey the time

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA

Rod Iago—

Iago What say st thou noble heart?

Rod What will I do thinkest thou?

Iago Why go to bed and sleep

Rod I will incontinently drown myself

Iago If thou dost I shall never love thee after Why thou silly gentleman!

Rod It is silliness to live when to live is torment and then have we a prescription to die when Death is our physician

Iago O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury I never found a man that knew how to love himself Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea hen I would change my humanity with a baboon

Rod What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond but it is not in my virtue to amend it

Iago Virtue! a fig! tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus Our bodies are our gardens to the which our wills are gardeners so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce set hyssop and weed up thyme supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions but we have reason to cool our raging motions our carnal stings our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion

Rod It cannot be

Iago It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will Come be a man Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies I have professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness I could never better stead thee than now Put money in thy purse follow thou the wars defeat thy favour with an usurped beard I say put money in thy purse It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her It was a violent commencement and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration—put but money in thy purse These Moors are changeable in their wills—fill thy purse with money—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida She must change for youth when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice she must have change she must therefore put money in thy purse If thou wilt needs damn thyself do it a more delicate way than drowning Make all the money thou canst If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell thou shalt enjoy her therefore make money A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her

Rod Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I depend on the issue?

Iago Thou art sure of me Go, make money I have told thee often and I re-tell thee again and again I hate the Moor my cause is hearted thine hath no less reason Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure me a sport There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered Traverse! go, provide thy money We will have more of this to-morrow Adieu

Rod Where shall we meet i the morning?

Iago At my lodging

Rod I ll be with thee betimes

Iago Go to, farewell Do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod What say you?
Iago No more of drowning, do you hear?
Rod I am changed I'll go sell all my land
[*Exit*
Iago Thus do I ever make my fool my purse,
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office I know not if't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, framed to make women false
The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are
I have't It is engender'd Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light
[*Exit*

ACT II

SCENE I *A Sea-port in Cyprus an open place near the quay*

Enter MONTANO *and* TWO GENTLEMEN

Mon What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1st Gent Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail
Mon Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land,
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?
2nd Gent A segregation of the Turkish fleet
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood
Mon If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible they bear it out

Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN

3rd Gent News, lads! our wars are done
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
That their designment halts A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet
Mon How! is this true?
3rd Gent The ship is here put in
A Veronese, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore, the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus
Mon I am glad on't, 'tis a worthy governor
3rd Gent But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe, for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest
Mon Pray heavens he be,
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard
3rd Gent Come, let's do so,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance

Enter CASSIO

Cas Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea
Mon Is he well shipp'd?
Cas His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance,
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure
A cry within, "A sail, a sail, a sail!"

Enter a FOURTH GENTLEMAN

Cas What noise?
4th Gent The town is empty, on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail!"
Cas My hopes do shape him for the governor
Guns heard

2nd Gent They do discharge their shot of courtesy
Our friends at least
Cas I pray you sir go forth
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived
2nd Gent I shall [*Exit*
Mon But good lieutenant is your general wived?
Cas Most fortunately He hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener

Re-enter SECOND GENTLEMAN

How now! who has put in?
2nd Gent 'Tis one Iago ancient to the general
Cas He has had most favourable and happy speed
Tempests themselves high seas and howling winds
The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel—
As having sense of beauty do omit
Their mortal natures letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona
Mon What is she?
Cas She that I spake of our great captain's captain
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed Great Jove, Othello guard
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA IAGO RODERIGO *and Attendants*

O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus let her have your knees
Hail to thee lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before behind thee and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des I thank you, valiant Cassio
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas He is not yet arrived nor know I aught
But that he's well and will be shortly here
Des O but I fear—how lost you company?
Cas The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship—But hark! a sail
Within, A sail a sail! *Guns heard*
2nd Gent They give their greeting to the citadel
This likewise is a friend
Cas See for the news [*Exit* GENTLEMAN
Good ancient you are welcome [*To* EMILIA]
Welcome mistress
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago
That I extend my manners 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy
Kissing her
Iago Sir would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough
Des Alas she has no speech
Iago In faith too much
I find it still when I have list to sleep
Marry before your ladyship I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart
And chides with thinking
Emil You have little cause to say so
Iago Come on come on you are pictures out of doors
Bells in your parlours wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries devils being offended
Players in your housewifery and housewives in your beds
Des O fie upon thee slanderer!
Iago Nay it is true or else I am a Turk
You rise to play and go to bed to work
Emil You shall not write my praise
Iago No let me not
Des What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?
Iago O gentle lady do not put me to't
For I am nothing if not critical
Des Come on assay There's one gone to the harbour?
Iago Ay madam
Des I am not merry but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise
Come how wouldst thou praise me?
Iago I am about it but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize
It plucks out brains and all But my Muse labours
And thus she is deliver'd
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit
The one's for use the other useth it
Des Well praised! How if she be black and witty?
Iago If she be black and thereto have a wit
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit
Des Worse and worse
Emil How if fair and foolish?
Iago She never yet was foolish that was fair
For even her folly help'd her to an heir

Des These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do

Des O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said, "Now I may",
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were—

Des To do what?

Iago To suckle fools and chronicle small beer

Des O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas He speaks home, madam You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar

Iago [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm, ay, well said, whisper With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio Ay, smile upon her, do, I will gyve thee in thine own courtship You say true, 'tis so, indeed If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in Very good, well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within*] The Moor! I know his trumpet

Cas 'Tis truly so

Des Let's meet him and receive him

Cas Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO *and Attendants*

Oth O my fair warrior!

Des My dear Othello!

Oth It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate

Des The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of joy
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
Kissing her
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am

Oth Come, let us to the castle
News, friends, our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers
Bring thou the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect Come, Desdemona,
Once more, well met at Cyprus

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants*

Iago Do thou meet me presently at the harbour Come hither If thou be'st valiant—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them—list me The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard First, I must tell thee this —Desdemona is directly in love with him

Rod With him! why, 'tis not possible

Iago Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies, and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties, all which the Moor is defective in Now, for want of these required conveniences her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge disrelish and abhor Moor, very nature will instruct her in

compel her to some second choice Now sir this granted—as it is a most pregnant and un forced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why none, why none a slipper and subtle knave a finder of oc casion that has an eye can stamp and counter feit advantages though true advantage never present itself a devilish knave Besides the knave is handsome young and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after a pestilent complete knave and the woman hath found him already

Rod I cannot believe that in her she s full of most blessed condition

Iago Blessed fig s-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes If she had been blessed she would never have loved the Moor Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod Yes that I did but that was but cour tesy

Iago Lechery by this hand an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together Villainous thoughts Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way hard at hand comes the master and main exercise the incorporate conclusion Pish! But sir be you ruled by me I have brought you from Venice Watch you to-night for the command I ll lay t upon you Cassio knows you not I ll not be far from you Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio either by speaking too loud or tainting his discipline or from what other course you please which the time shall more favourably minister

Rod Well

Iago Sir he is rash and very sudden in choler and haply may strike at you Provoke him that he may for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displant ing of Cassio So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to *prefer them* and the *impediment most profitably* removed without the which there were no ex pectation of our prosperity

Rod I will do this if I can bring it to any opportunity

Iago I warrant thee Meet me by and by at the citadel I must fetch his necessaries ashore Farewell

Rod Adieu [*Exit*

Iago That Cassio loves her I do well believe it
That she loves him tis apt and of great credit
The Moor howbeit that I endure him not
Is of a constant loving noble nature
And I dare think he ll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband Now I do love her too
Not out of absolute lust though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap d into my seat the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my in-wards
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even d with him wife for wife,
Or failing so yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure Which thing to do
If this poor trash of Venice whom I trash
For his quick hunting stand the putting on
I ll have our Michael Cassio on the hip
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—
Make the Moor thank me love me and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness Tis here but yet confused
Knavery s plain face is never seen till used [*Exit*

SCENE II *A street*

Enter a HERALD *with a proclamation People following*

Her It is Othello s pleasure our noble and valiant general that upon certain tidings now ar rived importing the mere perdition of the Turk ish fleet every man put himself into triumph some to dance, *some to make* bonfires each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him for besides these beneficial news it is the cele bration of his nuptial So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed All offices are open, *and there is full liberty of feasting from this present* hour of five till the bell have told eleven Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A hall in the castle*

Enter OTHELLO DESDEMONA CASSIO *and Attendants*

Oth Good Michael look you to the guard to-night
Let s teach ourselves that honourable stop
Not to outsport discretion

Cas Iago hath direction what to do

But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't

Oth Iago is most honest
Michael, good night To-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you [*To Desdemona*]
Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you
Good night

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants*

Enter IAGO

Cas Welcome, Iago, we must to the watch

Iago Not this hour, lieutenant, 'tis not yet ten o'clock Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame He hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove

Cas She's a most exquisite lady

Iago And, I'll warrant her, full of game

Cas Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature

Iago What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation

Cas An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest

Iago And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas She is indeed perfection

Iago Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello

Cas Not to-night, good Iago I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment

Iago O, they are our friends, but one cup, I'll drink for you

Cas I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more

Iago What, man! 'tis a night of revels The gallants desire it

Cas Where are they?

Iago Here at the door, I pray you, call them in

Cas I'll do't, but it dislikes me [*Exit*

Iago If I can fasten but one cup upon him
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep, and he's to watch
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle But here they come
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO *and* GENTLEMEN, *Servants following with wine*

Cas 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already

Mon Good faith, a little one, not past a pint, as I am a soldier

Iago Some wine, ho!
[*Sings*] "And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink
A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,
Why, then, let a soldier drink "
Some wine, boys!

Cas 'Fore God, an excellent song

Iago I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting, your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English

Cas Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk, he sweats not to overthrow your Almain, he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled

Cas To the health of our general!

Mon I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice

Iago O sweet England!
"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown

"He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee "
Some wine, ho!

Cas Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other

Iago Will you hear 't again?

Cas No for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things Well God s above all and there be souls must be saved and there be souls must not be saved

Iago It s true good lieutenant

Cas For mine own part—no offence to the general nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved

Iago And so do I too lieutenant

Cas Ay but by your leave not before me the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient Let s have no more of this let s to our affairs —For give us our *sins*!—Gentlemen let s look to our business Do not think gentlemen I am drunk This is my ancient this is my right hand and this is my left I am not drunk now I can stand well enough and speak well enough

All Excellent well

Cas Why very well then you must not think then that I am drunk [*Exit*

Mon To the platform masters come let s set the watch

Iago You see this fellow that is gone before
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction and do but see his vice
Tis to his virtue a just equinox
The one as long as the other tis pity of him
I fear the trust Othello puts him in
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island

Mon But is he often thus?

Iago 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep
He ll watch the horologe a double set
If drink rock not his cradle

Mon It were well
The general were put in mind of it
Perhaps he sees it not or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
And looks not on his evils Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO

Iago [*Aside to him*] How now Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant go
[*Exit* RODERIGO

Mon And tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor

Iago Not I for this fair island
I do love Cassio well and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But hark! what noise?

Cry within Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO *driving in* RODERIGO

Cas You rogue! you rascal!

Mon What s the matter lieutenant?

Cas A knave teach me my duty!
I ll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle

Rod Beat me!

Cas Dost thou prate rogue?

Striking RODERIGO

Mon Nay good lieutenant

Staying him

I pray you sir hold your hand

Cas Let me go sir
Or I ll knock you o er the mazzard

Mon Come come you re drunk

Cas Drunk! [*They fight*]

Iago [*Aside to* RODERIGO] Away I say go out and cry a mutiny [*Exit* RODERIGO
Nay good lieutenant—alas gentlemen—
Help ho!—Lieutenant—sir—Montano—sir—
Help masters!—Here s a goodly watch indeed!

Bell rings

Who s that which rings the bell?—Diablo ho!
The town will rise God s will lieutenant hold!
You will be shamed for ever

Re enter OTHELLO *and Attendants*

Oth What is the matter here?

Mon Zounds I bleed still I am hurt to the death [*Faints*]

Oth Hold for your lives!

Iago Hold ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—gentlemen—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you hold ho! for shame!

Oth Why how now ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn d Turks and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light he dies upon his motion
Silence that dreadful bell it frights the isle
From her propriety What is the matter masters?
Honest Iago that look st dead with grieving
Speak who began this? on thy love I charge thee

Iago I do not know Friends all but now even now
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed and then but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men—
Swords out and tilting one at other s breast
In opposition bloody I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds
And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth How comes it, Michael, you are thus for-
got?
Cas I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak
Oth Worthy Montano, you were wont be
civil,
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it
Mon Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now
offends me—
Of all that I do know, nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us
Oth Now, by heaven,
My blood begins *my safer guides to rule*,
And passion, having my best judgement collied,
Assays to lead the way If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous Iago, who began 't?
Mon If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier
Iago Touch me not so near
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio,
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him Thus it is, general
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined
sword,
To execute upon him Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright He, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them
More of this matter cannot I report
But men are men, the best sometimes forget
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them
best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity
Which patience could not pass
Oth I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine

Re-enter DESDEMONA, *attended*

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
I'll make thee an example
Des What's the matter?
Oth All's well now, sweeting, come away to
bed
Sir, *for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon*
Lead him off [*To* MONTANO, *who is led off*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted
Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife
[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO
Iago What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas Ay, past all surgery
Iago Marry, heaven forbid!
Cas Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial My reputation, Iago, my reputation!
Iago As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound, there is more sense in that than in reputation Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser What, man! there are ways to recover the general again You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion Sue to him again, and he's yours
Cas I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken and so indiscreet an officer Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas I know not

Iago Is t possible?

Cas I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly a quarrel but nothing wherefore O God that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy pleasance revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago Why but you are now well enough How came you thus recovered?

Cas It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath One unperfectness shows me another to make me frankly despise myself

Iago Come, you are too severe a moraler As the time, the place and the condition of this country stands I could heartily wish this had not befallen but since it is as it is mend it for your own good

Cas I will ask him for my place again he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra such an answer would stop them all To be now a sensible man by and by a fool and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil

Iago Come come good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used exclaim no more against it And good lieutenant I think you think I love you

Cas I have well approved it sir I drunk!

Iago You or any man living may be drunk at a time man I ll tell you what you shall do Our general s wife is now the general I may say so in this respect for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces Confess your self freely to her importune her help to put you in your place again She is of so free so kind so apt so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter and my fortunes against any lay worth naming this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before

Cas You advise me well

Iago I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness

Cas I think it freely and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here

Iago You are in the right Good night lieutenant I must to the watch

Cas Good night honest Iago [*Exit*

Iago And what s he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit she s framed as fruitful
As the free elements And then for her
To win the Moor—were t to renounce his baptism
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin
His soul is so enfetter d to her love
That she may make unmake do what she list
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on
They do *suggest at first with heavenly shows*
As I do now for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor
I ll pour this pestilence into his ear
That she repeals him for her body s lust
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor
So will I turn her virtue into pitch
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all

Re-enter RODERIGO

How now Roderigo!

Rod I do follow here in the chase not like a hound that hunts but one that fills up the cry My money is almost spent I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled and I think the issue will be I shall have so much experience for my pains and so with no money at all and a little more wit return again to Venice

Iago How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know st we work by wit and not by witchcraft
And wit depends on dilatory time
Does t not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt hast cashier d Cassio
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe
Content thyself awhile By the mass tis morning
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short
Retire thee go where thou art billeted
Away I say thou shalt know more hereafter

Nay, get thee gone [*Exit* RODERIGO] Two things are to be done
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,
I'll set her on,
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife Ay, that's the way,
Dull not device by coldness and delay [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *Before the castle*

Enter CASSIO *and some* MUSICIANS

Cas Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief, and bid "Good morrow, general"
Music

Enter CLOWN

Clo Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1st Mus How, sir, how!

Clo Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

1st Mus Ay, marry, are they, sir

Clo O, thereby hangs a tail

1st Mus Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know But, masters, here's money for you, and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it

1st Mus Well, sir, we will not

Clo If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again, but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care

1st Mus We have none such, sir

Clo Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away Go, vanish into air, away!
[*Exeunt* MUSICIANS

Cas Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo No, I hear not your honest friend, I hear you

Cas Prithee, keep up thy quillets There's a poor piece of gold for thee If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring tell her there s one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech Wilt thou do this?

Clo She is stirring sir If she will stir hither,
I shall seem to notify unto her

Cas Do, good my friend [*Exit* CLOWN

Enter IAGO

In happy time, Iago

Iago You have not been a bed, then?

Cas Why, no, the day had broke
Before we parted I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife My suit to her
Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access

Iago I'll send her to you presently,
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free

Cas I humbly thank you for't [*Exit* IAGO
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest

Enter EMILIA

Emil Good morrow, good lieutenant I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will sure be well
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly The Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you, but he protests he loves you
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again

Cas Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone

Emil Pray you, come in
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely

Cas I am much bound to you [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A room in the castle*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* GENTLEMEN

Oth These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me

Iago Well, my good lord I'll do 't

Oth This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

Gent We'll wait upon your lordship [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The garden of the castle*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA

Des Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf

Emil Good madam do I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his

Des O, that's an honest fellow Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were
Cas Bounteous madam
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio
He s never anything but your true servant
Des I know t I thank you You do love my lord
You have known him long and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance
Cas Ay but lady
That policy may either last so long
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That I being absent and my place supplied
My general will forget my love and service
Des Do not doubt that before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place Assure thee
If I do vow a friendship I ll perform it
To the last article My lord shall never rest
I ll watch him tame and talk him out of patience
His bed shall seem a school his board a shrift
I ll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio s suit Therefore be merry Cassio
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO

Emil Madam, here comes my lord
Cas Madam I ll take my leave
Des Why stay and hear me speak.
Cas Madam, not now I am very ill at ease
Unfit for mine own purposes
Des Well do your discretion [*Exit* CASSIO
Iago Ha! I like not that
Oth What dost thou say?
Iago Nothing my lord or if—I know not what
Oth Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago Cassio my lord! No sure, I cannot think it
That he would steal away so guilty like,
Seeing you coming
Oth I do believe twas he
Des How now my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here
A man that languishes in your displeasure
Oth Who is t you mean?
Des Why your lieutenant Cassio Good my lord
If I have any grace or power to move you
His present reconciliation take
For if he be not one that truly loves you
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning
I have no judgement in an honest face
I prithee call him back
Oth Went he hence now?
Des Ay sooth so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him Good love call him back
Oth Not now sweet Desdemona some other time
Des But shall t be shortly?
Oth The sooner sweet for you
Des Shall t be to-night at supper?
Oth No not to-night
Des To-morrow dinner then?
Oth I shall not dine at home
I meet the captains at the citadel
Des Why then to-morrow night or Tuesday morn
On Tuesday noon or night on Wednesday morn
I prithee name the time but let it not
Exceed three days In faith he s penitent
And yet his trespass in our common reason—
Save that they say the wars must make examples
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check When shall he come?
Tell me Othello I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny
Or stand so mammering on What! Michael Cassio
That came a wooing with you and so many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta en your part to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me I could do much—
Oth Prithee, no more Let him come when he will
I will deny thee nothing
Des Why this is not a boon
Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves
Or feed on nourishing dishes or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person Nay when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight
And fearful to be granted
Oth I will deny thee nothing
Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this
To leave me but a little to myself
Des Shall I deny you? no Farewell my lord
Oth Farewell my Desdemona I ll come to thee straight
Des Emilia come Be as your fancies teach you
Whate er you be I am obedient
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA

Oth Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again
Iago My noble lord—
Oth What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth He did, from first to last Why dost thou ask?
Iago But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm
Oth Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago I did not think he had been acquainted with her
Oth O, yes, and went between us very oft
Iago Indeed!
Oth Indeed! ay, indeed Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago Honest, my lord!
Oth Honest! ay, honest
Iago My lord, for aught I know
Oth What dost thou think?
Iago Think, my lord!
Oth Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown Thou dost mean something
I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,
When Cassio left my wife What didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought
Iago My lord, you know I love you
Oth I think thou dost,
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more,
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
They are close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule
Iago For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest
Oth I think so too
Iago Men should be what they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth Certain, men should be what they seem
Iago Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man
Oth Nay, yet there's more in this
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words
Iago Good my lord, pardon me
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts
Iago I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts
Oth What dost thou mean?
Iago Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands,
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed
Oth By heaven I'll know thy thoughts
Iago You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody
Oth Ha!
Iago O, beware, my lord, of jealousy,
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on That cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger,—

But O what damned minutes tells he o er
Who dotes yet doubts suspects yet strongly loves!
Oth O misery!
Iago Poor and content is rich and rich enough
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor
Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth Why why is this?
Think st thou I d make a life of jealousy
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises
Matching thy inference Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair feeds well loves company
Is free of speech sings plays and dances well
Where virtue is these are more virtuous
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt
For she had eyes and chose me No Iago
I ll see before I doubt when I doubt prove
And on the proof there is no more but this—
Away at once with love or jealousy!
Iago I am glad of it for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit therefore as I am bound
Receive it from me I speak not yet of proof
Look to your wife observe her well with Cassio
Wear your eye thus not jealous nor secure
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self bounty be abused look to t
I know our country disposition well
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands their best conscience
Is not to leave t undone but keep t unknown
Oth Dost thou say so?
Iago She did deceive her father marrying you
And when she seem d to shake and fear your looks
She loved them most
Oth And so she did
Iago Why go to then
She that so young could give out such a seeming
To seel her father s eyes up close as oak—
He thought twas witchcraft—but I am much to blame
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you
Oth I am bound to thee for ever
Iago I see this hath a little dash d your spirits
Oth Not a jot not a jot
Iago I faith I fear it has
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love But I do see you re moved
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion
Oth I will not
Iago Should you do so my lord
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at Cassio s my worthy friend—
My lord I see you re moved
Oth No not much moved
I do not think but Desdemona s honest
Iago Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth And yet how nature erring from itself—
Iago Ay there s the point as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime complexion and degree
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank
Foul disproportion thoughts unnatural
But pardon me I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her though I may fear
Her will recoiling to her better judgement
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent
Oth Farewell farewell
If more thou dost perceive let me know more
Set on thy wife to observe Leave me Iago
Iago [*Going*] My lord I take my leave
Oth Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more much more than he unfolds
Iago [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further leave it to time
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place
For sure he fills it up with great ability
Yet if you please to hold him off awhile
You shall by that perceive him and his means
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity
Much will be seen in that In the mean time
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free I do beseech your honour
Oth Fear not my government
Iago I once more take my leave [*Exit*
Oth This fellow s of exceeding honesty

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
She's gone I am abused, and my relief
Must be to loathe her O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatived are they less than the base,
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken Desdemona comes,

Re-enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe 't
Des How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence
Oth I am to blame
Des Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth I have a pain upon my forehead here
Des 'Faith, that's with watching, 'twill away again
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well
Oth Your napkin is too little
He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops
Let it alone Come, I'll go in with you
Des I am very sorry that you are not well
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA
Emil I am glad I have found this napkin,
This was her first remembrance from the Moor
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago What he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I,
I nothing but to please his fantasy

Re-enter IAGO

Iago How now! what do you here alone?
Emil Do not you chide, I have a thing for you
Iago A thing for me? it is a common thing—
Emil Ha!
Iago To have a foolish wife
Emil O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago What handkerchief?
Emil What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steal
Iago Hast stol'n it from her?
Emil No, 'faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up
Look, here it is
Iago A good wench, give it me
Emil What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago [*Snatching it*] Why, what's that to you?
Emil If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again Poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it
Iago Be not acknown on't, I have use for it
Go, leave me [*Exit* EMILIA
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ, this may do something
The Moor already changes with my poison
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur I did say so
Look, where he comes!

Re-enter OTHELLO

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday
Oth Ha! ha! false to me?
Iago Why, how now, general! no more of that
Oth Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little
Iago How now, my lord!
Oth What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me
I slept the next night well, was free and merry,
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all
Iago I am sorry to hear this
Oth I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump
The spirit stirring drum the ear piercing fife
The royal banner and all quality
Pride pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines whose rude throats
The immortal Jove s dread clamours counterfeit
Farewell! Othello s occupation s gone!

Iago Is t possible my lord?

Oth Villain be sure thou prove my love a whore
Be sure of it give me the ocular proof
Or by the worth of man s eternal soul
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago Is t come to this?

Oth Make me to see t or at the least so prove it
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on or woe upon thy life!

Iago My noble lord—

Oth If thou dost slander her and torture me
Never pray more abandon all remorse
On horror's head horrors accumulate
Do deeds to make heaven weep all earth amazed
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that

Iago O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
God be wi you take mine office O wretched fool
That livest to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note O world
To be direct and honest is not safe
I thank you for this profit and from hence
I ll love no friend sith love breeds such offence

Oth Nay stay Thou shouldst be honest

Iago I should be wise, for honesty s a fool
And loses that it works for

Oth By the world
I think my wife be honest and think she is not
I think that thou art just and think thou art not
I ll have some proof Her name that was as fresh
As Dian s visage is now begrimed and black
As mine own face If there be cords or knives
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams
I ll not endure it Would I were satisfied!

Iago I see sir you are eaten up with passion
I do repent me that I put it to you
You would be satisfied?

Oth Would! nay I will

Iago And may but how? how satisfied my lord?
Would you, the supervisor grossly gape on—
Behold her topp d?

Oth Death and damnation! O!

Iago It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect Damn them then
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where s satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this
Were they as prime as goats as hot as monkeys
As salt as wolves in pride and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk But yet I say
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth
Will give you satisfaction you may have t

Oth Give me a living reason she s disloyal

Iago I do not like the office
But sith I am enter d in this cause so far
Prick d to t by foolish honesty and love
I will go on I lay with Cassio lately
And being troubled with a raging tooth
I could not sleep
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs
One of this kind is Cassio
In sleep I heard him say Sweet Desdemona
Let us be wary let us hide our loves
And then sir would he gripe and wring my hand
Cry O sweet creature! and then kiss me hard
As if he pluck d up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips then laid his leg
Over my thigh and sigh d and kiss d and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!

Oth O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago Nay this was but his dream

Oth But this denoted a foregone conclusion
'Tis a shrewd doubt though it be but a dream

Iago And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly

Oth I ll tear her all to pieces

Iago Nay, but be wise yet we see nothing done
She may be honest yet Tell me but this
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife s hand?

Oth I gave her such a one twas my first gift

Iago I know not that but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife s—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with

Oth If it be that—

Iago If it be that or any that was hers
It speaks against her with the other proofs

Oth O that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor too weak for my revenge

Now do I see 'tis true Look here, Iago,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven
'Tis gone
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago Yet be content

Oth O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago Patience, I say, your mind perhaps may change

Oth Never, Iago Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up Now, by yond marble heaven,
[*Kneels*] In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words

Iago Do not rise yet
[*Kneels*] Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever [*They rise*]

Oth I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive

Iago My friend is dead, 'tis done at your request
But let her live

Oth Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil Now art thou my lieutenant

Iago I am your own for ever [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Before the castle*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* CLOWN

Des Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo I dare not say he lies anywhere

Des Why, man?

Clo He's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing

Des Go to Where lodges he?

Clo To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie

Des Can anything be made of this?

Clo I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat

Des Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions, and by them answer

Des Seek him, bid him come hither Tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well

Clo To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it [*Exit*

Des Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil I know not, madam

Des Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes, and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking

Emil Is he not jealous?

Des Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him

Emil Look, where he comes

Des I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him

Enter OTHELLO

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth Well, my good lady [*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des Well, my good lord

Oth Give me your hand This hand is moist, my lady

Des It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow

Oth This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart,
Hot, hot, and moist This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one

Des You may, indeed, say so,
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart

Oth A liberal hand The hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts

Des I cannot speak of this Come now, your promise

Oth What promise chuck?
Des I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you
Oth I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me
Lend my thy handkerchief
Des Here my lord
Oth That which I gave you
Des I have it not about me
Oth Not?
Des No indeed my lord
Oth That is a fault
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give
She was a charmer and could almost read
The thoughts of people She told her while she kept it,
Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it my father s eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies She dying gave it me
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her I did so and take heed on t
Make it a darling like your precious eye
To lose t or give t away were such perdition
As nothing else could match
Des Is t possible?
Oth 'Tis true there s magic in the web of it
A sibyl that had number d in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses
In her prophetic fury sew d the work
The worms were hallow d that did breed the silk
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens hearts
Des Indeed! is t true?
Oth Most veritable therefore look to t well
Des Then would to God that I had never seen t!
Oth Ha! wherefore?
Des Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth Is t lost? is t gone? speak is it out o the way?
Des Heaven bless us!
Oth Say you?
Des It is not lost but what an if it were?
Oth How!
Des I say it is not lost
Oth Fetch t let me see t
Des Why so I can, sir but I will not now
This is a trick to put me from my suit
Pray you let Cassio be received again
Oth Fetch me the handkerchief My mind misgives
Des Come, come
You ll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth The handkerchief!
Des I pray talk me of Cassio
Oth The handkerchief!
Des A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love
Shared dangers with you—
Oth The handkerchief!
Des In sooth you are to blame
Oth Away! [*Exit*
Emil Is not this man jealous?
Des I ne er saw this before
Sure there s some wonder in this handkerchief
I am most unhappy in the loss of it
Emil Tis not a year or two shows us a man
They are all but stomachs and we all but food
They eat us hungerly and when they are full
They belch us Look you Cassio and my husband!

Enter CASSIO *and* IAGO

Iago There is no other way tis she must do t
And lo the happiness! go and importune her
Des How now good Cassio! what s the news with you?
Cas Madam my former suit I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour I would not be delay d
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Nor purposed merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again
But to know so must be my benefit
So shall I clothe me in a forced content
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune s alms
Des Alas thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune
My lord is not my lord nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter d
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! you must awhile be patient
What I can do I will and more I will
Than for myself I dare Let that suffice you
Iago Is my lord angry?
Emil He went hence but now
And certainly in strange unquietness
Iago Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air
And like the devil from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother—and can he be angry?
Something of moment then I will go meet him.
There s matter in t indeed, if he be angry

Des I prithee, do so [*Exit* IAGO
Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit, and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object 'Tis even so,
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul,
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely

Emil Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you

Des Alas the day! I never gave him cause

Emil But jealous souls will not be answer'd so,
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous 'Tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself

Des Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil Lady, amen

Des I will go seek him Cassio, walk here about
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost

Cas I humbly thank your ladyship
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA

Enter BIANCA

Bian Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house

Bian And I was going to your lodging, Cassio
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas Pardon me, Bianca
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd,
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence Sweet Bianca,
Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief
Take me this work out

Bian O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend
To the felt absence now I feel a cause,
Is't come to this? Well, well

Cas Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance
No, in good troth, Bianca

Bian Why, whose is it?

Cas I know not, sweet I found it in my chamber
I like the work well Ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time

Bian Leave you! wherefore?

Cas I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd

Bian Why, I pray you?

Cas Not that I love you not

Bian But that you do not love me
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night

Cas 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'll see you soon

Bian 'Tis very good, I must be circumstanced
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Cyprus before the castle*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO

Iago Will you think so?

Oth Think so, Iago!

Iago What,
To kiss in private?

Oth An unauthorized kiss

Iago Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven

Iago So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip
But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

Oth What then?

Iago Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord, and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man

Oth She is protectress of her honour too
May she give that?

Iago Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft that have it not
But for the handkerchief—

Oth By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it

Thou said st—O it comes o er my memory
As doth the raven o er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief

Iago Ay what of that?

Oth That s not so good now

Iago What
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad
Who *having by their own importunate suit*
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress
Convinced or supplied them cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth Hath he said any thing?

Iago He hath my lord but be you well assured
No more than he ll unswear

Oth What hath he said?

Iago Faith that he did—I know not what he did

Oth What? what?

Iago Lie—

Oth With her?

Iago With her on her what you will

Oth Lie with her! lie on her! We say *lie on her* when they belie her Lie with her! that s fulsome —Handkerchief—confessions —handkerchief!—To confess and be hanged for his labour—first to be hanged, and then to confess —I tremble at it Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction It is not words that shake me thus Pish! Noses ears and lips —Is t possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil! [*Falls in a trance*]

Iago Work on
My medicine work! Thus credulous fools are caught
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
All guiltless meet reproach What ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO

How now Cassio!

Cas What s the matter?

Iago My lord is fall n into an epilepsy
This is his second fit he had one yesterday

Cas Rub him about the temples

Iago No forbear
The lethargy must have his quiet course
If not he foams at mouth and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness Look he stirs
Do you withdraw yourself a little while
He will recover straight When he is gone
I would on great occasion speak with you
[*Exit* CASSIO

How is it general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth Dost thou mock me?

Iago I mock you! no by heaven
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth A horned man s a monster and a beast

Iago There s many a beast then in a populous city
And many a civil monster

Oth Did he confess it?

Iago Good sir be a man
Think every bearded fellow that s but yoked
May draw with you There s millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar your case is better
O tis the spite of hell the fiend s arch mock
To lip a wanton in a secure couch
And to suppose her chaste! No let me know
And knowing what I am I know what she shall be

Oth O thou art wise tis certain

Iago Stand you awhile apart
Confine yourself but in a patient list
Whilst you were here o erwhelmed with your grief—
A *passion most unsuiting such a man*—
Cassio came hither I shifted him away
And laid good scuse upon your ecstasy
Bade him anon return and here speak with me
The which he promised Do but encave yourself
And mark the fleers the gibes and notable scorns
That dwell in every region of his face
For I will make him tell the tale anew
Where how how oft how long ago and when
He hath and is again to cope your wife
I say but mark his gesture Marry patience
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen
And nothing of a man

Oth Dost thou hear Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody

Iago That s not amiss
But yet keep time in all Will you withdraw?
[OTHELLO *retires*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio as tis the strumpet s plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one
He when he hears of her cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter Here he comes

Re-enter CASSIO

As he shall smile Othello shall go mad
And his unbookish jealousy must construe

Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me

Iago Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't
[*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Cas Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth Look, how he laughs already!

Iago I never knew woman love man so

Cas Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me

Oth Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out

Iago Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er Go to, well said, well said

Iago She gives it out that you shall marry her
Do you intend it?

Cas Ha, ha, ha!

Oth Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholesome Ha, ha, ha!

Oth So, so, so, so, they laugh that win

Iago 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her

Cas Prithee, say true

Iago I am a very villain else

Oth Have you scored me? Well

Cas This is the monkey's own giving out she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise

Oth Iago beckons me, now he begins the story

Cas She was here even now, she haunts me in every place I was the other day talking on the sea bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

Oth Crying, "O dear Cassio!" as it were, his gesture imports it

Cas So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so hales, and pulls me Ha, ha, ha!

Oth Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to

Cas Well, I must leave her company

Iago Before me! look, where she comes

Cas 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one

Enter BIANCA

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't

Cas How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian An you'll come to supper to-night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepared for [*Exit*

Iago After her, after her

Cas 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else

Iago Will you sup there?

Cas 'Faith, I intend so

Iago Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you

Cas Prithee, come, will you?

Iago Go to, say no more [*Exit* CASSIO

Oth [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth O Iago!

Iago And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth Was that mine?

Iago Yours, by this hand, and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore

Oth I would have him nine years a-killing A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago Nay, you must forget that

Oth Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live No, my heart is turned to stone, I strike it, and it hurts my hand O, the world hath not a sweeter creature! She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks

Iago Nay, that's not your way

Oth Hang her! I do but say what she is so delicate with her needle, an admirable musician O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear Of so high and plenteous wit and invention—

Iago She's the worse for all this

Oth O, a thousand thousand times And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago Ay, too gentle

Oth Nay, that's certain, but yet the pity of it Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend, for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody

Oth I will chop her into messes Cuckold me!

Iago O tis foul in her

Oth With mine officer!

Iago That s fouler

Oth Get me some poison Iago this night I ll not expostulate with her lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again This night Iago

Iago Do it not with poison strangle her in her bed even the bed she hath contaminated

Oth Good good the justice of it pleases very good

Iago And for Cassio let me be his undertaker
You shall hear more by midnight

Oth Excellent good

A trumpet within

What trumpet is that same?

Iago Something from Venice sure Tis Lodovico
Come from the Duke And see your wife is with him

Enter LODOVICO DESDEMONA *and Attendants*

Lod Save you worthy general!

Oth With all my heart sir

Lod The Duke and Senators of Venice greet you [*Gives him a letter*]

Oth I kiss the instrument of their pleasures

Opens the letter and reads

Des And what s the news good cousin Lodovico?

Iago I am very glad to see you signior
Welcome to Cyprus

Lod I thank you How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago Lives sir

Des Cousin, there s fall n between him and my lord
An unkind breach but you shall make all well

Oth Are you sure of that?

Des My lord?

Oth [*Reads*] This fail you not to do as you will —

Lod He did not call he s busy in the paper
Is there division twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des A most unhappy one I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio

Oth Fire and brimstone!

Des My lord?

Oth Are you wise?

Des What is he angry?

Lod May be the letter moved him
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government

Des Trust me I am glad on t

Oth Indeed!

Des My lord?

Oth I am glad to see you mad

Des Why sweet Othello—

Oth [*Striking her*] Devil!

Des I have not deserved this

Lod My lord this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw t Tis very much
Make her amends she weeps

Oth O devil devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman s tears
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile
Out of my sight!

Des I will not stay to offend you [*Going*

Lod Truly an obedient lady
I do beseech your lordship call her back

Oth Mistress!

Des My lord?

Oth What would you with her sir?

Lod Who I my lord?

Oth Ay you did wish that I would make her turn
Sir she can turn and turn and yet go on
And turn again and she can weep sir weep
And she s obedient as you say obedient
Very obedient Proceed you in your tears
Concerning this sir—O well painted passion!—
I am commanded home Get you away
I ll send for you anon Sir I obey the mandate
And will return to Venice Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit* DESDEMONA

Cassio shall have my place And sir to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together
You are welcome, sir to Cyprus —Goats and monkeys! [*Exit*

Lod Is this the noble Moor whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago He is much changed

Lod Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?

Iago He s that he is I may not breathe my censure
What he might be If what he might he is not
I would to heaven he were!

Lod What strike his wife!

Iago Faith that was not so well yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood
And new-create this fault?

Iago Alas alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech Do but go after,
And mark how he continues

Lod I am sorry that I am deceived in him [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A room in the castle*

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA

Oth You have seen nothing then?
Emil Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect
Oth Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together
Emil But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them
Oth What, did they never whisper?
Emil Never, my lord
Oth Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil Never
Oth To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil Never, my lord
Oth That's strange
Emil I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake If you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander
Oth Bid her come hither, go [*Exit* EMILIA
She says enough, yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets,
And yet she'll kneel and pray, I have seen her do't

Enter DESDEMONA *with* EMILIA

Des My lord, what is your will?
Oth Pray, chuck, come hither
Des What is your pleasure?
Oth Let me see your eyes,
Look in my face
Des What horrible fancy's this?
Oth [*To* EMILIA] Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone and shut the door,
Cough, or cry "hem," if anybody come
Your mystery, your mystery, nay, dispatch [*Exit* EMILIA
Des Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words
Oth Why, what art thou?
Des Your wife, my lord, your true
And loyal wife
Oth Come, swear it, damn thyself,
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee, therefore be double damn'd
Swear thou art honest
Des Heaven doth truly know it
Oth Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell
Des To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?
Oth O Desdemona! away! away! away!
Des Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me If you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too
Oth Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience, but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well,
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des I hope my noble lord esteems me honest
Oth O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush d within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear it What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Des By heaven you do me wrong

Oth Are not you a strumpet?

Des No as I am a Christian
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a *strumpet* I am none

Oth What not a whore?

Des No as I shall be saved

Oth Is t possible?

Des O heaven forgive us!

Oth I cry you mercy then
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello [*Raising his voice*]
You mistress
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA

You you ay you!
We have done our course there s money for your pains
I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel [*Exit*

Emil Alas what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you madam? how do you my good lady?

Des Faith half asleep

Emil Good madam what s the matter with my lord?

Des With who?

Emil Why with my lord madam

Des Who is thy lord?

Emil He that is yours sweet lady

Des I have none Do not talk to me Emilia
I cannot weep nor answer have I none
But what should go by water Prithee to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets remember
And call thy husband hither

Emil Here s a change indeed! [*Exit*

Des 'Tis meet I should be used so very meet
How have I been behaved that he might stick
The small st opinion on my least misuse

Re-enter EMILIA *with* IAGO

Iago What is your pleasure madam? How is t with you?

Des I cannot tell Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks
He might have chid me so for in good faith
I am a child to chiding

Iago What s the matter lady?

Emil Alas Iago my lord hath so bewhored her
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her
As true hearts cannot bear

Des Am I that name, Iago?

Iago What name, fair lady?

Des Such as she says my lord did say I was

Emil He call d her whore A beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet

Iago Why did he so?

Des I do not know I am sure I am none such

Iago Do not weep, do not weep Alas the day!

Emil Hath she forsook so many noble matches
Her father and her country and her friends
To be call d whore? would it not make one weep?

Des It is my wretched fortune

Iago Beshrew him for t!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des Nay, Heaven doth know

Emil I will be hang d if some eternal villain
Some busy and insinuating rogue
Some cogging cozening slave to get some office
Have not devised this slander I ll be hang d else

Iago Fie, there is no such man it is impossible

Des If any such there be Heaven pardon him!

Emil A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor s abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave some scurvy fellow
O heaven that such companions thou dst unfold
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago Speak within door

Emil O fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn d your wit the seamy side without
And made you to suspect me with the Moor

Iago You are a fool go to

Des O good Iago
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend go to him for by this light of heaven
I know not how I lost him Here I kneel
If e er my will did trespass gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed
Or that mine eyes mine ears or any sense
Delighted them in any other form
Or that I do not yet and ever did
And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love I cannot say "whore"
It doth abhor me now I speak the word,
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me

Iago I pray you, be content, 'tis but his humour
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you

Des If 'twere no other—

Iago 'Tis but so, I warrant

Trumpets within

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat
Go in, and weep not, all things shall be well

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA

Enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo!

Rod I do not find that thou dealest justly with me

Iago What in the contrary?

Rod Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago, and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered

Iago Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod 'Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together

Iago You charge me most unjustly

Rod With nought but truth I have wasted myself out of my means The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist You have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none

Iago Well, go to, very well

Rod Very well! go to! I cannot go to man, nor 'tis not very well Nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it

Iago Very well

Rod I tell you 'tis not very well I will make myself known to Desdemona If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation, if not assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you

Iago You have said now

Rod Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing

Iago Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before Give me thy hand, Roderigo Thou hast taken against me a most just exception, but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair

Rod It hath not appeared

Iago I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this night show it If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life

Rod Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place

Rod Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice

Iago O, no, he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio

Rod How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place, knocking out his brains

Rod And that you would have me to do?

Iago Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him, he knows not yet of his honourable fortune If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me, I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him It is now high supper-time and the night grows to waste About it

Rod I will hear further reason for this

Iago And you shall be satisfied [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Another room in the castle*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants*

Lod I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further

Oth O, pardon me, 'twill do me good to walk

Lod Madam, good night, I humbly thank your ladyship

Des Your honour is most welcome

Oth Will you walk sir?
O—Desdemona—
Des My lord?
Oth Get you to bed on the instant I will be returned forthwith Dismiss your attendant there Look it be done
Des I will my lord
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO LODOVICO *and Attendants*
Emil How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did
Des He says he will return incontinent
He hath commanded me to go to bed
And bade me to dismiss you
Emil Dismiss me!
Des It was his bidding therefore good Emilia
Give me my nightly wearing and adieu
We must not now displease him
Emil I would you had never seen him!
Des So would not I My love doth so approve him
That even his stubbornness his checks his frowns—
Prithee unpin me—have grace and favour in them
Emil I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed
Des All s one Good faith how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee prithee shroud me
In one of those same sheets
Emil Come come you talk
Des My mother had a maid call d Barbara
She was in love and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her She had a song of 'Willow
An old thing twas but it express d her fortune
And she died singing it That song to-night
Will not go from my mind I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbara Prithee dispatch
Emil Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Des No unpin me here
This Lodovico is a proper man
Emil A very handsome man
Des He speaks well
Emil I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip
Des [*Singing*] 'The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree
Sing all a green willow
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow willow willow
The fresh streams ran by her and murmur d her moans
Sing willow willow willow
Her salt tears fell from her and soften d the stones —
Lay by these —
[*Singing*] 'Sing willow willow willow
Prithee hie thee he ll come anon—
[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland
Let nobody blame him his scorn I approve —
Nay that s not next —Hark! who is t that knocks?
Emil It s the wind
Des [*Singing*] I call d my love false love but what said he then?
Sing willow willow willow
If I court moe women you ll couch with moe men
So get thee gone good night Mine eyes do itch
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil 'Tis neither here nor there
Des I have heard it said so O these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think—tell me Emilia—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil There be some such no question
Des Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil Why would not you?
Des No by this heavenly light!
Emil Nor I neither by this heavenly light
I might do t as well i the dark
Des Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil The world s a huge thing it is a great price
For a small vice
Des In troth I think thou wouldst not
Emil In troth I think I should and undo t when I had done Marry I would not do such a thing for a joint ring nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns petticoats nor caps nor any petty exhibition but for the whole world—why who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for t
Des Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world
Emil Why the wrong is but a wron i the world and having the world for your labour tis a wrong in your own world and you might quickly make it right
Des I do not think there is any such woman
Emil Yes a dozen and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for
But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them, they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well, else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so

Des Good night, good night Heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Cyprus a street*

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO

Iago Here, stand behind this bulk, straight will he come
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home
Quick, quick, fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow
It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution

Rod Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't

Iago Here, at thy hand, be bold, and take thy stand [*Retires*

Rod I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons
'Tis but a man gone Forth, my sword, he dies

Iago I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona,
It must not be If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly, and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him, there stand I in much peril
No, he must die But so, I hear him coming

Enter CASSIO

Rod I know his gait, 'tis he —Villain, thou diest! [*Makes a pass at* CASSIO]

Cas That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st
I will make proof of thine

Draws, and wounds RODERIGO

Rod O, I am slain!

IAGO *from behind wounds* CASSIO *in the leg, and exit*

Cas I am maim'd for ever Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls*]

Enter OTHELLO

Oth The voice of Cassio Iago keeps his word

Rod O, villain that I am!

Oth It is even so

Cas O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth 'Tis he O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies, strumpet, I come
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted,
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted [*Exit*

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO

Cas What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra 'Tis some mischance, the cry is very direful

Cas O, help!

Lod Hark!

Rod O wretched villain!

Lod Two or three groan It is a heavy night,
These may be counterfeits, let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help

Rod Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death

Lod Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light*

Gra Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons

Iago Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod We do not know

Iago Did not you hear a cry?

Cas Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago What's the matter?

Gra This is Othello's ancient, as I take it

Lod The same indeed, a very valiant fellow

Iago What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help

Iago O me lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas I think that one of them is hereabout
And cannot make away

Iago O treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in and give some help [*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO]

Rod O help me here!

Cas That s one of them

Iago O murderous slave! O villain!
Stabs RODERIGO

Rod O damn d Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago Kill men i the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod As you shall prove us praise us

Iago Signior Lodovico?

Lod He sir

Iago I cry you mercy Here s Cassio hurt by villains

Gra Cassio!

Iago How is t brother!

Cas My leg is cut in two

Iago Marry heaven forbid!
Light gentlemen I ll bind it with my shirt

Enter BIANCA

Bian What is the matter ho? who is t that cried?

Iago Who is t that cried!

Bian O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio Cassio Cassio!

Iago O notable strumpet! Cassio may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas No

Gra I am sorry to find you thus I have been to seek you

Iago Lend me a garter So O for a chair
To bear him easily hence!

Bian Alas he faints! O Cassio Cassio Cassio!

Iago Gentlemen all I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury
Patience awhile good Cassio Come, come
Lend me a light Know we this face or no?
Alas my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo! no Yes sure O heaven Roderigo

Gra What of Venice?

Iago Even he sir Did you know him?

Gra Know him! ay

Iago Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners
That so neglected you

Gra I am glad to see you

Iago How do you Cassio? O a chair a chair!

Gra Roderigo!

Iago He he tis he [*A chair brought in*]
O that s well said the chair
Some good man bear him carefully from hence
I ll fetch the general s surgeon [*To* BIANCA]
For you mistress
Save you your labour He that lies slain here Cassio
Was my dear friend What malice was between you?

Cas None in the world nor do I know the man

Iago [*To* BIANCA] What look you pale? O bear him out o the air
[CASSIO *and* RODERIGO *are borne off*
Stay you good gentlemen Look you pale mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
Nay if you stare we shall hear more anon
Behold her well I pray you look upon her
Do you see gentlemen? nay guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use

Enter EMILIA

Emil Las what s the matter? what s the matter husband?

Iago Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped
He s almost slain and Roderigo dead

Emil Alas good gentleman! alas good Cassio!

Iago This is the fruit of whoring Prithee Emilia
Go know of Cassio where he supp d to-night
[*To* BIANCA] What do you shake at that?

Bian He supp d at my house but I therefore shake not

Iago O did he so? I charge you go with me

Emil Fie fie upon thee strumpet!

Bian I am no strumpet but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me

Emil As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago Kind gentlemen let s go see poor Cassio dress d
Come mistress you must tell s another tale
Emilia run you to the citadel
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ d
Will you go on? I pray [*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A bedchamber in the castle* DESDEMONA *in bed asleep a light burning*

Enter OTHELLO

Oth It is the cause, it is the cause my soul—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men
Put out the light, and then put out the light
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me, but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume When I have pluck'd
the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither I'll smell it on the tree
Kissing her
Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after One more, and this the last,
So sweet was ne'er so fatal I must weep,
But they are cruel tears This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love She wakes
Des Who's there? Othello?
Oth Ay, Desdemona
Des Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des Ay, my lord
Oth If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight
Des Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?
Oth Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul
Des Talk you of killing?
Oth Ay, I do
Des Then Heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth Amen, with all my heart!
Des If you say so, I hope you will not kill me
Oth Hum!
Des And yet I fear you, for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so Why I should fear I
know not,
Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear
Oth Think on thy sins
Des They are loves I bear to you
Oth Ay, and for that thou diest
Des That death's unnatural that kills for loving
Alas why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame
These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me
Oth Peace, and be still!
Des I will so What's the matter?
Oth That handkerchief which I so loved and
gave thee
Thou gavest to Cassio
Des No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him
Oth Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury, thou art on thy death-bed
Des Ay, but not yet to die
Oth Yes, presently,
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal Thou art to die
Des Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth I say, amen
Des And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life, never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love, I never gave him token
Oth By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's
hand
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice
I saw the handkerchief
Des He found it then,
I never gave it him Send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth
Oth He hath confess'd
Des What, my lord?
Oth That he hath used thee
Des How? unlawfully?
Oth Ay
Des He will not say so
Oth No, his mouth is stopp'd,
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't
Des O! my fear interprets What, is he dead?
Oth Had all his hairs been lives, my great re-
venge
Had stomach for them all
Des Alas! he is betray'd and I undone
Oth Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my
face?
Des O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth Down, strumpet!
Des Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night!
Oth Nay, if you strive—
Des But half an hour!
Oth Being done there is no pause
Des But while I say one prayer!
Oth It is too late
He stifles her
Emil [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho!
my lord my lord!
Oth What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite
dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful
I would not have thee linger in thy pain
So so
Emil [*Within*] What ho! my lord my lord!
Oth Who s there?
Emil [*Within*] O good my lord I would speak a word with you!
Oth Yes tis Emilia —By and by —She s dead —
Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio s death
The noise was here Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave —Shall she come in? were t good?—
I think she stirs again No —What s best to do?
If she come in she ll sure speak to my wife
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration
Emil [*Within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you O good my lord!
Oth I had forgot thee O come in Emilia
Soft by and by Let me the curtains draw
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door*]

Enter EMILIA

What s the matter with thee now?
Emil O my good lord yonder s foul murders done!
Oth What now?
Emil But now my lord
Oth It is the very error of the moon
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont
And makes men mad
Emil Cassio my lord hath kill d a young Venetian
Call d Roderigo
Oth Roderigo kill d!
And Cassio kill d!
Emil No Cassio is not kill d
Oth Not Cassio kill d! then murder s out of tune
And sweet revenge grows harsh
Des O falsely falsely murder d!
Emil Alas what cry is that?
Oth That! what?
Emil Out and alas! that was my lady s voice
Help! help ho! help! O lady speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress speak!
Des A guiltless death I die
Emil O who hath done this deed?
Des Nobody I myself Farewell
Commend me to my kind lord O farewell! [*Dies*
Oth Why how should she be murder d?
Emil Alas who knows?
Oth You heard her say herself it was not I
Emil She said so I must needs report the truth
Oth She s like a liar gone to burning hell
'Twas I that kill d her
Emil O the more angel she
And you the blacker devil!
Oth She turn d to folly and she was a whore
Emil Thou dost belie her and thou art a devil
Oth She was false as water
Emil Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false O she was heavenly true!
Oth Cassio did top her ask thy husband else
O I were damn d beneath all depth in hell
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity Thy husband knew it all
Emil My husband!
Oth Thy husband
Emil That she was false to wedlock?
Oth Ay with Cassio Nay had she been true
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite
I d not have sold her for it
Emil My husband!
Oth Ay twas he that told me first
An honest man he is and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds
Emil My husband!
Oth What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband
Emil O mistress villainy hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false!
Oth He woman
I say thy husband Dost understand the word?
My friend thy husband honest honest Iago
Emil If he say so may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain
Oth Ha!
Emil Do thy worst
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her
Oth Peace, you were best
Emil Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword I ll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives —Help! help ho! help!
The Moor hath kill d my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO IAGO *and others*

Mon What is the matter? How now general!

Emil O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck
Gra What is the matter?
Emil Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain
Speak, for my heart is full
Iago I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true
Emil But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago I did
Emil You told a lie, an odious, damned lie,
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?
Iago With Cassio, mistress Go to, charm your tongue
Emil I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to speak
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed—
All O heavens forfend!
Emil And your reports have set the murder on
Oth Nay, stare not, masters It is true, indeed
Gra 'Tis a strange truth
Mon O monstrous act!
Emil Villainy, villainy, villainy!
I think upon 't, I think, I smell 't O villainy!
I thought so then I'll kill myself for grief
O villainy, villainy!
Iago What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home
Emil Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak,
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home
Oth O! O! O! [*He falls on the bed*]
Emil Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye
Oth [*Rising*] O, she was foul!
I scarce did know you, uncle There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd
I know this act shows horrible and grim
Gra Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation
Oth 'Tis pitiful, but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed, Cassio confess'd it
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her, I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother
Emil O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago Come, hold your peace
Emil 'Twill out, 'twill out! I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak
Iago Be wise, and get you home
Emil I will not

IAGO *offers to stab* EMILIA

Gra Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband,
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it
Iago Villainous whore!
Emil She give it Cassio! No, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband
Iago Filth, thou liest!
Emil By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?
Oth Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

He runs at IAGO IAGO, *from behind, stabs Emilia, and exit*

Gra The woman falls, sure, he hath kill'd his wife
Emil Ay, ay O, lay me by my mistress' side
Gra He's gone, but his wife's kill'd
Mon 'Tis a notorious villain Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave

[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO

Oth I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all
Emil What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music [*Singing*] 'Willow, willow, willow'—
Moor she was chaste, she loved thee, cruel Moor,
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true,

So speaking as I think I die I die [*Dies*

Oth I have another weapon in this chamber
It is a sword of Spain the ice brook s temper
O here it is Uncle, I must come forth

Gra [*Within*] *If thou attempt it it will cost thee dear*
Thou hast no weapon and perforce must suffer

Oth Look in upon me then and speak with me
Or naked as I am I will assault thee

Re-enter GRATIANO

Gra What is the matter?

Oth Behold I have a weapon
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier s thigh I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop But O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? tis not so now
Be not afraid though you do see me weapon d
Here is my journey s end here is my butt
And very sea mark of my utmost sail
Do you go back dismay d? tis a lost fear
Man but a rush against Othello s breast
And he retires Where should Othello go?
Now how dost thou look now? O ill starr d wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven
And fiends will snatch at it Cold cold my girl!
Even like thy chastity O cursed slave!
Whip me ye devils
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about *in winds! roast me in sulphur!*
Wash me *in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!*
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO MONTANO CASSIO *carried in a chair and Officers with* IAGO *prisoner*

Lod Where *is this rash and most unfortunate man?*

Oth That s he that was Othello Here I am

Lod Where is that viper? bring the villain forth

Oth I look down towards his feet but that s a fable
If that thou be st a devil I cannot kill thee
Wounds IAGO

Lod Wrench his sword from him

Iago I bleed, sir but not kill d

Oth I am not sorry neither I d have thee live
For in my sense tis happiness to die

Lod O thou Othello that wert once so good
Fall n *in the practice of a damned slave*
What shall be said to thee?

Oth Why anything
An honourable murderer if you will
For nought I did in hate but all in honour

Lod This wretch hath part confess d his villainy
Did you and he *consent in Cassio s death?*

Oth Ay

Cas Dear general I never gave you cause

Oth I do believe it and I ask you pardon
Will you I pray demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago Demand me nothing *What you know you know*
From this time forth I never will speak word

Lod What not to pray?

Gra Torments will ope your lips

Oth Well *thou dost best*

Lod Sir you shall understand *what hath befall n*
Which as I think you know not Here is a letter
Found *in the pocket of the slain Roderigo*
And here another The one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo

Oth O villain!

Cas Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod Now here s another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too and this it seems
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain
But that belike Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him

Oth O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you Cassio by that handkerchief
That was my wife s?

Cas *I found it in my* chamber
And he himself confess d *but even now*
That there he dropp d it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire

Oth O fool! fool! fool!

Cas There is besides in Roderigo s letter
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch whereon it came
That I was cast And even but *now he spake*
After long seeming dead Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on

Lod You must forsake this room, and go with us
Your power and your command is taken off
And Cassio rules in Cyprus For this slave
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold *him long*
It shall be his You shall close prisoner *rest*
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state Come bring him away

Oth Soft you a word or two before you go
I have *done the state some service* and they know t

No more of that I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well,
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme, of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe, of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum Set you down this,
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus [*Stabs himself*]

Lod O bloody period!

Gra All that's spoke is marr'd

Oth I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss

[*Falls on the bed and dies*

Cas This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart

Lod [*To* IAGO] O Spartan dog,
More fell then anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed,
This is thy work The object poisons sight,
Let it be hid Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate [*Exeunt*

KING LEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR *King of Britain*
KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF CORNWALL
DUKE OF ALBANY
EARL OF KENT
EARL OF GLOUCESTER
EDGAR *son to Gloucester*
EDMUND *bastard son to Gloucester*
CURAN *a courtier*
OLD MAN *tenant to Gloucester*
A DOCTOR
FOOL
OSWALD *steward to Goneril*
TWO CAPTAINS
A GENTLEMAN *attendant on Cordelia*
A GENTLEMAN *attendant on Lear*
A KNIGHT *attendant on Lear*
A HERALD
THREE SERVANTS *to Cornwall*
TWO MESSENGERS
GONERIL | *daughters to Lear*
REGAN |
CORDELIA |

NON SPEAKING *Knights of Lear s train Captains Soldiers and Attendants*

SCENE *Britain*



ACT I

SCENE I *King Lear s palace*

Enter KENT GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND

Kent I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall

Glou It did always seem so to us but now in the division of the kingdom it appears not which of the Dukes he values most for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either s moiety

Kent Is not this your son my lord?

Glou His breeding sir hath been at my charge I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it

Kent I cannot conceive you

Glou Sir this young fellow s mother could whereupon she grew round wombed and had indeed sir a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed Do you smell a fault?

Kent I cannot wish the fault undone the issue of it being so proper

Glou But I have sir a son by order of law some year elder than this who yet is no dearer in my account Though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for yet was his mother fair there was good sport at his making and the whoreson must be acknowledged Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm No, my lord

Glou My lord of Kent Remember him here after as my honourable friend

Edm My services to your lordship

Kent I must love you and sue to know you better

Edm Sir I shall study deserving

Glou He hath been out nine years and away he shall again The King is coming

Sennet Enter KING LEAR CORNWALL, ALBANY GONERIL, REGAN CORDELIA *and Attendants*

Lear Attend the lords of France and Burgundy
Gloucester
Glou I shall my liege
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND
Lear Meantime we shall express our darker purpose
Give me the map there Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom and tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age
Conferring them on younger strengths while we
Unburthen d crawl toward death Our son of Cornwall
And you our no less loving son of Albany
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters several dowers that future strife
May be prevented now The Princes France and Burgundy
Great rivals in our youngest daughter s love
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn
And here are to be answer d Tell me my daughters—
Since now we will divest us both of rule
Interest of territory cares of state—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend

Vhere nature doth with merit challenge Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first
Gon Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much as child e'er loved, or father found,
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you
Cor [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent
Lear Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady, to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak
Reg Sir, I am made
Of the self-same metal that my sister is,
And prize me at her worth In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love,
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love
Cor [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue
Lear To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least, to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd, what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak
Cor Nothing, my lord
Lear Nothing!
Cor Nothing
Lear Nothing will come of nothing Speak again
Cor Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth I love your Majesty
According to my bond, nor more nor less
Lear How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes
Cor Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me I
Return those duties back as are right fit
Obey you, love you, and most honour you
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all
Lear But goes thy heart with this?
Cor Ay, good my lord
Lear So young, and so untender?
Cor So young, my lord, and true
Lear Let it be so, thy truth, then, be thy dower,
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter
Kent Good my liege—
Lear Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France, who stirs?
Call Burgundy Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king,
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours, which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you [*Giving the crown*
Kent Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers—
Lear The bow is bent and drawn make from the shaft
Kent Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart be Kent unmannerly,

When Lear is mad What wilt thou do old man?
Think st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour s bound
When majesty stoops to folly Reverse thy doom
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness Answer my life my judgement
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least
Nor are those empty hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness
Lear Kent on thy life no more
Kent My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies nor fear to lose it
Thy safety being the motive
Lear Out of my sight!
Kent See better Lear and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye
Lear Now by Apollo—
Kent Now by Apollo king
Thou swear st thy gods in vain
Lear O vassal! miscreant!
Laying his hand on his sword
Alb }
Corn } Dear sir forbear
Kent Do
Kill thy physician and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease Revoke thy doom
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat
I ll tell thee thou dost evil
Lear Hear me recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
Which we durst never yet and with strain d pride
To come between our sentence and our power
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear
Our potency made good take thy reward
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom If on the tenth day following
Thy banish d trunk be found in our dominions
The moment is thy death Away! by Jupiter
This shall not be revoked
Kent Fare thee well king! Sith thus thou wilt appear
Freedom lives hence and banishment is here
[*To* CORDELIA] The gods to their dear shelter take thee maid,
That justly think st and hast most rightly said!
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL] And your large speeches may your deeds approve
That good effects may spring from words of love
Thus Kent O Princes bids you all adieu
He ll shape his old course in a country new [*Exit*

Flourish *Re-enter* GLOUCESTER *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY *Attendants*

Glou Here s France and Burgundy my noble lord
Lear My Lord of Burgundy
We first address towards you who with this king
Hath rivall d for our daughter what in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur Most royal Majesty
I crave no more than what your Highness offer d,
Nor will you tender less
Lear Right noble Burgundy
When she was dear to us we did hold her so
But now her price is fall n Sir there she stands
If aught within that little seeming substance
Or all of it with our displeasure pieced
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace
She s there and she is yours
Bur I know no answer
Lear Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended new adopted to our hate
Dower d with our curse and stranger d with our oath
Take her or leave her?
Bur Pardon me royal sir
Election makes not up on such conditions
Lear Then leave her sir for by the power that made me
I tell you all her wealth [*To* FRANCE] For you great king
I would not from your love make such a stray
To match you where I hate therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers
France This is most strange
That she that even but now was your best object
The argument of your praise balm of your age,
Most best most dearest should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle
So many folds of favour Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it or your fore vouch d affection
Fall n into taint which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me
Cor I yet beseech your Majesty—
If for I want that glib and oily art

To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour,
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking

Lear Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better

France Is it but this—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry

Bur Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy

Lear Nothing I have sworn, I am firm

Bur I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband

Cor Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife

France Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me
Bid them farewell Cordelia, though unkind,
Thou losest here, a better where to find

Lear Thou hast her, France Let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison
Come, noble Burgundy

[*Flourish Exeunt all but* FRANCE, GONERIL, REGAN, *and* CORDELIA

France Bid farewell to your sisters

Cor The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you I know you what you are,
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named Use well our father,
To your professed bosoms I commit him
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place
So, farewell to you both

Reg Prescribe not us our duties

Gon Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted

Cor Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides
Well may you prosper!

France Come, my fair Cordelia

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA

Gon Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both I think our father will hence to-night

Reg That's most certain, and with you, next month with us

Gon You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath not been little He always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off appears too grossly

Reg 'Tis the infirmity of his age Yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself

Gon The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash, then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them

Reg Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment

Gon There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him Pray you, let's hit together If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us

Reg We shall further think on't

Gon We must do something, and i' the heat

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The Earl of Gloucester's castle*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter*

Edm Thou, nature, art my goddess, to thy law
My services are bound Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon
shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact
My mind as generous and my shape as true
As honest madam s issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth within a dull stale tired bed
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops
Got tween asleep and wake? Well then
Legitimate Edgar I must have your land
Our father s love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate Fine word legitimate!
Well my legitimate if this letter speed
And my invention thrive Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate I grow I prosper
Now gods stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glou Kent banish d thus! and France in choler parted!
And the King gone to-night! subscribed his power!
Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund how now! what news?

Edm So please your lordship none

Putting up the letter

Glou Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm I know no news my lord

Glou What paper were you reading?

Edm Nothing my lord

Glou No? What needed then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself Let s see Come if it be nothing I shall not need spectacles

Edm I beseech you, sir pardon me It is a letter from my brother that I have not all o er read and for so much as I have perused I find it not fit for your o er looking

Glou Give me the letter sir

Edm I shall offend either to detain or give it The contents as in part I understand them, are to blame

Glou Let s see let s see

Edm I hope for my brother s justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue

Glou [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny who sways not as it hath power but as it is suffered Come to me that of this I may speak more If our father would sleep till I waked him you should enjoy half his revenue for ever and live the beloved of your brother Edgar'

Hum conspiracy! 'Sleep till I waked him you should enjoy half his revenue My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm It was not brought me my lord there s the cunning of it I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet

Glou You know the character to be your brother s?

Edm If the matter were good my lord, I durst swear it were his but in respect of that I would fain think it were not

Glou It is his

Edm It is his hand my lord but I hope his heart is not in the contents

Glou Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm Never my lord but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining the father should be as ward to the son and the son manage his revenue

Glou O villain villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural detested brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah seek him I ll apprehend him Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm I do not well know, my lord If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent you shall run a certain course where if you violently proceed against him mistaking his purpose it would make a great gap in your own honour and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour and to no other pretence of danger

Glou Think you so?

Edm If your honour judge it meet I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction and that without any further delay than this very evening

Glou He cannot be such a monster—

Edm Nor is not sure

Glou To his father that so tenderly and entirely loves him Heaven and earth! Edmund seek him out wind me into him I pray you Frame the business after your own wisdom I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution

Edm I will seek him sir presently convey

the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal

Glou These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide, in cities, mutinies, in countries, discord, in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father The King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child We have seen the best of our time machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange

[*Exit*

Edm This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*, so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing Edgar—

Enter EDGAR

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi*

Edg How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses

Edg Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily, as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent, death dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what

Edg How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm Come, come, when saw you my father last?

Edg Why, the night gone by

Edm Spake you with him?

Edg Ay, two hours together

Edm Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg None at all

Edm Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him, and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay

Edg Some villain hath done me wrong

Edm That's my fear I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his [illegible] goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to [illegible] lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you [illegible] hear my lord speak Pray ye, go, there's [illegible] key If you do stir abroad, go armed

Edg Armed brother!

Edm Brother, I advise you to the [illegible] armed I am no honest man if there [illegible] meaning towards you I have told [illegible] have seen and heard, but faintly, [illegible] image and horror of it Pray you, [illegible]

Edg Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm I do serve you in this [illegible]

[illegible]

A credulous father! and a brot[illegible]
Whose nature is so far from d[illegible]
That he suspects none, on [illegible]
My practices ride easy! I [illegible]
Let me, if not by birth, ha[illegible]
All with me's meet that I [illegible]

SCENE III *The Duke* [illegible]

Enter GONERIL, *and* [illegible]

Gon Did my father [illegible]
chiding of his fo[illegible]

Osw Yes, madam

Gon By day and [illegible]
hour
He flashes into [illegible]
That sets us all [illegible]
His knights gro[illegible]
On every tri[illegible]
I will not spe[illegible]
If you com[illegible]
You shall do [illegible]

Osw He [illegible]

Horns [illegible]

Gon P[illegible]

You and your fellows I d have it come to question
If he dislike it let him to our sister
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one
Not to be over ruled Idle old man
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now by my life
Old fools are babes again and must be used
With checks as flatteries—when they are seen abused
Remember what I tell you

Osw Well madam

Gon And let his knights have colder looks among you
What grows of it no matter advise your fellows so
I would breed from hence occasions and I shall
That I may speak I ll write straight to my sister
To hold my very course Prepare for dinner
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A hall in the same*

Enter KENT *disguised*

Kent If but as well I other accents borrow
That can my speech defuse my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness Now banish d Kent
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn d
So may it come thy master whom thou lovest
Shall find thee full of labours

Horns within Enter LEAR KNIGHTS *and Attendants*

Lear Let me not stay a jot for dinner go get it ready [*Exit an Attendant*] How now! what art thou?

Kent A man sir

Lear What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent I do profess to be no less than I seem to serve him truly that will put me in trust to love him that is honest to converse with him that is wise and says little to fear judgement to fight when I cannot choose and to eat no fish

Lear What art thou?

Kent A very honest hearted fellow and as poor as the King

Lear If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king thou art poor enough What wouldst thou?

Kent Service

Lear Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent You

Lear Dost thou know me fellow?

Kent No sir but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master

Lear What s that?

Kent Authority

Lear What services canst thou do?

Kent I can keep honest counsel ride run, mar a curious tale in telling it and deliver a plain message bluntly That which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in and the best of me is diligence

Lear How old art thou?

Kent Not so young sir to love a woman for singing nor so old to dote on her for anything I have years on my back forty eight

Lear Follow me thou shalt serve me If I like thee no worse after dinner I will not part from thee yet Dinner ho dinner! Where s my knave? my Fool? Go you and call my Fool hither [*Exit an Attendant*

Enter OSWALD

You you sirrah where s my daughter?

Osw So please you— [*Exit*

Lear What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back [*Exit a* KNIGHT] Where s my Fool ho? I think the world s asleep

Re-enter KNIGHT

How now! where s that mongrel?

Knight He says my lord your daughter is not well

Lear Why came not the slave back to me when I called him

Knight Sir he answered me in the roundest manner he would not

Lear He would not!

Knight My lord I know not what the matter is but to my judgement your Highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont there s a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your daughter

Lear Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight I beseech you pardon me my lord If I be mistaken for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wronged

Lear Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception I have perceived a most faint neglect of late which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness I will look further into t But where s my Fool? I have not seen him this two days

Knight Since my young lady s going into France sir the Fool hath much pined away

Lear No more of that, I have noted it well Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her [*Exit an Attendant*] Go you, call hither my Fool [*Exit an Attendant*

Re-enter OSWALD

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir Who am I, sir?

Osw My lady's father

Lear "My lady's father"! my lord's knave! You whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw I am none of these, my lord, I beseech your pardon

Lear Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him*]

Osw I'll not be struck, my lord

Kent Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player [*Tripping up his heels*]

Lear I thank thee, fellow, thou servest me, and I'll love thee

Kent Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences Away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry But away! go to, have you wisdom? so [*Pushes* OSWALD *out*

Lear Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee There's earnest of thy service

Giving KENT *money*

Enter FOOL

Fool Let me hire him too Here's my coxcomb [*Offering* KENT *his cap*]

Lear How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb

Kent Why, Fool?

Fool Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly There, take my coxcomb Why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear Why, my boy?

Fool If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself There's mine, beg another of thy daughters

Lear Take heed, sirrah, the whip

Fool Truth's a dog must to kennel, he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink

Lear A pestilent gall to me!

Fool Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech

Lear Do

Fool Mark it, nuncle

"Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score"

Kent This is nothing, fool

Fool Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear Why, no, boy, nothing can be made out of nothing

Fool [*To* KENT] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to He will not believe a Fool

Lear A bitter fool!

Fool Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear No, lad, teach me

Fool "That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear,
The one in motley here,
The other found out there"

Lear Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with

Kent This is not altogether fool, my lord

Fool No, faith, lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't And ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself, they'll be snatching Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns

Lear What two crowns shall they be?

Fool Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so

[*Singing*] "Fools had ne'er less wit in a year,
For wise men are grown foppish,
They know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish"

Lear When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou

madest thy daughters thy mother for when thou gavest them the rod and put st down thine own breeches

[*Singing*] Then they for sudden joy did weep
And I for sorrow sung
That such a king should play bo-peep
And go the fools among

Prithee nuncle keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy Fool to lie I would fain learn to lie

Lear An you lie sirrah, we ll have you whipped

Fool I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are They ll have me whipped for speaking true thou lt have me whipped for lying and some times I am whipped for holding my peace I had rather be any kind o thing than a Fool and yet I would not be thee nuncle thou hast pared thy wit o both sides and left nothing i the middle *Here comes one o the parings*

Enter GONERIL

Lear How now daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i the frown

Fool Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning now thou art an O without a figure I am better than thou art now I am a fool thou art nothing [*To* GONERIL] Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue so your face bids me though you say nothing Mum mum

He that keeps nor crust nor crum
Weary of all shall want some

[*Pointing to* LEAR] That s a shealed peascod

Gon Not only sir this your all licensed Fool
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel breaking forth
In rank and not to-be-endured riots Sir
I had thought by making this well known unto you
To have found a safe redress but now grow fearful
By what yourself too late have spoke and done
That you protect this course and put it on
By your allowance which if you should the fault
Would not scape censure nor the redresses sleep
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal
Might in their working do you that offence
Which else were shame that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding

Fool For you know nuncle
The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had it head bit off by it young
So out went the candle and we were left darkling

Lear Are you our daughter?

Gon Come sir
I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught and put away
These dispositions that of late transform you
From what you rightly are

Fool May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop Jug! I love thee

Lear Doth any here know me? This is not Lear
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? tis not so
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool Lear s shadow

Lear I would learn that for by the marks of sovereignty *knowledge, and reason* I should be false persuaded I had daughters

Fool Which they will make an obedient father

Lear Your name fair gentlewoman?

Gon This admiration sir is much o the savour
Of other your new pranks I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright
As you are old and reverend you should be wise
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires
Men so disorder d so debosh d and bold
That this our court infected with their manners
Shows like a riotous inn Epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy Be then desired
By her that else will take the thing she begs
A little to disquantity your train
And the remainder that shall still depend
To be such men as may besort your age
And know themselves and you

Lear Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses call my train together
Degenerate bastard! I ll not trouble thee
Yet have I left a daughter

Gon You strike my people and your disorder d rabble
Make servants of their betters

Enter ALBANY

Lear Woe that too late repents—[*To* ALBANY] O sir are you come?
Is it your will? Speak sir Prepare my horses
Ingratitude thou marble hearted fiend
More hideous when thou show st thee in a child
Than the sea monster!

Alb Pray sir be patient

Lear [*To* GONERIL] Detested kite! thou liest

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
Striking his head
And thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my people
Alb My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you
Lear It may be so, my lord
Hear, Nature, hear, dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away! [*Exit*
Alb Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it

Re-enter LEAR

Lear What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!
Alb What's the matter, sir?
Lear I'll tell thee [*To* GONERIL] Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever Thou shalt, I warrant thee
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants*
Gon Do you mark that, my lord?
Alb I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you—
Gon Pray you, content What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the* FOOL] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master
Fool Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take the Fool with thee
"A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter
So the Fool follows after" [*Exit*
Gon This man hath had good counsel, a hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights, yes, that, on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy Oswald, I say!
Alb Well, you may fear too far
Gon Safer than trust too far
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken I know his heart
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness—

Re-enter OSWALD

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw Yes, madam
Gon Take you some company, and away to horse
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more Get you gone,
And hasten your return [*Exit* OSWALD] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness
Alb How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well
Gon Nay, then—
Alb Well, well, the event [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Court before the same*

Enter LEAR KENT *and* FOOL

Lear Go you before to Gloucester with these letters Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter If your diligence be not speedy I shall be there afore you

Kent I will not sleep my lord till I have delivered your letter [*Exit*

Fool If a man s brains were in s heels, were t not in danger of kibes?

Lear Ay boy

Fool Then I prithee be merry thy wit shall ne er go slip-shod

Lear Ha ha ha!

Fool Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly for though she s as like this as a crab s like an apple yet I can tell what I can tell

Lear Why what canst thou tell my boy?

Fool She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab Thou canst tell why one s nose stands i the middle on s face?

Lear No

Fool Why to keep one s eyes of either side s nose that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into

Lear I did her wrong—

Fool Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear No

Fool Nor I neither but I can tell why a snail has a house

Lear Why?

Fool Why to put his head in not to give it away to his daughters and leave his horns without a case

Lear I will forget my nature So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool Thy asses are gone about em The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason

Lear Because they are not eight?

Fool Yes indeed Thou wouldst make a good fool

Lear To take t again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool If thou wert my fool nuncle I d have thee beaten for being old before thy time

Lear How s that?

Fool Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise

Lear O let me not be mad not mad sweet
heaven!
Keep me in temper I would not be mad!

Enter GENTLEMAN

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent Ready my lord

Lear Come boy

Fool She that s a maid now and laughs at my
departure
Shall not be a maid long unless things be cut
shorter [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *The Earl of Gloucester s castle*

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN *meets him*

Edm Save thee Curan

Cur And you sir I have been with your father and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night

Edm How comes that?

Cur Nay I know not You have heard of the news abroad I mean the whispered ones for they are yet but ear kissing arguments?

Edm Not I Pray you what are they?

Cur Have you heard of no likely wars toward, twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm Not a word

Cur You may do then in time Fare you well sir [*Exit*

Edm The Duke be here to-night? The better!
best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business
My father hath set guard to take my brother
And I have one thing of a queasy question,
Which I must act Briefness and fortune work!
Brother a word descend Brother I say!

Enter EDGAR

My father watches O sir fly this place
Intelligence is given where you are hid
You have now the good advantage of the night
Have you not spoken gainst the Duke of Corn-
wall?
He s coming hither now i the night i the
haste
And Regan with him Have you nothing said
Upon his party gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself

Edg I am sure on t not a word

Edm I hear my father coming Pardon me
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you
Draw seem to defend yourself now quit you
well
Yield Come before my father Light ho here!
Fly brother Torches torches! So farewell
[*Exit* EDGAR
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Wounds his arm

Of my more fierce endeavour I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *and Servants with torches*

Glou Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edm Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress—
Glou But where is he?
Edm Look, sir, I bleed
Glou Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm Fled this way, sir When by no means he could—
Glou Pursue him, ho! Go after [*Exeunt some Servants*] By no means what?
Edm Persuade me to the *murder* of *your* lordship,
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend,
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father, sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the *noise* I made,
Full suddenly he fled
Glou Let him fly far
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught,
And found—dispatch The noble Duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake,
He that conceals him, death
Edm When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him, he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think
If I would stand against thee would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No What I should deny—
As this I would, ay though thou didst produce
My very character—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion plot, and damned practice
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it"
Glou Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him
Tucket within
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes
All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not 'scape,
The Duke must grant me that Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him, and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants*

Corn How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news
Reg If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender How dost, my lord?
Glou O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!
Reg What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?
Glou O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glou I know not, madam 'Tis too bad too bad
Edm Yes, madam, he was of that consort
Reg No marvel, then, though he were ill affected
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death
To have the expense and waste of his revenues
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there
Corn Nor I, assure thee, Regan
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office
Edm 'Twas my duty, sir
Glou He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him
Corn Is he pursued?
Glou Ay, my good lord
Corn If he be taken he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm Make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself you shall be ours
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need
You we first seize on

Edm I shall serve you sir
Truly however else

Glou For him I thank your Grace

Corn You know not why we came to visit
you—

Reg Thus out of season threading dark eyed
night
Occasions noble Gloucester of some poise
Wherein we must have use of your advice
Our father he hath writ so hath our sister
Of differences which I least thought it fit
To answer from our home the several messen
gers
From hence attend dispatch Our good old
friend
Lay comforts to your bosom and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business
Which craves the instant use

Glou I serve you madam
Your Graces are right welcome [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Before Gloucester s castle*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD *severally*

Osw Good dawning to thee friend Art of this house?

Kent Ay

Osw Where may we set our horses?

Kent I the mire

Osw Prithee if thou lovest me tell me

Kent I love thee not

Osw Why then I care not for thee

Kent If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold I would make thee care for me

Osw Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not

Kent Fellow I know thee

Osw What dost thou know me for?

Kent A knave a rascal an eater of broken meats a base proud shallow beggarly three suited hundred pound filthy worsted stocking knave a lily livered action taking knave a whoreson glass gazing superserviceable finical rogue one trunk inheriting slave one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service and art nothing but the composition of a knave beggar coward pandar and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition

Osw Why what a monstrous fellow art thou thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent What a brazen faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the King? Draw you rogue for though it be night yet the moon shines I ll make a sop o the moonshine of you Draw you whoreson cullionly barber monger draw

Drawing his sword

Osw Away! I have nothing to do with thee

Kent Draw you rascal You come with letters against the King and take vanity the puppet s part against the royalty of her father Draw you rogue or I ll so carbonado your shanks Draw you rascal come your ways

Osw Help ho! murder! help!

Kent Strike you slave stand rogue stand you neat slave strike [*Beating him*]

Osw Help ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND *with his rapier drawn* CORNWALL, REGAN GLOUCESTER *and Servants*

Edm How now! What s the matter?

Kent With you goodman boy an you please
Come I ll flesh ye come on young master

Glou Weapons! arms! What s the matter here?

Corn Keep peace upon your lives
He dies that strikes again What is the matter?

Reg The messengers from our sister and the King

Corn What is your difference? speak

Osw I am scarce in breath my lord

Kent No marvel you have so bestirred your valour You cowardly rascal nature disclaims in thee A tailor made thee

Corn Thou art a strange fellow A tailor make a man?

Kent Ay a tailor sir A stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill though he had been but two hours at the trade

Corn Speak yet how grew your quarrel?

Osw This ancient ruffian sir whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard—

Kent Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord if you will give me leave I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the walls of a jakes with him Spare my gray beard you wagtail?

Corn Peace sirrah!
You beastly knave know you no reverence?

Kent Yes sir but anger hath a privilege

Corn Why art thou angry?

Kent That such a slave as this should wear a
sword
Who wears no honesty Such smiling rogues as
these
Like rats oft bite the holy cords a twain

Which are too intrinse t' unloose, smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel,
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot

Corn What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou How fell you out? say that

Kent No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave

Corn Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent His countenance likes me not

Corn No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers

Kent Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant

Corn This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature He cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so, if not, he's plain
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely

Kent Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front—

Corn What mean'st by this?

Kent To go out of my dialect which you discommend so much I know, sir, I am no flatterer He that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't

Corn What was the offence you gave him?

Osw I never gave him any
It pleased the King his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind, being down insulted rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man
That worthied him got praises of the King
For him attempting who was self subdued,
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again

Kent None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool

Corn Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent Sir, I am too old to learn
Call not your stocks for me I serve the King,
On whose employment I was sent to you
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger

Corn Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon

Reg Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night too

Kent Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so

Reg Sir, being his knave, I will

Corn This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of Come, bring away the stocks!

Stocks brought out

Glou Let me beseech your Grace not to do so
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for 't Your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with The King must take it ill
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd

Corn I'll answer that

Reg My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused assaulted,
For following her affairs Put in his legs

KENT *is put in the stocks*

Come my good lord, away

[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER *and* KENT

Glou I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd I'll entreat for thee

Kent Pray, do not, sir I have watched and travell'd hard
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels
Give you good morrow!

Glou The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken [*Exit*

Some other time for that Beloved Regan
Thy sister s naught O Regan she hath tied
Sharp-tooth d unkindness like a vulture here
Points to his heart
I can scarce speak to thee thou lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!
Reg I pray you sir take patience I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty
Lear Say how is that?
Reg I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation If sir perchance
She have restrain d the riots of your followers
Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame
Lear My curses on her!
Reg O sir you are old
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine You should be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return
Say you have wrong d her sir
Lear Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house
Dear daughter I confess that I am old
Kneeling
Age is unnecessary On my knees I beg
That you ll vouchsafe me raiment bed and food
Reg Good sir no more these are unsightly tricks
Return you to my sister
Lear [*Rising*] Never Regan
She hath abated me of half my train
Look d black upon me struck me with her tongue
Most serpent like upon the very heart
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones
You taking airs with lameness!
Corn Fie sir fie!
Lear You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty
You fen suck d fogs drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blast her pride!
Reg O the blest gods! so will you wish on me
When the rash mood is on
Lear No Regan thou shalt never have my curse
Thy tender hefted nature shall not give
Thee o er to harshness Her eyes are fierce but thine
Do comfort and not burn 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures to cut off my train
To bandy hasty words to scant my sizes
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in Thou better know st
The offices of nature bond of childhood
Effects of courtesy dues of gratitude
Thy half o the kingdom hast thou not forgot
Wherein I thee endow d
Reg Good sir to the purpose
Lear Who put my man i the stocks?
Tucket within
Corn What trumpet s that?
Reg I know t my sister s This approves her letter
That she would soon be here

Enter OSWALD

Is your lady come?
Lear This is a slave whose easy borrow d pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows
Out varlet from my sight!
Corn What means your Grace?
Lear Who stock d my servant? Regan I have good hope
Thou didst not know on t Who comes here?
O heavens

Enter GONERIL

If you do love old men if your sweet sway
Allow obedience if yourselves are old
Make it your cause send down, and take my part!
[*To* GONERIL] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon Why not by the hand sir? How have I offended?
All s not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so
Lear O sides you are too tough
Will you yet hold? How came my man i the stocks?
Corn I set him there sir but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement
Lear You! did you?
Reg I pray you father being weak seem so
If till the expiration of your month
You will return and sojourn with my sister
Dismissing half your train come then to me
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment
Lear Return to her and fifty men dismiss d
No rather I abjure all roofs and choose
To wage against the enmity o the air
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl—
Necessity s sharp pinch! Return with her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at* OSWALD]
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me—
For now I spy a danger—I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?
Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To* GONERIL] I'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not: but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, *and* FOOL
Storm and tempest
Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.
Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame, hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?
Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

Glou The King is in high rage
Corn Whither is he going?
Glou He calls to horse but will I know not whither
Corn 'Tis best to give him way he leads himself
Gon My lord entreat him by no means to stay
Glou Alack the night comes on and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle for many miles about
There s scarce a bush
Reg O sir to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters Shut up your doors
He is attended with a desperate train
And what they may incense him to being apt
To have his ear abused wisdom bids fear
Corn Shut up your doors my lord tis a wild night
My Regan counsels well Come out o the storm
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *A heath*

Storm still Enter KENT *and a* GENTLEMAN *meeting*

Kent Who s there besides foul weather?
Gent One minded like the weather most unquietly
Kent I know you Where s the King?
Gent Contending with the fretful element
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters bove the main,
That things might change or cease tears his white hair
Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury and make nothing of
Strives in his little world of man to out scorn
The to-and fro-conflicting wind and rain
This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch
The lion and the belly pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry unbonneted he runs
And bid what will take all
Kent But who is with him?
Gent None but the Fool who labours to out jest
His heart struck injuries
Kent Sir I do know you
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a dear thing to you There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover d
With mutual cunning 'twixt Albany and Cornwall
Who have—as who have not that their great stars
Throned and set high?—servants who seem no less
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state what hath been seen
Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind King or something deeper
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings
But true it is from France there comes a power
Into this scatter d kingdom who already
Wise in our negligence have secret feet
In some of our best ports and are at point
To show their open banner Now to you
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover you shall find
Some that will thank you making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The King hath cause to plain
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding
And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you
Gent I will talk further with you
Kent No do not
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall open this purse and take
What it contains If you shall see Cordelia—
As fear not but you shall—show her this ring
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the King
Gent Give me your hand Have you no more to say?
Kent Few words but to effect more than all yet
That when we have found the King—in which your pain
That way I ll this—he that first lights on him
Holla the other [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II *Another part of the heath Storm still*

Enter LEAR *and* FOOL

Lear Blow winds and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes spout
Till you have drench d our steeples drown d the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts
Singe my white head! And thou all shaking thunder
Smite flat the thick rotundity o the world!
Crack nature s moulds all germens spill at once

That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in has a good head-piece.

"The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake."

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack! bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing.*] "He that has and a little tiny wit—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day."

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter,
When brewers mar their malt with water,
When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors,
When every case in law is right,
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight,
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs,
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use

mine own house charged me on pain of their perpetual displeasure neither to speak of him entreat for him nor any way sustain him

Edm Most savage and unnatural!

Glou Go to say you nothing There s a division betwixt the Dukes and a worse matter than that I have received a letter this night tis dangerous to be spoken I have locked the letter in my closet These injuries the King now bears will be revenged home there s part of a power already footed We must incline to the King I will seek him and privily relieve him Go you and maintain talk with the Duke that my charity be not of him perceived If he ask for me I am ill and gone to bed Though I die for it as no less is threatened me the King my old master must be relieved There is some strange thing toward Edmund pray you be careful [*Exit*

Edm This courtesy forbid thee shall the Duke
Instantly know and of that letter too
This seems a fair deserving and must draw me
That which my father loses no less than all
The younger rises when the old doth fall [*Exit*

SCENE IV *The heath before a hovel*

Enter LEAR KENT *and* FOOL

Kent Here is the place my lord good my lord enter
The tyranny of the open night s too rough
For nature to endure
Storm still
Lear Let me alone
Kent Good my lord enter here
Lear Wilt break my heart?
Kent I had rather break mine own Good my lord enter
Lear Thou think st tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin So tis to thee
But where the greater malady is fix d
The lesser is scarce felt Thou dst shun a bear
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea
Thou dst meet the bear i the mouth When the mind s free
The body s delicate The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to t? But I will punish home
No I will weep no more In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on I will endure
In such a night as this! O Regan Goneril!
Your old kind father whose frank heart gave all—
O that way madness lies let me shun that
No more of that

Kent Good my lord enter here
Lear Prithee go in thyself seek thine own ease
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more But I ll go in
[*To the* FOOL] In boy go first You houseless poverty—
Nay get thee in I ll pray and then I ll sleep
FOOL *goes in*
Poor naked wretches wheresoe er you are
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides
Your loop d and window d raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? O I have ta en
Too little care of this! Take physic pomp
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel
That thou may st shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just
Edg [*Within*] Fathom and half fathom and half! Poor Tom!
The FOOL *runs out from the hovel*
Fool Come not in here nuncle here s a spirit
Help me help me!
Kent Give me thy hand Who s there?
Fool A spirit a spirit He says his name s poor Tom
Kent What art thou that dost grumble there i the straw? Come forth

Enter EDGAR *disguised as a madman*

Edg Away! *the foul fiend follows me!*
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee
Lear Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?
Edg Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame through ford and whirlpool o er bog and quagmire that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew set ratsbane by his porridge made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over four inched bridges to course his own shadow for a traitor Bless thy five wits! Tom s a cold—O do de do de do de Bless thee from whirlwinds star blasting and taking! Do poor Tom some charity whom the foul fiend vexes There could I have him now—and there—and there again and there
Storm still
Lear What have his daughters brought him to this pass?
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed

Lear Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent He hath no daughters sir

Lear Death traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters

Edg Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill
Halloo halloo loo loo!

Fool This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen

Edg Take heed o' the foul fiend Obey thy parents, keep thy word justly, swear not, commit not with man s sworn spouse, set not thy sweet heart on proud array Tom s a-cold

Lear What hast thou been?

Edg A serving man proud in heart and mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap served the lust of my mistress heart and did the act of darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to do it Wine loved I deeply dice dearly, and in woman out paramoured the Turk false of heart, light of ear bloody of hand, hog in sloth, fox in stealth wolf in greediness dog in madness, lion in prey Let the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman Keep thy foot out of brothels thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders books, and defy the foul fiend
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind
Says suum, mun ha, no, nonny
Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by

Storm still

Lear Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies Is man no more than this? Consider him well Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here [*Tearing off his clothes*]

Fool Prithee, nuncle, be contented, 'tis a naughty night to swim in Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold Look here comes a walking fire

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch

Edg This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet He begins at curfew and walks till the first cock, he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare lip mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth
"St Withold footed thrice the old,
He met the night mare, and her nine fold,
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch aroint thee!"

Kent How fares your Grace?

Lear What s he?

Kent Who s there? What is t you seek?

Glou What are you there? Your names?

Edg Poor Tom that eats the swimming frog, the toad the tadpole, the wall newt, and the water, that in the fury of his heart when the foul fiend rages eats cow-dung for sallets, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog drinks the green mantle of the standing pool, who is whipped from tithing to tithing and stock punished and imprisoned, who hath had three suits to his back six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,
But mice and rats and such small deer,
Have been Tom s food for seven long year
Beware my follower Peace, Smulkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glou What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg The prince of darkness is a gentleman
Modo he s call'd, and Mahu

Glou Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord,
That it doth hate what gets it

Edg Poor Tom s a cold

Glou Go in with me, my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters hard commands
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready

Lear First let me talk with this philosopher
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent Good my lord take his offer, go into the house

Lear I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban
What is your study?

Edg How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin

Lear Let me ask you one word in private

Kent Importune him once more to go my lord
His wits begin to unsettle
Glou Canst thou blame him?
Storm still
His daughters seek his death Ah that good
Kent!
He said it would be thus poor banish d man!
Thou say st the King grows mad I ll tell thee
friend
I am almost mad myself I had a son
Now outlaw d from my blood he sought my life
But lately very late I loved him friend
No father his son dearer Truth to tell thee
The grief hath crazed my wits What a night s
this!
I do beseech your Grace—
Lear O cry you mercy sir
Noble philosopher your company
Edg Tom s a cold
Glou In, fellow there into the hovel Keep
thee warm
Lear Come let s in all
Kent This way my lord
Lear With him
I will keep still with my philosopher
Kent Good my lord sooth him let him take
the fellow
Glou Take him you on
Kent Sirrah come on go along with us
Lear Come good Athenian
Glou No words no words hush
Edg Child Rowland to the dark tower came
His word was still Fie foh and fum
I smell the blood of a British man
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Gloucester s castle*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND

Corn I will have my revenge ere I depart his house

Edm How my lord I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty something fears me to think of

Corn I now perceive it was not altogether your brother s evil disposition made him seek his death but a provoking merit set a work by a reproveable badness in himself

Edm How malicious is my fortune that I must repent to be just! this is the letter he spoke of which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France O heavens! that this treason were not or not I the detector!

Corn Go with me to the Duchess

Edm If the matter of this paper be certain you have mighty business in hand

Corn True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester Seek out where thy father is that he may be ready for our apprehension

Edm [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the King it will stuff his suspicion more fully —I will persevere in my course of loyalty though the conflict be sore between that and my blood

Corn I will lay trust upon thee and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle*

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR KENT FOOL, *and* EDGAR

Glou Here is better than the open air take it thankfully I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can I will not be long from you

Kent All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLOUCESTER

Edg Frateretto calls me and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness Pray innocent and beware the foul fiend

Fool Prithee nuncle tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear A king a king!

Fool No he s a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son for he s a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him

Lear To have a thousand with red burning
spits
Come hissing in upon em—

Edg The foul fiend bites my back

Fool He s mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf a horse s health a boy s love or a whore s oath

Lear It shall be done I will arraign them
straight
[*To* EDGAR] Come sit thou here, most learned
justicer
[*To the* FOOL] Thou sapient sir sit here Now
you she foxes!
Edg Look where he stands and glares!
Wantest thou eyes at trial madam?
Come o er the bourn Bessy to me —
Fool Her boat hath a leak
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee

Edg The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale Hopdance cries in Tom s belly for two white herring Croak not black angel I have no food for thee

Kent How do you sir? Stand you not so
amazed
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?
Lear I ll see their trial first Bring in the evidence

[*To* EDGAR] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,
[*To the* FOOL] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. [*To* KENT] You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
"Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm."
Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite,
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail,
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do de, de, de. Sessa! come, march to wakes and fairs and market towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To* EDGAR] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred, only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian attire, but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the King my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the* FOOL] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt all but* EDGAR

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the King bow,
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the King!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit*

SCENE VII. *Gloucester's castle*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants*

Corn Post speedily to my lord your husband show him this letter The army of France is landed Seek out the villain Gloucester
[*Exeunt some of the Servants*

Reg Hang him instantly
Gon Pluck out his eyes
Corn Leave him to my displeasure Edmund keep you our sister company The revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding Advise the Duke where you are going to a most festinate preparation we are bound to the like Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us Farewell dear sister farewell my Lord of Gloucester

Enter OSWALD

How now' where s the King?
Osw My lord of Gloucester hath convey d him hence
Some five or six and thirty of his knights
Hot questrists after him met him at gate
Who with some other of the lord s dependants
Are gone with him towards Dover where they boast
To have well armed friends
Corn Get horses for your mistress
Gon Farewell sweet lord and sister
Corn Edmund farewell
[*Exeunt* GONERIL EDMUND *and* OSWALD
Go seek the traitor Gloucester
Pinion him like a thief bring him before us
[*Exeunt other Servants*
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath which men
May blame but not control Who s there? the traitor?

Enter GLOUCESTER *brought in by two or three* SERVANTS

Reg Ingrateful fox' tis he
Corn Bind fast his corky arms
Glou What mean your Graces? Good my friends consider
You are my guests Do me no foul play friends
Corn Bind him I say
SERVANTS *bind him*
Reg Hard hard O filthy traitor'
Glou Unmerciful lady as you are I m none
Corn To this chair bind him Villain thou shalt find—
REGAN *plucks his beard*
Glou By the kind gods tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard
Reg So white and such a traitor'
Glou Naughty lady
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee I am your host
With robbers hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus What will you do?
Corn Come sir what letters had you late from France?
Reg Be simple answerer for we know the truth
Corn And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg To whose hands have you sent the lunatic King?
Speak
Glou I have a letter guessingly set down
Which came from one that s of a neutral heart
And not from one opposed
Corn Cunning
Reg And false
Corn Where hast thou sent the King?
Glou To Dover
Reg Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—
Corn Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that
Glou I am tied to the stake and I must stand the course
Reg Wherefore to Dover sir?
Glou Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell black night endured would have buoy d up
And quench d the stelled fires
Yet poor old heart he holp the heavens to rain
If wolves had at thy gate howl d that stern time
Thou shouldst have said Good porter turn the key
All cruels else subscribed but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children
Corn See t shalt thou never Fellows hold the chair
Upon these eyes of thine I ll set my foot
Glou He that will think to live till he be old
Give me some help' O cruel' O you gods'
Reg One side will mock another the other too
Corn If you see vengeance—
1st Serv Hold your hand my lord
I have served you ever since I was a child
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold
Reg How now you dog'
1st Serv If you did wear a beard upon your chin

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain!
They draw and fight
1 Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
Takes a sword and runs at him behind
1 Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glou. O my follies! then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. [*Exit one with* GLOUCESTER.]
How is't, my lord? how look you?
Corn. I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt, give me your arm.
[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN
2nd Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do
If this man come to good.
3rd Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
2nd Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would. His roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.
3rd Servant. Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The heath*

Enter EDGAR

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *led by an* OLD MAN

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.
Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone.
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!
Old Man. How now! Who's there?
Edg. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say "I am at the worst"?
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet, the worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glou. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!
Glou. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If, for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked soul,

Who I ll entreat to lead me

Old Man Alack sir he is mad

Glou 'Tis the times plague when madmen lead the blind

Do as I bid thee or rather do thy pleasure
Above the rest be gone

Old Man I ll bring him the best parel that I have

Come on t what will [*Exit*

Glou Sirrah naked fellow—

Edg Poor Tom s a cold [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further

Glou Come hither fellow

Edg [*Aside*] And yet I must —Bless thy sweet eyes they bleed

Glou Know st thou the way to Dover?

Edg Both stile and gate horse way and foot path Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits Bless thee good man s son from the foul fiend! five fiends have been in poor Tom at once of lust as Obidicut Hobbididance prince of dumbness Mahu of stealing Modo of murder Flibbertigibbet of mopping and mowing who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women So bless thee master!

Glou Here take this purse thou whom the heavens plagues

Have humbled to all strokes That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier Heavens deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That slaves your ordinance that will not see
Because he doth not feel feel your power quickly
So distribution should undo excess
And each man have enough Dost thou know Dover?

Edg Ay master

Glou There is a cliff whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep
Bring me but to the very brim of it
And I ll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me From that place
I shall no leading need

Edg Give me thy arm

Poor Tom shall lead thee [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Before the Duke of Albany s palace*
Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND

Gon Welcome my lord I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way

Enter OSWALD

Now where s your master?

Osw Madam within but never man so changed

I told him of the army that was landed
He smiled at it I told him you were coming
His answer was The worse of Gloucester s treachery
And of the loyal service of his son
When I inform d him then he call d me sot
And told me I had turn d the wrong side out
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him
What like offensive

Gon [*To* EDMUND] Then shall you go no further

It is the cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake He ll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer Our wishes on the way
May prove effects Back Edmund, to my brother
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband s hands This trusty servant
Shall pass between us Ere long you are like to hear
If you dare venture in your own behalf
A mistress s command Wear this spare speech
Giving a favour
Decline your head This kiss if it durst speak
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air
Conceive and fare thee well

Edm Yours in the ranks of death

Gon My most dear Gloucester
[*Exit* EDMUND

O the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman s services are due
My fool usurps my body

Osw Madam here comes my lord
[*Exit*

Enter ALBANY

Gon I have been worth the whistle

Alb O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face I fear your disposition
That nature which contemns it origin
Cannot be border d certain in itself
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap perforce must wither
And come to deadly use

Gon No more the text is foolish

Alb Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile

Filths savour but themselves What have you done?
Tigers not daughters what have you perform d?
A father and a gracious aged man

Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear
    would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
    madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
    wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not
    know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
    drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest,
"Alack, why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
    shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a MESSENGER

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
    dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
    morse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his
    eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
    against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
    ment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the
    King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover*

Enter KENT *and a* GENTLEMAN

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
    presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have
    seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way; those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
    thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,

If all could so become it
Kent Made she no verbal question?
Gent Faith once or twice she heaved the name of father
Pantingly forth as if it press d her heart
Cried Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What i the storm? i the night?
Let pity not be believed! There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes
And clamour moisten d then away she started
To deal with grief alone
Kent It is the stars
The stars above us govern our conditions
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues You spoke not with her since?
Gent No
Kent Was this before the King returned?
Gent No since
Kent Well sir the poor distressed Lear s i the town
Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter
Gent Why good sir?
Kent A sovereign shame so elbows him His own unkindness
That stripp d her from his benediction turn d her
To foreign casualties gave her dear rights
To his dog hearted daughters these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia
Gent Alack poor gentleman!
Kent Of Albany s and Cornwall s powers you heard not?
Gent Tis so they are afoot
Kent Well sir I ll bring you to our master Lear
And leave you to attend him Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile
When I am known aright you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance I pray you go
Along with me [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same a tent*

Enter with drum and colours CORDELIA DOCTOR *and Soldiers*

Cor Alack tis he Why he was met even now
As mad as the vex d sea singing aloud
Crown d with rank fumiter and furrow weeds
With bur-docks hemlock nettles cuckoo-flowers
Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn A century send forth
Search every acre in the high grown field
And bring him to our eye [*Exit an Officer*]
What can man s wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth
Doct There is means madam
Our foster nurse of nature is repose
The which he lacks that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative whose power
Will close the eye of anguish
Cor All blest secrets
All you unpublish d virtues of the earth
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man s distress! Seek seek for him
Lest his ungovern d rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess News madam
The British powers are marching hitherward
Cor 'Tis known before our preparation stands
In expectation of them O dear father
It is thy business that I go about
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied
No blown ambition doth our arms incite
But love dear love and our aged father s right
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Gloucester s castle*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD

Reg But are my brother s powers set forth?
Osw Ay madam
Reg Himself in person there?
Osw Madam with much ado
Your sister is the better soldier
Reg Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw No madam
Reg What might import my sister s letter to him?
Osw I know not lady
Reg Faith he is posted hence on serious matter
It was great ignorance Gloucester s eyes being out
To let him live where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us Edmund I think is gone
In pity of his misery to dispatch
His nighted life moreover to descry
The strength o the enemy
Osw I must needs after him, madam with my letter
Reg Our troops set forth to-morrow Stay with us
The ways are dangerous

Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charged my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what. I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *Fields near Dover*

Enter GLOUCESTER, *and* EDGAR *dressed like a peasant*

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glou. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glou. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glou. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.
Glou. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glou. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward*
Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past. Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glou. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life s a miracle Speak yet again
Glou But have I fall n or no?
Edg From the dread summit of this chalky bourn
Look up a height the shrill gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard Do but look up
Glou Alack I have no eyes
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit
To end itself by death? Twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the tyrant s rage
And frustrate his proud will
Edg Give me your arm
Up so How is t? Feel you your legs You stand
Glou Too well too well
Edg This is above all strangeness
Upon the crown o the cliff what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou A poor unfortunate beggar
Edg As I stood here below methought his eyes
Were two full moons he had a thousand noses
Horns whelk d and waved like the enridged sea
It was some fiend therefore thou happy father
Think that the clearest gods who make them honours
Of men s impossibilities have preserved thee
Glou I do remember now Henceforth I ll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
Enough enough and die That thing you speak of
I took it for a man often twould say
The fiend, the fiend He led me to that place
Edg Bear free and patient thoughts But who comes here?

Enter LEAR *fantastically dressed with wild flowers*

The safer sense will ne er accommodate
His master thus
Lear No they cannot touch me for coming
I am the king himself
Edg O thou side piercing sight!
Lear Nature s above art in that respect There s your press money That fellow handles his bow like a crow keeper Draw me a clothier s yard Look look a mouse! Peace peace this piece of toasted cheese will do t There s my gauntlet I ll prove it on a giant Bring up the brown bills O well flown bird! i the clout i the clout Hewgh! Give the word
Edg Sweet marjoram
Lear Pass
Glou I know that voice
Lear Ha! Goneril with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there To say ' ay and no to everything that I said! — Ay and *no* too was no good divinity When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter when the thunder would not peace at my bidding there I found em there I smelt em out Go to they are not men o their words They told me I was everything tis a lie I am not ague proof
Glou The trick of that voice I do well remember
Is t not the King?
Lear Ay every inch a king!
When I do stare see how the subject quakes
I pardon that man s life What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die Die for adultery! No
The wren goes to t and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight
Let copulation thrive for Gloucester s bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got tween the lawful sheets
To t luxury pell mell for I lack soldiers
Behold yond simpering dame
Whose face between her forks presages snow
That minces virtue and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure s name
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to t
With a more riotous appetite
Down from the waist they are Centaurs
Though women all above
But to the girdle do the gods inherit
Beneath is all the fiends
There s hell there s darkness there s the sulphurous pit
Burning scalding stench consumption fie fie fie! pah pah! Give me an ounce of civet good apothecary to sweeten my imagination There s money for thee
Glou O let me kiss that hand!
Lear Let me wipe it first it smells of mortality
Glou O ruin d piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought Dost thou know me?
Lear I remember thine eyes well enough Dost thou squiny at me? No do thy worst blind Cupid I ll not love Read thou this challenge mark but the penning of it
Glou Were all the letters suns I could not see one
Edg I would not take this from report it is
And my heart breaks at it
Lear Read
Glou What with the case of eyes?
Lear O ho are you there with me? No eyes in your head nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case your purse in a light Yet you see how this world goes
Glou I see it feelingly

Lear What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes Look with thine ears see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief Hark, in thine ear change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glou Ay, sir

Lear And the creature run from the cur?
There thou mightst behold the great image of authority a dog s obey'd in office
Thou rascal beadle hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore Strip thine own back
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her The usurer hangs the cozener
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks,
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it
None does offend, none, I say, none I ll able 'em
Take that of me, my friend who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not Now, now, now, now
Pull off my boots harder, harder, so

Edg O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester
Thou must be patient, we came crying hither
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry I will preach to thee mark

Glou Alack, alack the day!

Lear When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools This' a good block,
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt I'll put't in proof,
And when I have stol'n upon these sons in law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a GENTLEMAN, *with Attendants*

Gent O, here he is Lay hand upon him Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune Use me well,
You shall have ransom Let me have surgeons,
I am cut to the brains

Gent You shall have anything

Lear No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust

Gent Good sir—

Lear I will die bravely, like a bridegroom What!
I will be jovial Come come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that

Gent You are a royal one and we obey you

Lear Then there's life in't Nay if you get it, you shall get it with running Sa, sa sa, sa

[*Exit running*, *Attendants follow*

Gent A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to

Edg Hail, gentle sir

Gent Sir, speed you What's your will?

Edg Do you hear aught sir, of a battle toward?

Gent Most sure and vulgar Every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound

Edg But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent Near and on speedy foot, the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought

Edg I thank you, sir That's all

Gent Though that the Queen on special cause is here
Her army is moved on

Edg I thank you sir

[*Exit* GENTLEMAN

Glou You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg Well pray you, father

Glou Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding

Glou Hearty thanks
The bounty and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD

Osw A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember, the sword is out
That must destroy thee

Glou Now let thy friendly hand

Put strength enough to t
EDGAR *interposes*
Osw Wherefore bold peasant
Darest thou support a publish d traitor? Hence
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee Let go his arm
Edg Chill not let go zir without vurther casion
Osw Let go slave or thou diest!
Edg Good gentleman go your gait and let poor volk pass An chud ha bin zwaggered out of my life twould not ha bin zo long as tis by a vortnight Nay come not near th old man keep out che vor ye or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder Chill be plain with you
Osw Out dunghill!
Edg Chill pick your teeth zir Come no matter vor your foins
They fight and EDGAR knocks him down
Osw Slave thou hast slain me Villain take my purse
If ever thou wilt thrive bury my body
And give the letters which thou find st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester seek him out
Upon the British party O untimely death!
[*Dies*
Edg I know thee well A serviceable villain
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire
Glou What is he dead?
Edg Sit you down father rest you
Let s see these pockets The letters that he speaks of
May be my friends He s dead I am only sorry
He had no other death s man Let us see
Leave gentle wax and manners blame us not
To know our enemies minds we d rip their hearts
Their papers is more lawful
[*Reads*] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered You have many opportunities to cut him off If your will want not time and place will be fruitfully offered There is nothing done if he return the conqueror Then am I the prisoner and his bed my gaol from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me and supply the place for your labour
Your—wife so I would say—
Affectionate servant
Goneril
O undistinguish d space of woman s will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband s life
And the exchange my brother! Here in the sands
Thee I ll rake up the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers And in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death practised Duke for him tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell
Glou The King is mad How stiff is my vile sense
That I stand up and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract
So should my thoughts be sever d from my griefs
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves
Edg Give me your hand
Drum afar off
Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum
Come father I ll bestow you with a friend
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *A tent in the French camp* LEAR *on a bed asleep soft music playing* GENTLEMAN *and others attending*

Enter CORDELIA KENT *and* DOCTOR

Cor O thou good Kent how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short
And every measure fail me
Kent To be acknowledged madam is o erpaid
All my reports go with the modest truth
Nor more nor clipp d but so
Cor Be better suited
These weeds are memories of those worser hours
I prithee put them off
Kent Pardon me dear madam
Yet to be known shortens my made intent
My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet
Cor Then be t so my good lord [*To the* DOCTOR] How does the King?
Doct Madam sleeps still
Cor O you kind gods
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses O wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Doct So please your Majesty
That we may wake the King? He hath slept long
Cor Be govern d by your knowledge and proceed
I the sway of your own will Is he array d?
Gent Ay madam in the heaviness of his sleep
We put fresh garments on him
Doct Be by good madam when we do awake him
I doubt not of his temperance
Cor Very well

Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear Princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.
Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!
Doct. He's scarce awake. Let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
[*Exeunt all but* KENT *and* GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
[*Exit.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *The British camp, near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

Edm. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.
[*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg Now sweet lord
You know the goodness I intend upon you
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth
Do you not love my sister
Edm In honour d love
Reg But have you never found my brother s
way
To the forfended place?
Edm That thought abuses you
Reg I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom d with her as far as we call hers
Edm No by mine honour madam
Reg I never shall endure her Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her
Edm Fear me not
She and the Duke her husband!

Enter with drum and colours ALBANY GONERIL, *and Soldiers*

Gon [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle than
that sister
Should loosen him and me
Alb Our very loving sister well be met
Sir this I hear the King is come to his daughter
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forced to cry out Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant for this business
It toucheth us as France invades our land
Not bolds the king with others whom I fear
Most just and heavy causes make oppose
Edm Sir you speak nobly
Reg Why is this reason d?
Gon Combine together gainst the enemy
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here
Alb Let s then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings
Edm I shall attend you presently at your tent
Reg Sister you ll go with us?
Gon No
Reg Tis most convenient pray you go with
us
Gon [*Aside*] O ho I know the riddle —I will
go

As they are going out enter EDGAR *disguised*

Edg If e er your Grace had speech with man
so poor
Hear me one word
Alb I ll overtake you Speak
[*Exeunt all but* ALBANY *and* EDGAR
Edg Before you fight the battle ope this letter
If you have victory let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it Wretched though I
seem
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there If you miscarry
Your business of the world hath so an end
And machination ceases Fortune love you!
Alb Stay till I have read the letter
Edg I was forbid it
When time shall serve let but the herald cry
And I ll appear again
Alb Why fare thee well I will o erlook thy
paper [*Exit* EDGAR

Re-enter EDMUND

Edm The enemy s in view draw up your
powers
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery but your haste
Is now urged on you
Alb We will greet the time [*Exit*
Edm To both these sisters have I sworn my
love
Each jealous of the other as the stung
Are of the adder Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy d
If both remain alive To take the widow
Exasperates makes mad her sister Goneril
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Her husband being alive Now then we ll use
His countenance for the battle which being
done
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia
The battle done and they within our power
Shall never see his pardon for my state
Stands on me to defend not to debate [*Exit*

SCENE II *A field between the two camps*

Alarum within Enter with drum and colours LEAR CORDELIA *and Soldiers over the stage, and exeunt*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOUCESTER

Edg Here father take the shadow of this tree
For your good host pray that the right may
thrive
If ever I return to you again
I ll bring you comfort
Glou Grace go with you sir!
[*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarum and retreat within Re-enter EDGAR

Edg Away old man give me thy hand away!
King Lear hath lost he and his daughter ta en
Give me thy hand come on
Glou No farther sir a man may rot even here
Edg What in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
Ripeness is all. Come on.
Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *The British camp near Dover*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND, LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away. Good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison.
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.
Capt. I'll do 't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.
Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I'll do 't. [*Exit*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *another* CAPTAIN, *and Soldiers*

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife;
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen,
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;

Dispose of them of me the walls are thine
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master

Gon Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb The let alone lies not in your good will

Edm Nor in thine lord

Alb Half blooded fellow yes

Reg [*To* EDMUND] Let the drum strike and prove my title thine

Alb Stay yet hear reason Edmund I arrest thee
On capital treason and in thine attaint
This gilded serpent [*pointing to* GONERIL] For your claim fair sister
I bar it in the interest of my wife
Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord
And I her husband contradict your bans
If you will marry make your loves to me
My lady is bespoke

Gon An interlude!

Alb Thou art arm d Gloucester Let the trumpet sound
If none appear to prove upon thy head
Thy heinous manifest and many treasons
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]
I ll prove it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim d thee

Reg Sick O sick!

Gon [*Aside*] If not I ll ne er trust medicine

Edm There s my exchange [*throwing down a glove*] What in the world he is
That names me traitor villain like he lies
Call by thy trumpet he that dares approach
On him on you who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly

Alb A herald ho!

Edm A herald ho a herald!

Alb Trust to thy single virtue for thy soldiers
All levied in my name have in my name
Took their discharge

Reg My sickness grows upon me

Alb She is not well convey her to my tent

[*Exit* REGAN *led*

Enter a HERALD

Come hither herald Let the trumpet sound
And read out this

Capt Sound trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds*

Her [*Reads*] If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of Gloucester that he is a manifold traitor let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet He is bold in his defence

Edm Sound! [*First trumpet*]

Her Again! [*Second trumpet*]

Her Again! [*Third trumpet*]

Trumpet answers within

Enter EDGAR *at the third sound armed with a trumpet before him*

Alb Ask him his purposes why he appears
Upon this call o the trumpet

Her What are you?
Your name your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg Know my name is lost
By treason s tooth bare-gnawn and canker bit
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope

Alb Which is that adversary?

Edg What s he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?

Edm Himself What say st thou to him?

Edg Draw thy sword
That if my speech offend a noble heart
Thy arm may do thee justice here is mine
Behold it is the privilege of mine honours
My oath and my profession I protest
Maugre thy strength youth place and eminence
Despite thy victor sword and fire new fortune
Thy valour and thy heart thou art a traitor
False to thy gods thy brother and thy father
Conspirant gainst this high illustrious prince
And from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot
A most toad spotted traitor Say thou ' No
This sword this arm and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart whereto I speak
Thou liest

Edm In wisdom I should ask thy name
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood I disdain and spurn
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head
With the hell hated lie o erwhelm thy heart
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise
This sword of mine shall give them instant way
Where they shall rest for ever Trumpets speak!

Alarums They fight EDMUND *falls*

Alb Save him save him!

Gon This is practice Gloucester
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite thou art not vanquish d
But cozen d and beguiled

Alb Shut your mouth dame

Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
Gives the letter to EDMUND
Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't?
Alb. Most monstrous! oh!
Know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit*
Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!
Edg. Worthy Prince, I know 't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranced.
Alb. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a GENTLEMAN, *with a bloody knife*

Gent. Help, help, O, help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!
Alb. Who dead? speak, man.
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.
Edg. Here comes Kent.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* GENTLEMAN

Enter KENT

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb Great thing of us forgot!
Speak Edmund where s the King? and where s Cordelia?
See st thou this object Kent?

The bodies of GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in*

Kent Alack why thus?
Edm Yet Edmund was beloved
The one the other poison d for my sake
And after slew herself
Alb Even so Cover their faces
Edm I pant for life Some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature Quickly send
Be brief in it to the castle for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia
Nay send in time
Alb Run run O run!
Edg To who my lord? Who hath the office? send
Thy token of reprieve
Edm Well thought on Take my sword
Give it the captain
Alb Haste thee for thy life [*Exit* EDGAR
Edm He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison and
To lay the blame upon her own despair
That she fordid herself
Alb The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile [EDMUND *is borne off*

Re-enter LEAR *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms* EDGAR CAPTAIN *and others following*

Lear Howl howl howl howl! O you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes I d use them so
That heaven s vault should crack She s gone for ever!
I know when one is dead and when one lives
She s dead as earth Lend me a looking glass
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone
Why then she lives
Kent Is this the promised end?
Edg Or image of that horror?
Alb Fall and cease!
Lear This feather stirs she lives! if it be so
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt
Kent [*Kneeling*] O my good master!
Lear Prithee away
Edg Tis noble Kent your friend
Lear A plague upon you murderers traitors all!
I might have saved her now she s gone for ever!
Cordelia Cordelia! stay a little Ha!
What is t thou say st Her voice was ever soft
Gentle and low an excellent thing in woman
I kill d the slave that was a hanging thee
Capt 'Tis true my lords he did
Lear Did I not fellow?
I have seen the day with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip I am old now
And these same crosses spoil me Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o the best I ll tell you straight
Kent If fortune brag of two she loved and hated
One of them we behold
Lear This is a dull sight Are you not Kent?
Kent The same
Your servant Kent Where is your servant Caius?
Lear He s a good fellow I can tell you that
He ll strike and quickly too He s dead and rotten
Kent No my good lord I am the very man—
Lear I ll see that straight
Kent That from your first of difference and decay
Have follow d your sad steps
Lear You are welcome hither
Kent Nor no man else All s cheerless dark and deadly
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves
And desperately are dead
Lear Ay so I think
Alb He knows not what he says and vain it is
That we present us to him
Edg Very bootless

Enter a CAPTAIN

Capt Edmund is dead my lord
Alb That s but a trifle here
You lords and noble friends know our intent
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied For us we will resign
During the life of this old majesty
To him our absolute power [*To* EDGAR *and* KENT] you to your rights
With boot and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue and all foes
The cup of their deservings O see see!
Lear And my poor fool is hang d! No no no life!
Why should a dog a horse a rat have life
And thou no breath at all? Thou lt come no more,
Never never never never never!
Pray you undo this button Thank you sir
Do you see this? Look on her look her lips
Look there look there! [*Dies*
Edg He faints! My lord my lord!
Kent Break heart I prithee break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endured so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

All. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; 321
My master calls me, I must not say no.

All. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN *King of Scotland*
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN | *his sons*
MACBETH, BANQUO | *generals of the King s army*
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS | *noblemen of Scotland*
FLEANCE *son to Banquo*
SIWARD *Earl of Northumberland general of the English forces*
YOUNG SIWARD *his son*
SEYTON *an officer attending on Macbeth*
BOY *son to Macduff*
AN ENGLISH DOCTOR
A SCOTCH DOCTOR
A LORD

A PORTER
AN OLD MAN
A SERGEANT
TWO MESSENGERS
AN ATTENDANT *on Macbeth*
A SERVANT *to Lady Macbeth*
THREE MURDERERS

LADY MACBETH
LADY MACDUFF
A GENTLEWOMAN *attending on Lady Macbeth*

HECATE
THREE WITCHES
THREE APPARITIONS

NON-SPEAKING *Lords Ladies Officers Soldiers Ghosts and Attendants*

SCENE *Scotland England*

ACT I

SCENE I *A desert place*

Thunder and lightning Enter THREE WITCHES

1st Witch When shall we three meet again
In thunder lightning or in rain?
2nd Witch When the hurly burly s done
When the battle s lost and won
3rd Witch That will be ere the set of sun
1st Witch Where the place?
2nd Witch Upon the heath
3rd Witch There to meet with Macbeth
1st Witch I come, Graymalkin!
2nd Witch Paddock calls
3rd Witch Anon
All Fair is foul and foul is fair
Hover through the fog and filthy air [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A camp near Forres*

Alarum within Enter DUNCAN MALCOLM DONALBAIN LENNOX *with Attendants meeting a bleeding* SERGEANT

Dun What bloody man is that? He can report
As seemeth by his plight of the revolt
The newest state
Mal This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
Gainst my captivity Hail brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it
Ser Doubtful it stood
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied
And Fortune on his damned quarrel smiling
Show d like a rebel s whore But all s too weak
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune with his brandish d steel
Which smoked with bloody execution
Like valour s minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave
Which ne er shook hands nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseam d him from the nave to the chaps
And fix d his head upon our battlements
Dun O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Ser As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break
So from that spring whence comfort seem d to come
Discomfort swells Mark King of Scotland mark!
No sooner justice had with valour arm d
Compell d these skipping kerns to trust their heels
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage
With furbish d arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons. [*Exit* SERGEANT, *attended*.
Who comes here?

Enter ROSS.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the King!
Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great King;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III. *A heath near Forres.*

Thunder. Enter the THREE WITCHES.

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
2nd Witch. Killing swine.
3rd Witch. Sister, where thou?
1st Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd: 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2nd Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
1st Witch. Thou'rt kind.
3rd Witch. And I another.
1st Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
2nd Witch. Show me, show me.
1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
Drum within.
3rd Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?
1st Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2nd Witch All hail Macbeth' hail to thee
thane of Cawdor'
3rd Witch All hail Macbeth that shalt be
King hereafter'
Ban Good sir why do you start and seem to
fear
Things that do sound so fair? I the name of
truth
Are ye fantastical or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope
That he seem rapt withal To me you speak not
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will
not
Speak then to me who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate
1st Witch Hail'
2nd Witch Hail'
3rd Witch Hail'
1st Witch Lesser than Macbeth and greater
2nd Witch Not so happy yet much happier
3rd Witch Thou shalt get kings though thou be
none
So all hail Macbeth and Banquo'
1st Witch Banquo and Macbeth all hail'
Macb Stay you imperfect speakers tell me
more
By Sinel s death I know I am thane of Glamis
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor
lives
A prosperous gentleman and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief
No more than to be Cawdor Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak I charge
you [WITCHES *vanish*
Ban The earth hath bubbles as the water has
And these are of them Whither are they van
ish d?
Macb Into the air and what seem d corporal
melted
As breath into the wind Would they had stay d'
Ban Were such things here as we do speak
about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb Your children shall be kings
Ban You shall be King
Macb And thane of Cawdor too went it not so?
Ban To the selfsame tune and words Who s
here?

Enter ROSS *and* ANGUS

Ross The King hath happily received Mac
beth
The news of thy success and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels fight
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his Silenced with that
In viewing o er the rest o the selfsame day
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make
Strange images of death As thick as hail
Came post with post and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom s great defence
And pour d them down before him
Ang We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks
Only to herald thee into his sight
Not pay thee
Ross And for an earnest of a greater honour
He bade me from him call thee thane of Caw
dor
In which addition hail most worthy thane'
For it is thine
Ban What can the devil speak true?
Macb The thane of Cawdor lives Why do you
dress me
In borrow d robes?
Ang Who was the thane lives yet
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose Whether he was
combined
With those of Norway or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage or that with both
He labour d in his country s wreck I know not
But treasons capital confess d and proved
Have overthrown him
Macb [*Aside*] Glamis and thane of Cawdor'
The greatest is behind [*To* ROSS *and* ANGUS]
Thanks for your pains
[*To* BANQUO] Do you not hope your children
shall be kings
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
me
Promised no less to them?
Ban That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor But tis strange
And oftentimes to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths
Win us with honest trifles to betray s
In deepest consequence
Cousins a word, I pray you
Macb [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme —I thank you gentlemen
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill cannot be good If ill

Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.
[*To* BANQUO] Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Forres. the palace*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and Attendants*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:

It is a peerless kinsman [*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE V *Inverness Macbeth s castle*

Enter LADY MACBETH *reading a letter*

Lady M They met me in the day of success and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge When I burned in desire to question them further they made themselves air into which they vanished Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it came missives from the King who all hailed me Thane of Cawdor by which title before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time with Hail King that shalt be' This have I thought good to deliver thee my dearest partner of greatness that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee Lay it to thy heart and farewell

Glamis thou art and Cawdor and shalt be
What thou art promised Yet do I fear thy na
ture
It is too full o the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way Thou wouldst be
great
Art not without ambition but without
The illness should attend it What thou wouldst
highly
That wouldst thou holily wouldst not play false
And yet wouldst wrongly win Thou dst have
great Glamis
That which cries Thus thou must do if thou
have it
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone Hie thee
hither
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown d withal

Enter a MESSENGER

What is your tidings?
Mess The King comes here to-night
Lady M Thou rt mad to say it'
Is not thy master with him? who were t o
Would have inform d for preparation
Mess So please you it is true our thane is com
ing
One of my fellows had the speed of him
Who almost dead for breath had scarcely more
Than would make up his message
Lady M Give him tending
He brings great news [*Exit* MESSENGER
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements Come you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty' make thick my blood
Stop up the access and passage to remorse
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between
The effect and it' Come to my woman s breasts
And take my milk for gall you murdering
ministers
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature s mischief' Come thick night
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry Hold hold'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis' worthy Cawdor'
Greater than both by the all hail hereafter'
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present and I feel now
The future in the instant
Macb My dearest love
Duncan comes here to night
Lady M And when goes hence?
Macb To-morrow as he purposes
Lady M O never
Shall sun that morrow see'
Your face my thane is as a book where men
May read strange matters To beguile the time
Look like the time bear welcome in your eye
Your hand your tongue look like the innocent
flower
But be the serpent under t He that s coming
Must be provided for and you shall put
This night s great business into my dispatch
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom
Macb We will speak further
Lady M Only look up clear
To alter favour ever is to fear
Leave all the rest to me [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Before Macbeth s castle*

Hautboys and torches Enter DUNCAN MALCOLM DONALBAIN BANQUO LENNOX MACDUFF ROSS ANGUS *and Attendants*

Dun This castle hath a pleasant seat the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses
Ban This guest of summer
The temple haunting martlet does approve,
By his loved mansionry that the heaven s breath
Smells wooingly here no jutty frieze

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor, but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Macbeth's castle*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a SEWER, *and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter* MACBETH

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?
Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums

And dash d the brains out had I so sworn as you
Have done to this
Macb If we should fail?
Lady M We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we ll not fail When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day s hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory the warder of the brain
Shall be a fume and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb Bring forth men children only,
For thy undaunted mettle hould compose
Nothing but males Will it not be received
When we have mark d with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers
That they have done t?
Lady M Who dares receive it other
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb I am settled and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat
Away and mock the time with fairest show
False face must hide what the false heart doth know [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Court of Macbeth s castle*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE *bearing a torch before him*

Ban How goes the night boy?
Fle The moon is down I have not heard the clock
Ban And she goes down at twelve
Fle I take t tis later sir
Ban Hold take my sword There s husbandry in heaven
Their candles are all out Take thee that too
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me
And yet I would not sleep Merciful powers
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH *and a Servant with a torch*

Give me my sword
Who s there?
Macb A friend
Ban What sir not yet at rest? The King s a bed
He hath been in unusual pleasure and
Sent forth great largess to your offices
This diamond he greets your wife withal
By the name of most kind hostess and shut up
In measureless content
Macb Being unprepared
Our will became the servant to defect
Which else should free have wrought
Ban All s well
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters
To you they have show d some truth
Macb I think not of them
Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve
We would spend it in some words upon that business
If you would grant the time
Ban At your kind st leisure
Macb If you shall cleave to my consent when tis
It shall make honour for you
Ban So I lose none
In seeking to augment it but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear
I shall be counsell d
Macb Good repose the while!
Ban Thanks sir the like to you!
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE
Macb Go bid thy mi tress when my drink is ready
She strike upon the bell Get thee to bed
[*Exit Servant*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee
I have thee not and yet I see thee still
Art thou not fatal vision sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind a false creation
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?
I see thee yet in form as palpable
As this which now I draw
Thou marshall st me the way that I was going
And such an instrument I was to use
Mine eyes are made the fools o the other senses
Or else worth all the rest I see thee still
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before There s no such thing
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes Now o er the one half world
Nature seems dead and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain d sleep witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate s offerings and wither d murder
Alarum d by his sentinel the wolf

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
A bell rings
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit*

SCENE II. *The same*

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macb. [*Within*] Who's there? what, ho!
Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH

My husband!
Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
Looking on his hands
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more."
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No this my hand will
    rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M My hands are of your colour but I
    shame
To wear a heart so white [*Knocking within*] I
    hear a knocking
At the south entry Retire we to our chamber
A little water clears us of this deed
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended [*Knocking within*]
    Hark! more knocking
Get on your nightgown lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts
Macb To know my deed twere best not know
    myself [*Knocking within*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
    couldst! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same*

Knocking within Enter a PORTER

Porter Here s a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate he should have old turning the key [*Knocking within*] Knock knock knock! Who s there i the name of Beelzebub? Here s a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty Come in time have napkins enow about you here you ll sweat for t [*Knocking within*] Knock knock! Who s there in the other devil s name? Faith here s an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale who committed treason enough for God s sake yet could not equivocate to heaven O come in equivocator [*Knocking within*] Knock knock knock! Who s there? Faith here s an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose Come in tailor here you may roast your goose [*Knocking within*] Knock knock never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell I ll devil porter it no further I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire [*Knocking within*] Anon anon! I pray you remember the porter
Opens the gate

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX

Macd Was it so late friend ere you went to
    bed
That you do lie so late?
Port Faith sir we were carousing till the second cock And drink sir is a great provoker of three things
Macd What three things does drink especially provoke?
Port Marry sir nose painting sleep and urine Lechery sir it provokes and unprovokes it provokes the desire but it takes away the performance therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery it makes him and it mars him it sets him on and it takes him off it persuades him and disheartens him makes him stand to and not stand to in conclusion equivocates him in a sleep and giving him the lie leaves him
Macd I believe drink gave thee the lie last night
Port That it did sir i the very throat on me But I requited him for his lie and I think being too strong for him though he took up my legs sometime yet I made a shift to cast him
Macd Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awakened him here he comes
Len Good morrow noble sir
Macb Good morrow both
Macd Is the King stirring worthy thane
Macb Not yet
Macd He did command me to call timely on
    him
I have almost slipp d the hour
Macb I ll bring you to him
Macd I know this is a joyful trouble to you
But yet tis one
Macb The labour we delight in physics pain
This is the door
Macd I ll make so bold to call
For tis my limited service [*Exit*
Len Goes the King hence to-day?
Macb He does he did appoint so
Len The night has been unruly Where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down and as they
    say
Lamentings heard i the air strange screams of
    death
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch d to the woeful time The obscure
    bird
Clamour d the livelong night some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake
Macb 'Twas a rough night
Len My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it

Re-enter MACDUFF

Macd O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee
Macb }
Len } What's the matter?
Macd Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
Macb What is't you say? the life?
Len Mean you his Majesty?
Macd Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon Do not bid me speak,
See, and then speak yourselves
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENNOX
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum bell Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell
Bell rings

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak speak!
Macd O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban Too cruel anywhere
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say it is not so

Re enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX, *with* ROSS

Macb Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time, for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality,
All is but toys Renown and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN

Don What is amiss?
Macb You are, and do not know't
The spring, the head the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd, the very source of it is stopp'd
Macd Your royal father's murder'd
Mal O by whom?
Len Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows
They stared, and were distracted, no man's life
Was to be trusted with them
Macb O yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them
Macd Wherefore did you so?
Macb Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance, there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore Who could refrain
That had a heart to love and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
Lady M Help me hence ho!
Macd Look to the lady
Mal [*Aside to* DONALBAIN] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don [*Aside to* MALCOLM] What should be spoken here, where our fate
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us?
Let's away,
Our tears are not yet brew'd
Mal [*Aside to* DONALBAIN] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion
Ban Look to the lady,
[*Lady* MACBETH *is carried out*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further Fears and scruples shake us
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice
Macd And so do I
All So all
Macb Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together
All Well contented

[*Exeunt all but* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN

Mal What will you do? Let s not consort with them
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy I ll to England

Don To Ireland I our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer Where we are,
There s daggers in men s smiles the near in blood
The nearer bloody

Mal This murderous shaft that s shot
Hath not yet lighted and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim Therefore to horse
And let us not be dainty of leave taking
But shift away There s warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there s no mercy left
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Outside Macbeth s castle*

Enter ROSS *and an* OLD MAN

Old M Threescore and ten I can remember well
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings

Ross Ah good father
Thou seest the heavens as troubled with man s act
Threaten his bloody stage By the clock tis day
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp
Is t night s predominance or the day s shame
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?

Old M Tis unnatural
Even like the deed that s done On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk d at and kill d

Ross And Duncan s horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift the minions of their race
Turn d wild in nature broke their stalls flung out
Contending gainst obedience as they would make
War with mankind

Old M 'Tis said they eat each other

Ross They did so to the amazement of mine eyes
That look d upon t Here comes the good Macduff

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world sir now?

Macd Why see you not?

Ross Is t known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd Those that Macbeth hath slain

Ross Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd They were suborn d
Malcolm and Donalbain the King s two sons
Are stol n away and fled which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed

Ross Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition that wilt ravin up
Thine own life s means! Then tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth

Macd He is already named and gone to Scone
To be invested

Ross Where is Duncan s body?

Macd Carried to Colmekill
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones

Ross Will you to Scone?

Macd No cousin I ll to Fife

Ross Well I will thither

Macd Well may you see things well done there adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross Farewell father

Old M God s benison go with you and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Forres the palace*

Enter BANQUO

Ban Thou hast it now King Cawdor Glamis all
As the weird women promised and I fear
Thou play dst most foully for t yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings If there come truth from them—
As upon thee Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why by the verities on thee made good
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more

Sennet sound d Enter MACBETH *as King* LADY MACBETH *as Queen* LENNOX ROSS *Lords Ladies and Attendants*

Macb Here s our chief guest

Lady M If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast
And all thing unbecoming

Macb To-night we hold a solemn supper sir
And I ll request your presence

Ban. Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but* MACBETH, *and an* ATTENDANT.
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.
To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked, as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with TWO MURDERERS.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1st Mur. It was, so please your Highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
1st Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1st Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't,

And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off
Grapples you to the heart and love of us
Who wear our health but sickly in his life
Which in his death were perfect
2nd Mur I am one my liege
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world
1st Mur And I another
So weary with disasters tugg d with fortune
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it or be rid on t
Macb Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy
Both Mur True my lord
Macb So is he mine and in such bloody dis tance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near st of life and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it yet I must not
For certain friends that are both his and mine
Whose loves I may not drop but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons
2nd Mur We shall my lord,
Perform what you command us
1st Mur Though our lives—
Macb Your spirits shine through you Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o the time
The moment on t for t must be done to-night
And something from the palace always thought
That I require a clearness and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son that keeps him company
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father s must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour Resolve yourselves apart
I ll come to you anon
Both Mur We are resolved my lord
Macb I ll call upon you straight abide within [*Exeunt* MURDERERS
It is concluded Banquo thy soul s flight
If it find heaven *must find it out to-night* [*Exit*

SCENE II *The palace*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a* SERVANT

Lady M Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv Ay madam but returns again to-night
Lady M Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words
Serv Madam I will [*Exit*
Lady M Nought s had all s spent
Where our desire is got without content
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy

Enter MACBETH

How now my lord! why do you keep alone
Of sorriest fancies your companions making
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard what s done is done
Macb We have scotch d the snake not kill d it
She ll close and be herself whilst our *poor malice*
Remains in danger of her former tooth
But let the frame of things disjoint *both the* worlds suffer
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy Duncan is in his grave
After life s fitful fever he sleeps well
Treason has done his worst nor steel nor poison
Malice domestic foreign levy nothing
Can touch him further
Lady M Come on
Gentle my lord sleek o er your rugged looks
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night
Macb So shall I love and so I pray be you
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo
Present him eminence both with eye and tongue
Unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams
And make our faces vizards to our hearts
Disguising what they are
Lady M You must leave this
Macb O full of scorpions is my mind dear wife!
Thou know st that Banquo and his Fleance lives
Lady M But in them *nature s copy s not eterne*
Macb There s comfort yet they are assailable
Then be thou *jocund ere the bat hath flown*
His cloister d flight ere to black Hecate s sum mons
The shard borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night s yawning peal *there shall be* done
A deed of dreadful note
Lady M What s to be done?

Macb Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed Come seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night s black agents to their preys do rouse
Thou marvell'st at my words, but hold thee still,
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill
So, prithee go with me [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A park near the palace*

Enter THREE MURDERERS

1st Mur But who did bid thee join with us?
3rd Mur Macbeth
2nd Mur He needs not our mistrust since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just
1st Mur Then stand with us
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day,
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch
3rd Mur Hark! I hear horses
Ban [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
2nd Mur Then 'tis he the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court
1st Mur His horses go about
3rd Mur Almost a mile, but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk
2nd Mur A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch*

3rd Mur 'Tis he
1st Mur Stand to't
Ban It will be rain to-night
1st Mur Let it come down

They set upon BANQUO

Ban O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge O slave!
[*Dies* FLEANCE *escapes*
3rd Mur Who did strike out the light?
1st Mur Was't not the way?
3rd Mur There's but one down, the son is fled
2nd Mur We have lost
Best half of our affair
1st Mur Well, let's away, and say how much is done [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same hall in the palace*

A banquet prepared Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, *Lords, and Attendants*

Macb You know your own degrees, sit down At first
And last the hearty welcome
Lords Thanks to your Majesty
Macb Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome
Lady M Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome

FIRST MURDERER *appears at the door*

Macb See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks
Both sides are even here I'll sit i' the midst
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round [*Approaching the door*] There's blood upon thy face
1st Mur 'Tis Banquo's then
Macb 'Tis better thee without than he within
Is he dispatch'd?
1st Mur My lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him
Macb Thou art the best o' the cut-throats, yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance If thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil
1st Mur Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped
Macb Then comes my fit again I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air,
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears But Banquo's safe?
1st Mur Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature
Macb Thanks for that
There the grown serpent lies, the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again [*Exit* MURDERER
Lady M My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,

'Tis given with welcome To feed were best at home
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony
Meeting were bare without it
Macb Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both!
Len May t please your Highness sit

The Ghost of Banquo enters and sits in Macbeth s place

Macb Here had we now our country s honour roof'd
Were the graced person of our Banquo present
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross His absence sir
Lays blame upon his promise Please t your Highness
To grace us with your royal company
Macb The table s full
Len Here is a place reserved sir
Macb Where?
Len Here my good lord What is t that moves your Highness?
Macb Which of you have done this?
Lords What my good lord?
Macb Thou canst not say I did it Never shake
Thy gory locks at me
Ross Gentlemen rise his Highness is not well
Lady M Sit worthy friends my lord is often thus
And hath been from his youth Pray you keep seat
The fit is momentary upon a thought
He will again be well If much you note him
You shall offend him and extend his passion
Feed and regard him not Are you a man?
Macb Ay and a bold one that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil
Lady M O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan O these flaws and starts
Impostors to true fear would well become
A woman s story at a winter s fire
Authorized by her grandam Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all s done
You look but on a stool
Macb Prithee see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why what care I? If thou canst nod speak too
If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites [*Ghost vanishes*

Lady M What quite unmann d in folly?
Macb If I stand here I saw him
Lady M Fie for shame!
Macb Blood hath been shed ere now i the olden time
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal,
Ay and since too murders have been perform d
Too terrible for the ear The time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns
And push us from our stools This is more strange
Than such a murder is
Lady M My worthy lord
Your noble friends do lack you
Macb I do forget
Do not muse at me my most worthy friends
I have a strange infirmity which is nothing
To those that know me Come love and health to all
Then I ll sit down Give me some wine fill full
I drink to the general joy o the whole table
And to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst
And all to all
Lords Our duties and the pledge

Re-enter Ghost

Macb Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless thy blood is cold
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M Think of this good peers
But as a thing of custom tis no other
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time
Macb What man dare I dare
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear
The arm d rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger
Take any shape but that and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble Or be alive again
And dare me to the desert with thy sword
If trembling I inhabit then protest me
The baby of a girl Hence horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery hence! [*Ghost vanishes*
Why so being gone
I am a man again Pray you sit still
Lady M You have displaced the mirth broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder
Macb Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer s cloud
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear

Ross What sights, my lord?

Lady M I pray you, speak not, he grows worse and worse,
Question enrages him At once good night
Stand not upon the order of your going
But go at once

Len Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty!

Lady M A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but* MACBETH *and* LADY MACBETH

Mach It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak,
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood What is the night?

Lady M Almost at odds with morning which is which

Mach How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M Did you send to him sir?

Mach I hear it by the way, but I will send
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd I will to morrow,
And betimes I will to the weird sisters
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst For mine own good,
All causes shall give way I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd

Lady M You lack the season of all natures, sleep

Mach Come, we'll to sleep My strange and self abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use
We are yet but young in deed [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *A Heath*

Thunder Enter the THREE WITCHES, *meeting* HECATE

1st Witch Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly

Hec Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death,
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful who as others do,
Loves for his own ends not for you
But make amends now, get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning, thither he
Will come to know his destiny
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside
I am for the air, this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end,
Great business must be wrought ere noon
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound,
I'll catch it ere it come to ground,
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom grace and fear,
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy

Music and a song within "Come away, come away," &c

Hark! I am call'd, my little spirit, see
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me [*Exit*

1st Witch Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Forres the palace*

Enter LENNOX *and another* LORD

Len My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further, only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth, marry, he was dead
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled Men must not walk too late
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't So that, I say,

He has borne all things well and I do think
That had he Duncan s sons under his key—
As an t please heaven he shall not—they should find
What twere to kill a father so should Fleance
But peace! for from broad words and cause he fail d
His presence at the tyrant s feast I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace Sir can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord The son of Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth
Lives in the English court and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of Fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy King upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward
That by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat sleep to our nights
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives
Do faithful homage and receive free honours
All which we pine for now And this report
Hath so exasperate the King that he
Prepares for some attempt of war
Len Sent he to Macduff?
Lord He did and with an absolute Sir not I
The cloudy messenger turns me his back
And hums as who should say You ll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer
Len And that well might
Advise him to a caution to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!
Lord I ll send my prayers with him
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *A cavern in the middle a boiling cauldron*

Thunder Enter the THREE WITCHES

1st Witch Thrice the brinded cat hath mew d
2nd Witch Thrice and once the hedge pig whined
3rd Witch Harpier cries tis time tis time
1st Witch Round about the cauldron go
In the poison d entrails throw
Toad that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter d venom sleeping got
Boil thou first i the charmed pot
All Double double toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble
2nd Witch Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake
Eye of newt and toe of frog
Wool of bat and tongue of dog
Adder s fork and blind worm's sting
Lizard s leg and howlet s wing
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell broth boil and bubble
All Double double toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble
3rd Witch Scale of dragon tooth of wolf
Witches mummy maw and gulf
Of the ravin d salt sea shark
Root of hemlock digg d i the dark
Liver of blaspheming Jew
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver d in the moon s eclipse
Nose of Turk and Tartar s lips
Finger of birth strangled babe
Ditch-deliver d by a drab
Make the gruel thick and slab
Add thereto a tiger s chaudron
For the ingredients of our cauldron
All Double double toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble
2nd Witch Cool it with a baboon s blood,
Then the charm is firm and good

Enter HECATE *to the other* THREE WITCHES

Hec O well done! I commend your pains
And every one shall share i the gains
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring
Enchanting all that you put in
Music and a song Black spirits &c
[HECATE *retires*
2nd Witch By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes
Open locks
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH

Macb How now you secret black and midnight hags!
What is t you do?
All A deed without a name
Macb I conjure you by that which you profess
Howe er you come to know it answer me
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down

Though castles topple on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1st Witch. Speak.
2nd Witch. Demand.
3rd Witch. We'll answer.
1st Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.
1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low,
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. FIRST APPARITION, *an armed Head*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—
1st Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
1st App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff,
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [*Descends*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks,
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—
1st Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. SECOND APPARITION, *a bloody Child*

2nd App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
2nd App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends*
Macb. Then live, Macduff, what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. THIRD APPARITION, *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand*

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
3rd App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
Hautboys
1st Witch. Show!
2nd Witch. Show!
3rd Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of EIGHT KINGS, *the last with a glass in his hand, Banquo's Ghost following*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo, down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more, and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*]
What, is this so?
1st Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay

[*Music The* WITCHES *dance and then vanish with* HECATE

Macb Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in without there!

Enter LENNOX

Len What's your Grace's will?
Macb Saw you the weird sisters?
Len No my lord
Macb Came they not by you?
Len No indeed my lord
Macb Infected be the air whereon they ride
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse who was't came by?
Len 'Tis two or three my lord that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England
Macb Fled to England!
Len Ay my good lord
Macb Time thou anticipatest my dread exploits
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts be it thought and done
The castle of Macduff I will surprise
Seize upon Fife give to the edge o' the sword
His wife his babes and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line No boasting like a fool
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool
But no more sights! Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Fife Macduff's castle*

Enter LADY MACDUFF *her* SON *and* ROSS

L Macd What had he done to make him fly the land?
Ross You must have patience madam
L Macd He had none
His flight was madness When our actions do not
Our fears do make us traitors
Ross You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear
L Macd Wisdom! to leave his wife to leave his babes
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not
He wants the natural touch for the poor wren
The most diminutive of birds will fight
Her young ones in her nest against the owl
All is the fear and nothing is the love
As little is the wisdom where the flight
So runs against all reason
Ross My dearest coz
I pray you school yourself but for your husband
He is noble wise judicious and best knows
The fits o' the season I dare not speak much further
But cruel are the times when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves when we hold rumour
From what we fear yet know not what we fear
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move I take my leave of you
Shall not be long but I'll be here again
Things at the worst will cease or else climb upward
To what they were before My pretty cousin
Blessing upon you!
L Macd Father'd he is and yet he's fatherless
Ross I am so much a fool should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort
I take my leave at once [*Exit*
L Macd Sirrah your father's dead
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son As birds do mother
L Macd What with worms and flies?
Son With what I get I mean and so do they
L Macd Poor bird! thou dst never fear the net nor lime
The pitfall nor the gin
Son Why should I mother? Poor birds they are not set for
My father is not dead for all your saying
L Macd Yes he is dead How wilt thou do for a father?
Son Nay how will you do for a husband?
L Macd Why I can buy me twenty at any market
Son Then you'll buy 'em to sell again
L Macd Thou speak'st with all thy wit and yet i' faith
With wit enough for thee
Son Was my father a traitor mother?
L Macd Ay that he was
Son What is a traitor?
L Macd Why one that swears and lies
Son And be all traitors that do so?
L Macd Every one that does so is a traitor and must be hanged
Son And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L Macd Every one
Son Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter MURDERERS

What are these faces?

1st Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.

1st Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

1st Mur. What, you egg!
Stabbing him
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies*

[*Exit* LADY MACDUFF, *crying* "Murder!"
Exeunt MURDERERS, *following her*

SCENE III. *England. before the King's palace*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,

By him that shall succeed
Macd What should he be?
Mal It is my self I mean in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That when they shall be open d black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb being compared
With my confineless harms
Macd Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn d
In evils to top Macbeth
Mal I grant him bloody
Luxurious avaricious false deceitful
Sudden malicious smacking of every sin
That has a name but there s no bottom none
In my voluptuousness Your wives your daughters
Your matrons and your maids could not fill up
The cistern of my lust and my desire
All continent impediments would o erbear
That did oppose my will Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign
Macd Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
And yet seem cold the time you may so hoodwink
We have willing dames enough there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves
Finding it so incl ned
Mal With this there grows
In my most ill composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that were I king
I should cut off the nobles for their lands
Desire his jewels and this other s house
And my more having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal
Destroying them for wealth
Macd This avarice
Sticks deeper grows with more pernicious root
Than summer seeming lust and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings Yet do not fear
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own All these are portable
With other graces weigh d
Mal But I have none The king becoming graces
As justice verity temperance stableness
Bounty perseverance mercy lowliness
Devotion, patience courage fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime
Acting it many ways Nay had I power I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell
Uproar the universal peace confound
All unity on earth
Macd O Scotland Scotland!
Mal If such a one be fit to govern speak
I am as I have spoken
Macd Fit to govern!
No not to live O nation miserable
With an untitled tyrant bloody scepter d
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king the queen that bore thee
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet
Died every day she lived Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat st upon thyself
Have banish d me from Scotland O my breast
Thy hope ends here!
Mal Macduff this noble passion,
Child of integrity hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power and modest wisdom plucks me
From over credulous haste But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction and
Unspeak mine own detraction here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself
For strangers to my nature I am yet
Unknown to woman never was forsworn
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own
At no time broke my faith would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight
No less in truth than life My first false speaking
Was this upon myself what I am truly
Is thine and my poor country s to command
Whither indeed before thy here approach
Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point was setting forth
Now we ll together and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
Tis hard to reconcile

Enter a DOCTOR

Mal Well more anon —Comes the King forth I pray you?
Doct Ay sir there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure Their malady convinces

The great assay of art, but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
They presently amend
Mal I thank you doctor [*Exit* DOCTOR
Macd What s the disease he means?
Mal 'Tis call d the evil,
A most miraculous work in this good king
Which often since my here remain in England
I have seen him do How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows, but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery he cures
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers And 'tis spoken
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace

Enter ROSS

Macd See, who comes here?
Mal My countryman, but yet I know him not
Macd My ever-gentle cousin welcome hither
Mal I know him now Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross Sir, amen
Macd Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross Alas poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd, where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy The dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken
Macd O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal What s the newest grief?
Ross That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one
Macd How does my wife?
Ross Why, well
Macd And all my children?
Ross Well too
Macd The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross No, they were well at peace when I did leave em
Macd Be not a niggard of your speech, how goes t?
Ross When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness d the rather
For that I saw the tyrant s power a foot
Now is the time of help, your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses
Mal Be t their comfort
We are coming thither Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men,
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out
Ross Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl d out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them
Macd What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross No mind that s honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone
Macd If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it
Ross Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard
Macd Hum! I guess at it
Ross Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter d To relate the manner
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you
Mal Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne er pull your hat upon your brows,
Give sorrow words The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break
Macd My children too?
Ross Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found
Macd And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross I have said
Mal Be comforted
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge

To cure this deadly grief
Macd He has no children All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell kite! All?
What all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal Dispute it like a man
Macd I shall do so
But I must also feel it as a man
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls Heaven rest them now!
Mal Be this the whetstone of your sword let grief
Convert to anger blunt not the heart enrage it
Macd O I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But gentle heavens
Cut short all intermission front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself
Within my sword s length set him if he scape
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal This tune goes manly
Come go we to the King our power is ready
Our lack is nothing but our leave Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking and the powers above
Put on their instruments Receive what cheer you may
The night is long that never finds the day
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Dunsinane Ante-room in the castle*

Enter a DOCTOR OF PHYSIC *and a* WAITING-GENTLEWOMAN

Doct I have two nights watched with you but can perceive no truth in your report When was it she last walked?

Gent Since his Majesty went into the field I have seen her rise from her bed throw her night gown upon her unlock her closet take forth paper fold it write upon t read it afterwards seal it and again return to bed yet all this while in a most fast sleep

Doct A great perturbation in nature to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation besides her walking and other actual performances what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent That sir which I will not report after her

Doct You may to me and tis most meet you should

Gent Neither to you nor any one having no witness to confirm my speech

Enter LADY MACBETH *with a taper*

Lo you here she comes! This is her very guise and upon my life fast asleep Observe her stand close

Doct How came she by that light?

Gent Why it stood by her She has light by her continually tis her command

Doct You see her eyes are open

Gent Ay but their sense is shut

Doct What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands

Gent It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour

Lady M Yet here s a spot

Doct Hark! she speaks I will set down what comes from her to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly

Lady M Out damned spot! out I say! One two Why then tis time to do t Hell is murky! Fie my lord fie! a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him

Doct Do you mark that?

Lady M The thane of Fife had a wife Where is she now? What will these hands ne er be clean? No more o that my lord no more o that! You mar all with this starting

Doct Go to go to you have known what you should not

Gent She has spoke what she should not I am sure of that Heaven knows what she has known

Lady M Here s the smell of the blood still All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand Oh oh oh!

Doct What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged

Gent I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body

Doct Well well well—

Gent Pray God it be sir

Doct This disease is beyond my practice Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds

Lady M Wash your hands put on your night gown look not so pale I tell you yet again Banquo s buried he cannot come out on s grave

Doct Even so?

Lady M To bed, to bed! there s knocking at

the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and Soldiers*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, *and Attendants*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a SERVANT

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit* SERVANT
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb What news more?
Sey All is confirm'd my lord which was reported
Macb I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd
Give me my armour
Sey 'Tis not needed yet
Macb I'll put it on
Send out more horses skirr the country round
Hang those that talk of fear Give me mine armour
How does your patient doctor?
Doct Not so sick my lord
As she is troubled with thick coming fancies
That keep her from her rest
Macb Cure her of that
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct Therein the patient
Must minister to himself
Macb Throw physic to the dogs I'll none of it
Come put mine armour on give me my staff
Seyton send out Doctor the thanes fly from me
Come sir dispatch If thou couldst doctor cast
The water of my land find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health
I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again —Pull't off I say —
What rhubarb senna or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doct Ay my good lord your royal preparation
Makes us hear something
Macb Bring it after me
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane
Doct [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear
Profit again should hardly draw me here
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Country near Birnam wood*

Drum and colours Enter MALCOLM OLD SIWARD *and his son* MACDUFF MENTEITH CAITHNESS ANGUS LENNOX ROSS *and Soldiers marching*

Mal Cousins I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe
Ment We doubt it nothing
Siw What wood is this before us?
Ment The wood of Birnam
Mal Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us
Soldiers It shall be done
Siw We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before't
Mal 'Tis his main hope
For where there is advantage to be given
Both more and less have given him the revolt
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too
Macd Let our just censures
Attend the true event and put we on
Industrious soldiership
Siw The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate
Towards which advance the war
[*Exeunt marching*

SCENE V *Dunsinane within the castle*

Enter MACBETH SEYTON *and Soldiers with drum and colours*

Macb Hang out our banners on the outward walls
The cry is still They come Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up
Were they not forced with those that should be ours
We might have met them dareful beard to beard,
And beat them backward home
A cry of women within
What is that noise?
Sey It is the cry of women my good lord
[*Exit*
Macb I have almost forgot the taste of fears
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night shriek and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't I have supp'd full with horrors
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?
Sey The Queen my lord is dead
Macb She should have died hereafter
There would have been a time for such a word
To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story
quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane"; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD, MACDUFF, *and their Army, with boughs*

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy
uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Mal. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot
fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter YOUNG SIWARD

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
They fight and YOUNG SIWARD *is slain*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.
[*Exit*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy
face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Mac-
beth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums*

Enter MALCOLM *and* OLD SIWARD

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently
render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mark Antony, Octavius Cæsar, M. Æmilius Lepidus — *triumvirs*

Sextus Pompeius

Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo — *friends to Antony*

Mecænas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyreus, Gallus — *friends to Cæsar*

Menas, Menecrates, Varrius — *friends to Pompey*

Taurus, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar*

Canidius, *lieutenant-general to Antony*

Silius, *an officer in Ventidius' army*

Euphronius, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar*

Alexas, Mardian *a eunuch*, Seleucus, Diomedes — *attendants on Cleopatra*

A Soothsayer

A Clown

Five Messengers

An Egyptian

Two Servants *to Pompey*

A Captain *of Antony's army*

Four Soldiers *of Antony's army*

Four Soldiers *of Cæsar's army*

Two Guards *to Cleopatra*

Three Guards *of Antony's army*

Two Attendants *on Antony*

One Attendant *on Cleopatra*

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt*

Octavia, *sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony*

Charmian, Iras — *attendants on Cleopatra*

Non-Speaking: *Officers, Soldiers, Guards, Servitors, and Attendants*

Scene: *In several parts of the Roman Empire*



ACT I

Scene I. *Alexandria. a room in Cleopatra's palace*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front, his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her*

Look, where they come!
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an ATTENDANT

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? Both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man, the nobleness of life
Is to do thus when such a mutual pair
Embracing
And such a twain can do t in which I bind
On pain of punishment the world to weet
We stand up peerless

Cleo Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?
I ll seem the fool I am not Antony
Will be himself

Ant But stirr d by Cleopatra
Now for the love of Love and her soft hours
Let s not confound the time with conference harsh
There s not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now What sport to-night?

Cleo Hear the ambassadors

Ant Fie wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes to chide to laugh
To weep whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee fair and admired!
No messenger but thine and all alone
To-night we ll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people Come my queen
Last night you did desire it Speak not to us
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA *with their train*

Dem Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi Sir sometimes when he is not Antony
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony

Dem I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar who
Thus speaks of him at Rome but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same another room*

Enter CHARMIAN IRAS ALEXAS *and a* SOOTHSAYER

Char Lord Alexas sweet Alexas most any thing Alexas almost most absolute Alexas where s the soothsayer that you praised so to the Queen? O that I knew this husband which you say must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex Soothsayer!

Sooth Your will?

Char Is this the man? Is t you sir that know things?

Sooth In nature s infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read

Alex Show him your hand

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno Bring in the banquet quickly wine enough Cleopatra s health to drink

Char Good sir give me good fortune

Sooth I make not but foresee

Char Pray then foresee me one

Sooth You shall be yet far fairer than you are

Char He means in flesh

Iras No you shall paint when you are old

Char Wrinkles forbid!

Alex Vex not his prescience be attentive

Char Hush!

Sooth You shall be more beloving than beloved

Char I had rather heat my liver with drinking

Alex Nay hear him

Char Good now some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon and widow them all Let me have a child at fifty to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage Find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar and companion me with my mistress

Sooth You shall outlive the lady whom you serve

Char O excellent! I love long life better than figs

Sooth You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach

Char Then belike my children shall have no names Prithee how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth If every of your wishes had a womb
And fertile every wish a million

Char Out fool! I forgive thee for a witch

Alex You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes

Char Nay come tell Iras hers

Alex We ll know all our fortunes

Eno Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be—drunk to bed

Iras There s a palm presages chastity if nothing else

Char E en as the o erflowing Nilus presageth famine

Iras Go, you wild bedfellow you cannot soothsay

Char Nay if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication I cannot scratch mine ear Prithee tell her but a worky-day fortune

Sooth Your fortunes are alike

Iras But how but how? give me particulars

Sooth I have said

Iras Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char Well if you were but an inch of fortune better than I where would you choose it?

Iras Not in my husband s nose

Char Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas—come his fortune his fortune! O let

him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty fold a cuckold! Good Isis hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras Amen Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart breaking to see a handsome man loose wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded, therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum and fortune him accordingly!

Char Amen

Alex Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do 't!

Eno Hush! here comes Antony

Char Not he, the Queen

Enter CLEOPATRA

Cleo Saw you my lord?

Eno No, lady

Cleo Was he not here?

Char No, madam

Cleo He was disposed to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him Enobarbus!

Eno Madam?

Cleo Seek him, and bring him hither Where's Alexas?

Alex Here, at your service My lord approaches

Cleo We will not look upon him Go with us [*Exeunt*

Enter ANTONY *with a* MESSENGER *and* ATTENDANTS

Mess Fulvia thy wife first came into the field

Ant Against my brother Lucius?

Mess Ay
But soon that war had end, and the time 's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them

Ant Well, what worst?

Mess The nature of bad news infects the teller

Ant When it concerns the fool or coward On
Things that are past are done with me 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd

Mess Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates,
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst—

Ant Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mess O, my lord!

Ant Speak to me home mince not the general tongue
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome,
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter O then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing Fare thee well awhile

Mess At your noble pleasure [*Exit*

Ant From Sicyon ho the news! Speak there!

1st Att The man from Sicyon—is there such an one?

2nd Att He stays upon your will

Ant Let him appear
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage

Enter another MESSENGER

What are you?

2nd Mess Fulvia thy wife is dead

Ant Where died she?

2nd Mess In Sicyon
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears
Gives a letter

Ant Forbear me
[*Exit* SECOND MESSENGER
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it
What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again, the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself She's good, being gone,
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on
I must from this enchanting queen break off,
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS

Eno What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant I must with haste from hence

Eno Why, then, we kill all our women We see how mortal an unkindness is to them, if they suffer our departure, death's the word

Ant I must be gone

Eno Under a compelling occasion, let women die It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though, between them and a great cause, they

should be esteemed nothing Cleopatra catching but the least noise of this dies instantly I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her she hath such a celerity in dying

Ant She is cunning past man s thought

Eno Alack sir no her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report This cannot be cunning in her if it be she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove

Ant Would I had never seen her!

Eno O sir you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel

Ant Fulvia is dead

Eno Sir?

Ant Fulvia is dead

Eno Fulvia!

Ant Dead

Eno Why sir give the gods a thankful sacrifice When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him it shows to man the tailors of the earth comforting therein that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new If there were no more women but Fulvia then had you indeed a cut and the case to be lamented This grief is crowned with consolation your old smock brings forth a new petticoat and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow

Ant The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence

Eno And the business you have broached here cannot be without you especially that of Cleopatra s which wholly depends on your abode

Ant No more light answers Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part For not alone
The death of Fulvia with more urgent touches
Do strongly speak to us but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
The empire of the sea Our slippery people
Whose love is never link d to the deserver
Till his deserts are past begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son who high in name and power
Higher than both in blood and life stands up
For the main soldier whose quality going on,
The sides o the world may danger Much is breeding
Which like the courser s hair hath yet but life,
And not a serpent s poison Say our pleasure
To such whose place is under us requires
Our quick remove from hence

Eno I shall do t [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III *The same another room*

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS *and* ALEXAS

Cleo Where is he?

Char I did not see him since

Cleo See where he is who s with him what he does
I did not send you If you find him sad
Say I am dancing if in mirth report
That I am sudden sick Quick and return
[*Exit* ALEXAS

Char Madam methinks if you did love him dearly
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him

Cleo What should I do I do not?

Char In each thing give him way cross him in nothing

Cleo Thou teachest like a fool the way to lose him

Char Tempt him not so too far I wish forbear
In time we hate that which we often fear
But here comes Antony

Enter ANTONY

Cleo I am sick and sullen

Ant I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose—

Cleo Help me away dear Charmian I shall fall
It cannot be thus long the sides of nature
Will not sustain it

Ant Now my dearest queen—

Cleo Pray you stand farther from me

Ant What s the matter?

Cleo I know by that same eye there s some good news
What says the married woman? You may go
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say tis I that keep you here
I have no power upon you hers you are

Ant The gods best know—

Cleo O never was there queen
So mightily betray d! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted

Ant Cleopatra—

Cleo Why should I think you can be mine and true
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go. When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then,
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, Queen.
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile, but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords, Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome,
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction, the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love, the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten,
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen.
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked, at the last, best,
See when and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come!
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood. No more.
Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword—
Cleo. And target. Still he mends,
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it,
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it,
That you know well. Something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come,
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Cæsar's house*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *reading a letter,* LEPIDUS, *and their Train*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel, is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he, hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow
Lep I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven
More fiery by night s blackness hereditary
Rather than purchased what he cannot change
Than what he chooses
Cæs You are too indulgent Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy
To give a kingdom for a mirth to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat say this becomes him—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness If he fill d
His vacancy with his voluptuousness
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for t but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours— tis to be chid
As we rate boys who being mature in knowledge
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to judgement

Enter a MESSENGER

Lep Here s more news
Mess Thy biddings have been done and every hour
Most noble Cæsar shalt thou have report
How tis abroad Pompey is strong at sea
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear d Cæsar To the ports
The discontents repair and men s reports
Give him much wrong d
Cæs I should have known no less
It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is was wish d until he were
And the ebb d man ne er loved till ne er worth love
Comes dear d by being lack d This common body
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream
Goes to and back lackeying the varying tide
To rot itself with motion
Mess Cæsar I bring thee word
Menecrates and Menas famous pirates
Make the sea serve them which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind Many hot inroads
They make in Italy the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on t and flush youth revolt
No vessel can peep forth but tis as soon
Taken as seen for Pompey s name strikes more
Than could his war resisted
Cæs Antony
Leave thy lascivious wassails When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena where thou slew st
Hirtius and Pansa consuls at thy heel
Did famine follow whom thou fought st against
Though daintily brought up with patience more
Than savages could suffer Thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge
Yea like the stag when snow the pasture sheets
The barks of trees thou browsed st on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank d not
Lep Tis pity of him
Cæs Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i the field and to that end
Assemble we immediate council Pompey
Thrives in our idleness
Lep To-morrow Cæsar
I shall be furnish d to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time
Cæs Till which encounter
It is my business too Farewell
Lep Farewell my lord What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad I shall beseech you sir
To let me be partaker
Cæs Doubt not sir
I knew it for my bond [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Alexandria Cleopatra s palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS *and* MARDIAN

Cleo Charmian!
Char Madam?
Cleo Ha ha!
Give me to drink mandragora
Char Why madam?
Cleo That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away
Char You think of him too much
Cleo O tis treason!
Char Madam I trust not so

Cleo. Thou eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. "Good friend," quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the East,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement, cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's house.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS, *in warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to the full Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner and will make
No wars without doors Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts Lepidus flatters both
Of both is flatter d but he neither loves
Nor either cares for him
Men Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field a mighty strength they carry
Pom Where have you this? tis false
Men From Silvius sir
Pom He dreams I know they are in Rome together
Looking for Antony But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts
Keep his brain fuming Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe d dulness!

Enter VARRIUS

How now Varrius!
Var This is most certain that I shall deliver
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected since he went from Egypt tis
A space for further travel
Pom I could have given less matter
A better ear Menas I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn d his helm
For such a petty war His soldiership
Is twice the other twain but let us rear
The higher our opinion that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt s widow pluck
The ne er lust wearied Antony
Men I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together
His wife that s dead did trespasses to Cæsar
His brother warr d upon him although I think
Not moved by Antony
Pom I know not Menas
How lesser enmities may give way to greater
Were t not that we stand up against them all
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference we yet not know
Be t as our gods will have t! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands
Come Menas [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Rome the house of Lepidus*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS

Lep Good Enobarbus tis a worthy deed
And shall become you well to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech
Eno I shall entreat him
To answer like himself If Cæsar move him
Let Antony look over Cæsar s head
And speak as loud as Mars By Jupiter
Were I the wearer of Antonius beard
I would not shave t to-day
Lep Tis not a time
For private stomaching
Eno Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in t
Lep But small to greater matters must give way
Eno Not if the small come first
Lep Your speech is passion
But pray you stir no embers up Here comes
The noble Antony

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS

Eno And yonder Cæsar

Enter CÆSAR MECÆNAS *and* AGRIPPA

Ant If we compose well here to Parthia!
Hark Ventidius
Cæs I do not know
Mecænas ask Agrippa
Lep Noble friends
That which combined us was most great and let not
A leaner action rend us What s amiss
May it be gently heard when we debate
Our trivial difference loud we do commit
Murder in healing wounds then noble partners
The rather for I earnestly beseech
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms
Nor curstness grow to the matter
Ant 'Tis spoken well
Were we before our armies and to fight
I should do thus
Flourish
Cæs Welcome to Rome
Ant Thank you
Cæs Sit
Ant Sit sir
Cæs Nay then
Ant I learn you take things ill which are not so
Or being concern you not
Cæs I must be laugh d at
If or for nothing or a little I

Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world, more laugh'd at that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practised?
Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!
Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.
Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar!
Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.
Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr Give me leave Cæsar—
Cæs Speak Agrippa
Agr Thou hast a sister by the mother s side
Admired Octavia Great Mark Antony
Is now a widower
Cæs Say not so Agrippa
If Cleopatra heard you your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness
Ant I am not married Cæsar Let me hear
Agrippa further speak
Agr To hold you in perpetual amity
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot take Antony
Octavia to his wife whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter By this marriage
All little jealousies which now seem great
And all great fears which now import their dangers
Would then be nothing Truths would be tales
Where now half tales be truths Her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her Pardon what I have spoke
For tis a studied not a present thought
By duty ruminated
Ant Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs Not till he hears how Antony is touch d
With what is spoke already
Ant What power is in Agrippa
If I would say Agrippa be it so
To make this good?
Cæs The power of Cæsar and
His power unto Octavia
Ant May I never
To this good purpose that so fairly shows
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand
Further this act of grace and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!
Cæs There is my hand
A sister I bequeath you whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep Happily amen!
Ant I did not think to draw my sword gainst Pompey
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me I must thank him only
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report
At heel of that defy him
Lep Time calls upon s
Of us must Pompey presently be sought
Or else he seeks out us
Ant Where lies he?
Cæs About the mount Misenum
Ant What is his strength by land?
Cæs Great and increasing but by sea
He is an absolute master
Ant So is the fame
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it
Yet ere we put ourselves in arms dispatch we
The business we have talk d of
Cæs With most gladness
And do invite you to my sister s view
Whither straight I ll lead you
Ant Let us Lepidus
Not lack your company
Lep Noble Antony
Not sickness should detain me
[*Flourish Exeunt* CÆSAR ANTONY *and* LEPIDUS
Mec Welcome from Egypt sir
Eno Half the heart of Cæsar worthy Mecænas! My honourable friend Agrippa!
Agr Good Enobarbus!
Mec We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested You stayed well by t in Egypt
Eno Ay sir we did sleep day out of countenance and made the night light with drinking
Mec Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast and but twelve persons there is this true?
Eno This was but as a fly by an eagle We had much more monstrous matter of feast which worthily deserved noting
Mec She s a most triumphant lady if report be square to her
Eno When she first met Mark Antony she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus
Agr There she appeared indeed or my reporter devised well for her
Eno I will tell you
The barge she sat in like a burnish d throne
Burn d on the water The poop was beaten gold
Purple the sails and so perfumed that
The winds were love sick with them the oars were silver
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes For her own person,
It beggar d all description she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of gold of tissue—
O er picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys like smiling Cupids
With divers colour d fans whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool
And what they undid did
Agr O rare for Antony!
Eno Her gentlewomen like the Nereides
So many mermaids tended her i the eyes

And made their bends adornings At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers, the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature

Agr Rare Egyptian!

Eno Upon her landing Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper She replied
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only

Agr Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed
He plough'd her and she cropp d

Eno I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street
And having lost her breath she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth

Mec Now Antony must leave her utterly

Eno Never, he will not
Age cannot wither her, not custom stale
Her infinite variety Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies, for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish

Mec If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him

Agr Let us go
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here

Eno Humbly sir, I thank you [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same Cæsar's house*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them, and Attendants*

Ant The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom

Octa All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you

Ant Good night, sir My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world s report
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule Good night, dear lady
Good night, sir

Cæs Good night

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* OCTAVIA

Enter SOOTHSAYER

Ant Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant If you can, your reason?

Sooth I see it in
My motion have it not in my tongue, but yet
Hie you to Egypt again

Ant Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth Cæsar's
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee is
Noble, courageous, high unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not, but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd therefore
Make space enough between you

Ant Speak this no more

Sooth To none but thee no more, but when to thee
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee gainst the odds Thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble

Ant Get thee gone
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him

[*Exit* SOOTHSAYER

He shall to Parthia Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true The very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance If we draw lots, he speeds,
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds I will to Egypt,
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the East my pleasure lies

Enter VENTIDIUS

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia Your commission's ready,
Follow me, and receive't [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same a street*

Enter LEPIDUS MECÆNAS *and* AGRIPPA

Lep Trouble yourselves no further pray you hasten
Your generals after
Agr Sir Mark Antony
Will e en but kiss Octavia and we ll follow
Lep Till I shall see you in your soldier s dress
Which will become you both farewell
Mec We shall
As I conceive the journey be at the Mount
Before you Lepidus
Lep Your way is shorter
My purposes do draw me much about
You ll win two days upon me
Mec }
Agr } Sir good success!
Lep Farewell [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Alexandria Cleopatra s palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS *and* ALEXAS

Cleo Give me some music music moody food
Of us that trade in love
Attend The music ho!

Enter MARDIAN *the eunuch*

Cleo Let it alone let s to billiards Come Charmian
Char My arm is sore best play with Mardian
Cleo As well a woman with an eunuch play d
As with a woman Come you ll play with me sir?
Mar As well as I can madam
Cleo And when good will is show d though t come too short
The actor may plead pardon I ll none now
Give me mine angle we ll to the river there
My music playing far off I will betray
Tawny finn d fishes my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws and as I draw them up
I ll think them every one an Antony
And say Ah ha! you re caught
Char Twas merry when
You wager d on your angling when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook which he
With fervency drew up
Cleo That time—O times!—
I laugh d him out of patience and that night
I laugh d him into patience and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed
Then put my tires and mantles on him whilst
I wore his sword Philippan

Enter a MESSENGER

O from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears
That long time have been barren
Mess Madam madam—
Cleo Antonius dead!—If thou say so villain
Thou kill st thy mistress but well and free
If thou so yield him there is gold and here
My bluest veins to kiss a hand that kings
Have lipp d and trembled kissing
Mess First madam he is well
Cleo Why there s more gold
But sirrah mark we use
To say the dead are well Bring it to that
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill uttering throat
Mess Good madam hear me
Cleo Well go to I will
But there s no goodness in thy face If Antony
Be free and healthful—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown d with snakes
Not like a formal man
Mess Will t please you hear me?
Cleo I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak st
Yet *if thou say Antony lives is well*
Or friends with Cæsar or not captive to him,
I ll set thee in a shower of gold and hail
Rich pearls upon thee
Mess Madam he s well
Cleo *Well said*
Mess And friends with Cæsar
Cleo Thou rt an honest man
Mess Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever
Cleo Make thee a fortune from me
Mess But yet madam—
Cleo I do not like But yet it does allay
The good precedence fie upon *But yet!*
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor Prithee friend
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear
The good and bad together He s friends with Cæsar
In state of health thou say st and thou say st free
Mess Free madam! no I made no such report
He s bound unto Octavia
Cleo For what good turn?
Mess For the best turn i the bed
Cleo I am pale *Charmian*
Mess Madam he s married to Octavia

Cleo The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
Strikes him down
Mess Good madam, patience
Cleo What say you? Hence,
Strikes him again
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me, I'll unhair thy head
She hales him up and down
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle
Mess Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match
Cleo Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud, the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg
Mess He's married, madam
Cleo Rogue, thou hast lived too long
Draws a knife
Mess Nay, then I'll run
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault
[*Exit*
Char Good madam, keep yourself within yourself
The man is innocent
Cleo Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again
Though I am mad, I will not bite him Call
Char He is afeard to come
Cleo I will not hurt him
[*Exit* CHARMIAN
These hands do lack nobility that they strike
A meaner than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and* MESSENGER

Come hither, sir
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt
Mess I have done my duty
Cleo Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say "Yes"
Mess He's married, madam
Cleo The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess Should I lie, madam?
Cleo O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly He is married?
Mess I crave your Highness pardon
Cleo He is married?
Mess Take no offence that I would not offend you
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal He's married to Octavia
Cleo O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me, lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* MESSENGER
Char Good your Highness, patience
Cleo In praising Antony I have dispraised Cæsar
Char Many times, madam
Cleo I am paid for't now
Lead me from hence,
I faint O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter
Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair Bring me word quickly
[*Exit* ALEXAS
Let him for ever go, let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars Bid you Alexas
[*To* MARDIAN
Bring me word how tall she is Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me Lead me to my chamber
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Near Misenum*

Flourish Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS *at one side, with drum and trumpet, at another,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS *with Soldiers marching*

Pom Your hostages I have, so have you mine,
And we shall talk before we fight
Cæs Most meet
That first we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here
Pom To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends, since Julius Cæsar,—

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted
There saw you labouring for him What was t
That mo ed pale Cassius to conspire and what
Made the all honour d honest Roman Brutus
With the arm d rest courtiers of beauteous free
dom
To drench the Capitol but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy at whose burthen
The anger d ocean foams with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father
Cæs Take your time
Ant Thou canst not fear us Pompey with thy
sails
We ll speak with thee at sea At land thou
know st
How much we do o er count thee
Pom At land indeed
Thou dost o er count me of my father s house
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself
Remain in t as thou may st
Lep Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you
Cæs There s the point
Ant Which do not be entreated to but weigh
What it is worth embraced
Cæs And what may follow
To try a larger fortune
Pom *You have made me offer*
Of Sicily Sardinia and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome this greed upon
To part with unhack d edges and bear back
Our targes undinted
Cæs Ant Lep That s our offer
Pom Know then
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience Though I lose
The praise of it by telling you must know
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly
Ant I have heard it Pompey
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you
Pom Let me have your hand
I did not think sir to have met you here
Ant The beds i the East are soft and thanks
to you
That call d me timelier than my purpose hither
For I have gain d by t
Cæs *Since I saw you last*
There is a change upon you
Pom Well I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face
But in my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vassal
Lep Well met here
Pom I hope so Lepidus Thus we are agreed
I crave our composition may be written
And seal d between us
Cæs *That s the next to do*
Pom We ll feast each other ere we part and
let s
Draw lots who shall begin
Ant That will I Pompey
Pom No Antony take the lot but first
Or last your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame I have heard that Julius
Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there
Ant You have heard much
Pom I have fair meanings sir
Ant And fair words to them
Pom Then so much have I heard
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—
Eno No more of that he did so
Pom What I pray you?
Eno A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress
Pom I know thee now How farest thou
soldier?
Eno Well
And well am like to do for I perceive
Four feasts are toward
Pom *Let me shake thy hand*
I never hated thee I have seen thee fight
When I have envied thy behaviour
Eno Sir
I never loved you much but I ha praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did
Pom Enjoy thy plainness
It nothing ill becomes thee
Aboard my galley I invite you all
Will you lead lords?
Cæs Ant Lep Show us the way sir
Pom Come
[*Exeunt all but* MENAS *and* ENOBARBUS
Men [*Aside*] Thy father Pompey would ne er
have made this treaty You and I have known
sir
Eno At sea I think
Men We have sir
Eno You have done well by water
Men And you by land
Eno I will praise any man that will praise me
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
land
Men Nor what I have done by water

Eno Yes, something you can deny for your own safety You have been a great thief by sea

Men And you by land

Eno There I deny my land service But give me your hand, Menas If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing

Men All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are

Eno But there is never a fair woman has a true face

Men No slander, they steal hearts

Eno We came hither to fight with you

Men For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune

Eno If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again

Men You've said, sir We looked not for Mark Antony here Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno Cæsar's sister is called Octavia

Men True, sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus

Eno But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius

Men Pray ye, sir?

Eno 'Tis true

Men Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together

Eno If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so

Men I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties

Eno I think so too But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation

Men Who would not have his wife so?

Eno Not he that himself is not so, which is Mark Antony He will to his Egyptian dish again Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance Antony will use his affection where it is, he married but his occasion here

Men And thus it may be Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you

Eno I shall take it, sir We have used our throats in Egypt

Men Come, let's away [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum*

Music plays Enter two or three SERVANTS *with a banquet*

1st Serv Here they'll be, man Some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down

2nd Serv Lepidus is high-coloured

1st Serv They have made him drink alms-drink

2nd Serv As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more", reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink

1st Serv But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion

2nd Serv Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave

1st Serv To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks

A sennet sounded Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other captains*

Ant [*To* CÆSAR] Thus do they, sir they take
the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean if dearth
Or foison follow The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises, as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest

Lep You've strange serpents there

Ant Ay, Lepidus

Lep Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun So is your crocodile

Ant They are so

Pom Sit—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out

Eno Not till you have slept, I fear me you'll be in till then

Lep Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things, without contradiction, I have heard that

Men [*Aside to* POMPEY] Pompey, a word

Pom [*Aside to Menas*] Say in
mine ear what is't?

Men [*Aside to* POMPEY] Forsake thy seat, I do
beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word

Pom [*Aside to* MENAS] Forbear me till anon
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth, it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs, it lives by that

which nourisheth it and the elements once out of it it transmigrates

Lep What colour is it of?

Ant Of it own colour too

Lep Tis a strange serpent

Ant Tis so And the tears of it are wet

Cæs Will this description satisfy him?

Ant With the health that Pompey gives him else he is a very epicure

Pom [*Aside to* MENAS] Go hang sir hang!
Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you Where s this cup I call d for?

Men [*Aside to* POMPEY] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me
Rise from thy stool

Pom [*Aside to* MENAS] I think thou rt mad
The matter? [*Rises and walks aside*]

Men I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes

Pom Thou hast served me with much faith
What s else to say?
Pe jolly lords

Ant These quick sands Lepidus
Keep off them for you sink

Men Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom What say st thou?

Men Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That s twice

Pom How should that be?

Men But entertain it
And though thou think me poor I am the man
Will give thee all the world

Pom Hast thou drunk well?

Men No Pompey I have kept me from the cup
Thou art if thou darest be the earthly Jove
Whate er the ocean pales or sky inclips
Is thine if thou wilt ha t

Pom Show me which way

Men These three world sharers these competitors
Are in thy vessel Let me cut the cable
And when we are put off fall to their throats
All there is thine

Pom Ah this thou shouldst have done
And not have spoke on t! In me tis villainy
In thee t had been good service Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour
Mine honour it Repent that e er thy tongue
Hath so betray d thine act being done unknown
I should have found it afterwards well done
But must condemn it now Desist and drink

Men [*Aside*] For this
I ll never follow thy pall d fortunes more
Who seeks and will not take when once tis offer d
Shall never find it more

Iom This health to Lepidus!

Ant Bear him ashore I ll pledge it for him Pompey

Eno Here s to thee Menas!

Men Enobarbus welcome!

Pom Fill till the cup be hid

Eno There s a strong fellow Menas
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS

Men Why?

Eno A bears the third part of the worl I man see st not?

Men The third part then is drunk Would it were all
That it might go on wheels!

Eno Drink thou increase the reels

Men Come

Pom This is not yet an Alexandrian feast

Ant It ripens towards it Strike the vessels ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs I could well forbear t
It s monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler

Ant Be a child o the time

Cæs Possess it I ll make answer
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one

Eno Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* ANTONY
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals
And celebrate our drink?

Pom Let s ha t good soldier

Ant Come let s all take hands
Till that the conquering wine hath steep d our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe

Eno All take hands
Make battery to our ears with the loud music
The while I ll place you then the boy shall sing
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley

Music plays ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand*

THE SONG

Come thou monarch of the vine
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown d
With thy grapes our hairs be crown d
Cup us till the world go round
Cup us till the world go round!

Cæs What would you more? Pompey good night Good brother

Let me request you off, our graver business
Frowns at this levity Gentle lords, let's part,
You see we have burnt our cheeks Strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks, the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all What needs more words? Good night
Good Antony, your hand
Pom I'll try you on the shore
Ant And shall, sir, give's your hand
Pom O Antony,
You have my father's house—But, what? we are friends
Come, down into the boat
Eno Take heed you fall not
[*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS *and* MENAS
Menas, I'll not on shore
Men No, to my cabin
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows Sound and be hang'd, sound out!
Sound a flourish, with drums
Eno Ho! says a' There's my cap
Men Ho! Noble captain, come [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *A plain in Syria*

Enter VENTIDIUS *as it were in triumph, with* SILIUS, *and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers, the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him*

Ven Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck, and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger Bear the King's son's body
Before our army Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus
Sil Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow, spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly, so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head
Ven O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough, a lower place, note well
May make too great an act, for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain, and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish
Sil Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction Thou wilt write to Antony?
Ven I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected,
How, with his banners and his well paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field
Sil Where is he now?
Ven He purposeth to Athens, whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him On, there, pass along! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Rome an ante-chamber in Cæsar's house*

Enter AGRIPPA *at one door*, ENOBARBUS *at another*

Agr What, are the brothers parted?
Eno They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone,
The other three are sealing Octavia weeps
To part from Rome, Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness
Agr 'Tis a noble Lepidus
Eno A very fine one O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men
Agr What's Antony? The god of Jupiter
Eno Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!
Agr O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Eno Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar", go no further
Agr Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises
Eno But he loves Cæsar best, yet he loves Antony
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
His love to Antony But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down kneel down and wonder
Agr Both he loves
Eno They are his shards and he their beetle
[*Trumpets within*] So
This is to horse Adieu noble Agrippa
Agr Good fortune worthy soldier and fare well

Enter CÆSAR ANTONY LEPIDUS *and* OCTAVIA

Ant No further sir
Cæs You take from me a great part of my self
Use me well in t Sister prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof Most noble Antony
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded be the ram to batter
The fortress of it for better might we
Have loved without this mean if on both parts
This be not cherish d
Ant Make me not offended
In your distrust
Cæs I have said
Ant You shall not find
Though you be therein curious the least cause
For what you seem to fear So the gods keep you
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part
Cæs Farewell my dearest sister fare thee well
The elements be kind to thee and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well
Oct My noble brother!
Ant The April s in her eyes it is love s spring
And these the showers to bring it on Be cheerful
Oct Sir look well to my husband s house and—
Cæs What
Octavia?
Oct. I ll tell you in your ear
Ant Her tongue will not obey her heart nor can
Her heart inform her tongue—the swan s down feather
That stands upon the swell at full of tide
And neither way inclines
Eno [*Aside to* AGRIPPA] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr [*Aside to* ENOBARBUS] He has a cloud in s face
Eno [*Aside to* AGRIPPA] He were the worse for that were he a horse
So is he being a man
Agr [*Aside to* ENOBARBUS] Why Enobarbus
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead
He cried almost to roaring and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain
Eno [*Aside to* AGRIPPA] That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum
What willingly he did confound he wail d
Believe t till I wept too
Cæs No sweet Octavia
You shall hear from me still the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you
Ant Come sir come
I ll wrestle with you in my strength of love
Look here I have you thus I let you go
And give you to the gods
Cæs Adieu be happy!
Lep Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs Farewell farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA
Ant Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound Exeunt*

SCENE III *Alexandria Cleopatra s palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS *and* ALEXAS

Cleo Where is the fellow?
Alex Half afeard to come
Cleo Go to go to

Enter the MESSENGER *as before*

Come hither sir
Alex Good Majesty
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased
Cleo That Herod s head
I ll have but how when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near
Mess Most gracious Majesty—
Cleo Didst thou behold Octavia?
Mess Ay dread queen
Cleo Where?
Mess Madam in Rome
I look d her in the face and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony
Cleo Is she as tall as me?
Mess She is not madam
Cleo Didst hear her speak? is she shrill tongued or low?
Mess Madam I heard her speak she is low voiced
Cleo That s not so good He cannot like her long?
Char Like her! O Isis! impossible
Cleo I think so Ch ll of tongue dwarfish!
What majesty is in
If e er thou look dst
Mess

She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather
Cleo Is this certain?
Mess Or I have no observance
Char Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note
Cleo He's very knowing,
I do perceive 't There's nothing in her yet
The fellow has good judgement
Char Excellent
Cleo Guess at her years, I prithee
Mess Madam,
She was a widow—
Cleo Widow! Charmian, hark
Mess And I do think she's thirty
Cleo Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess Round even to faultiness
Cleo For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so
Her hair, what colour?
Mess Brown, madam, and her forehead
As low as she would wish it
Cleo There's gold for thee
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill
I will employ thee back again, I find thee
Most fit for business Go make thee ready,
Our letters are prepared [*Exit* MESSENGER
Char A proper man
Cleo Indeed he is so I repent me much
That so I harried him Why, methinks by him,
This creature's no such thing
Char Nothing, madam
Cleo The man hath seen some majesty, and should know
Char Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian,
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write All may be well enough
Char I warrant you, madam [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Athens A room in Antony's house*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA

Ant Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will, and read it
To public ear,
Spoke scantly of me, when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them, most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth
Oct O my good lord,
Believe not all, or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all
Ant Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother Make your soonest haste,
So your desires are yours
Oct Thanks to my lord
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift
Ant When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can never be so equal that your love
Can equally move with them Provide your going,
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The same another room*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting*

Eno How now friend Eros!
Eros There's strange news come, sir
Eno What, man?
Eros Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey
Eno This is old What is the success?
Eros Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey, upon his own appeal, seizes him So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine

Eno Then world thou hast a pair of chaps no more
And throw between them all the food thou hast
They ll grind the one the other Where s Antony?
Eros He s walking in the garden—thus and spurns
The rush that lies before him cries Fool Lepidus!
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder d Pompey
Eno Our great navy s rigg d
Eros For Italy and Cæsar More Domitius
My lord desires you presently my news
I might have told hereafter
Eno Twill be naught
But let it be Bring me to Antony
Eros Come sir [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Rome Cæsar s house*

Enter CÆSAR AGRIPPA *and* MECÆNAS

Cæs Contemning Rome he has done all this and more
In Alexandria Here s the manner of't
I the market place on a tribunal silver d
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned At the feet sat
Cæsarion whom they call my father s son
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus Lydia
Absolute queen
Mec This in the public eye?
Cæs I the common show place where they exercise
His sons he there proclaim d the kings of kings
Great Media Parthia and Armenia
He gave to Alexander to Ptolemy he assign d
Syria Cilicia and Phœnicia She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear d and oft before gave audience
As tis reported so
Mec Let Rome be thus
Inform d
Agr Who queasy with his insolence
Already will their good thoughts call from him
Cæs The people know it and have now received
His accusations
Agr Who does he accuse?
Cæs Cæsar and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil d we had not rated him
His part o the isle Then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unrestored Lastly he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed and being that we detain
All his revenue
Agr Sir this should be answer d
Cæs Tis done already and the messenger gone
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change For what I have conquer d
I grant him part but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer d kingdoms I
Demand the like
Mec He ll never yield to that
Cæs Nor must not then be yielded to in this

Enter OCTAVIA *with her train*

Oct Hail Cæsar and my lord! hail most dear Cæsar!
Cæs That ever I should call thee castaway!
Oct You have not call d me so nor have you cause
Cæs Why have you stol n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar s sister The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear the trees by the way
Should have borne men and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not nay the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven
Raised by your populous troops But you are come
A market maid to Rome and have prevented
The ostentation of our love which left unshown
Is often left unloved We should have met you
By sea and land supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting
Oct Good my lord
To come thus was I not constrain d but did it
On my free will My lord Mark Antony
Hearing that you prepared for war acquainted
My grieved ear withal whereon, I begg d
His pardon for return
Cæs Which soon he granted
Being an obstruct tween his lust and him
Oct Do not say so my lord
Cæs I have eyes upon him
And his affairs come to me on the wind
Where is he now?
Oct My lord in Athens
Cæs No my most wronged sister Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her He hath given his empire
Up to a whore who now are levying
The kings o the earth for war He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of Libya Archelaus

Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia, the Thracian king, Adallas,
King Malchus of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Jewry, Mithridates, King
Of Comagene, Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres

Oct Ay me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs Welcome hither
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger Cheer your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more dear to me You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us

Agr Welcome, lady

Mec Welcome, dear madam
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us

Oct Is it so, sir?

Cæs Most certain Sister, welcome Pray you,
Be ever known to patience My dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Near Actium Antony's camp*

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS

Cleo I will be even with thee, doubt it not

Eno But why, why, why?

Cleo Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit

Eno Well, is it, is it?

Cleo If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno [*Aside*] Well, I could reply
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost, the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse

Cleo What is't you say?

Eno Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spared He is already
Traduced for levity, and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war

Cleo Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind

Eno Nay, I have done
Here comes the Emperor

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS

Ant Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?

Cleo Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent

Ant A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea

Cleo By sea! what else?

Can Why will my lord do so?

Ant For that he dares us to 't

Eno So hath my lord dared him to single fight

Can Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey, but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you

Eno Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress, in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought
Their ships are yare, yours, heavy No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land

Ant By sea, by sea

Eno Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security

Ant I'll fight at sea

Cleo I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better

Ant Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar But if we fail
We then can do t at land

Enter a MESSENGER

Thy business?
Mess The news is true my lord he is descried
Cæsar has taken Toryne
Ant Can he be there in person? tis impossible
Strange that his power should be Canidius
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse We ll to our ship
Away my Thetis!

Enter a SOLDIER

How now worthy soldier!
Sold O noble emperor do not fight by sea
Trust not to rotten planks Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot
Ant Well well away!
[*Exeunt* ANTONY CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS
Sold By Hercules I think I am i the right
Can Soldier thou art but his whole action grows
Not in the power on t So our leader s led
And we are women s men
Sold You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole do you not?
Can Marcus Octavius Marcus Justeius
Publicola and Cælius are for sea
But we keep whole by land This speed of Cæsar s
Carries beyond belief
Sold While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies
Can Who s his lieutenant hear you?
Sold They say one Taurus
Can Well I know the man

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess The Emperor calls Canidius
Can With news the time s with labour and throes forth
Each minute some [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII *A plain near Actium*

Enter CÆSAR, *and* TAURUS *with his army marching*

Cæs Taurus!
Taur My Lord?
Cæs Strike not by land keep whole provoke not battle
Till we have done at sea Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll our fortune lies
Upon this jump [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX *Another part of the plain*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS

Ant Set we our squadrons on yond side o the hill
In eye of Cæsar s battle from which place
We may the number of the ships behold
And so proceed accordingly [*Exeunt*

SCENE X *Another part of the plain*

CANIDIUS *marcheth with his land army one way over the stage and* TAURUS *the lieutenant of* CÆSAR *the other way After their going in is heard the noise of a sea fight*

Alarum Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno Naught naught all naught! I can behold no longer
The Antoniad the Egyptian admiral
With all their sixty fly and turn the rudder
To see t mine eyes are blasted

Enter SCARUS

Scar Gods and goddesses
All the whole synod of them!
Eno What s thy passion?
Scar The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance we have kiss d away
Kingdoms and provinces
Eno How appears the fight?
Scar On our side like the token d pestilence
Where death is sure Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt—
Whom leprosy o ertake!—i the midst o the fight
When vantage like a pair of twins appear d
Both as the same or rather ours the elder
The breese upon her like a cow in June
Hoists sails and flies
Eno That I beheld
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight and could not
Endure a further view
Scar She once being loof d
The noble ruin of her magic Antony
Claps on his sea wing and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height flies after her
I never saw an action of such shame
Experience manhood honour ne er before
Did violate so itself
Eno Alack alack!

Enter CANIDIUS

Can Our fortune on the sea is out of breath
And sinks most lamentably I Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well
O he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!
Eno Ay are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed
Can Toward Peloponnesus are they fled
Scar 'Tis easy to't, and there I will attend
What further comes
Can To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse Six kings already
Show me the way of yielding
Eno I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason
Sits in the wind against me [*Exeunt*

SCENE XI *Alexandria Cleopatra's palace*

Enter ANTONY *with* ATTENDANTS

Ant Hark! the land bids me tread no more
upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever I have a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it, fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar
All Fly! not we
Ant I have fled myself, and have instructed
cowards
To run and show their shoulders Friends, be
gone,
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you, be gone
My treasure's in the harbour, take it O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting Friends, be gone, you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness Take the hint
Which my despair proclaims, let that be left
Which leaves itself To the sea-side straightway,
I will possess you of that ship and treasure
Leave me, I pray, a little, pray you now
Nay, do so, for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you I'll see you by and by
Sits down

Enter CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS, EROS *following*

Eros Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him
Iras Do, most dear queen
Char Do! why, what else?
Cleo Let me sit down O Juno!
Ant No, no, no, no, no
Eros See you here, sir?
Ant O fie, fie, fie!
Char Madam!
Iras Madam, O good empress!
Eros Sir, sir—
Ant Yes, my lord, yes, he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended He alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war, yet now —No
matter
Cleo Ah, stand by
Eros The Queen, my lord, the Queen
Iras Go to him, madam, speak to him,
He is unqualitied with very shame
Cleo Well then, sustain me O!
Eros Most noble sir, arise, the Queen approaches
Her head's declined, and death will seize her,
but
Your comfort makes the rescue
Ant I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving
Eros Sir, the Queen
Ant O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?
See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour
Cleo O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd
Ant Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me
Cleo O, my pardon!
Ant Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleased,
Making and marring fortunes You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause
Cleo Pardon, pardon!
Ant Fall not a tear, I say, one of them rates
All that is won and lost Give me a kiss,
Even this repays me We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead

Some wine within there and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows
[*Exeunt*

SCENE XII *Egypt Cæsar s camp*

Enter CÆSAR DOLABELLA THYREUS *with others*

Cæs Let him appear that s come from Antony
Know you him?
Dol Cæsar tis his schoolmaster
An argument that he is pluck d when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by

Enter EUPHRONIUS *ambassador from Antony*

Cæs Approach and speak
Euph Such as I am I come from Antony
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea
Cæs Be t so declare thine office
Euph Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee and
Requires to live in Egypt which not granted
He lessens his requests and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth
A private man in Athens This for him
Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness
Submits her to thy might and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs
Now hazarded to thy grace
Cæs For Antony
I have no ears to his request The Queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend
Or take his life there This if she perform
She shall not sue unheard So to them both
Euph Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs Bring him through the bands
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS
[*To* THYREUS] To try thy eloquence now tis time dispatch
From Antony win Cleopatra promise
And in our name what she requires add more,
From thine invention offers Women are not
In their best fortunes strong but want will perjure
The ne er touch d vestal Try thy cunning Thyreus
Make thine own edict for thy pains which we
Will answer as a law
Thyr Cæsar I go
Cæs Observe how Antony becomes his flaw
And what thou think st his very action speaks
In every power that moves
Thyr Cæsar I shall [*Exeunt*

SCENE XIII *Alexandria Cleopatra s palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA ENOBARBUS CHARMIAN *and* IRAS

Cleo What shall we do Enobarbus?
Eno Think and die
Cleo Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno Antony only that would make his will
Lord of his reason What though you fled
From that great face of war whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick d his captainship at such a point
When half to half the world opposed he being
The meered question 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing
Cleo Prithee, peace

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS *the Ambassador*

Ant Is that his answer?
Euph Ay my lord
Ant The Queen shall then have courtesy so she
Will yield us up
Euph He says so
Ant Let her know t
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities
Cleo That head my lord?
Ant To him again Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him from which the world should note
Something particular His coin ships legions
May be a coward s whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i the command of Cæsar I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined sword against sword
Ourselves alone I ll write it Follow me
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS
Eno [*Aside*] Yes like enough high battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show
Against a sworder! I see men s judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike That he should dream
Knowing all measures the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar thou hast subdued
His judgement too

Enter an ATTENDANT

Att A messenger from Cæsar
Cleo What, no more ceremony? See, my women!
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds Admit him, sir
[*Exit* ATTENDANT
Eno [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly, yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story

Enter THYREUS

Cleo Cæsar's will?
Thyr Hear it apart
Cleo None but friends, say boldly
Thyr So, haply, are they friends to Antony
Eno He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend For us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's
Thyr So
Thus then, thou most renown'd Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar
Cleo Go on right royal
Thyr He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him
Cleo O!
Thyr The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved
Cleo He is a god and knows
What is most right Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely
Eno [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking for
Thy dearest quit thee [*Exit*
Thyr Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon, but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord
Cleo What's your name?
Thyr My name is Thyreus
Cleo Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand Tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet and there to kneel
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt
Thyr 'Tis your noblest course
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand
Cleo Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS

Ant Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd
Eno [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd
Ant Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me Of late, when I cried "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet

Enter Attendants

Take hence this Jack, and whip him
Eno [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying
Ant Moon and stars!
Whip him Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here—what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till like a boy, you see him cringe his face
And whine aloud for mercy Take him hence
Thyr Mark Antony!
Ant Tug him away Being whipp'd,
Bring him again, this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him
[*Exeunt Attendants with* THYREUS
You were half blasted ere I knew you, ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo Good my lord—
Ant You have been a boggler ever,
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—

O misery on t'—the wise gods seel our eyes
In our own filth drop our clear judgements make us
Adore our errors laugh at s while we strut
To our confusion
Cleo O is t come to this?
Ant *I found you as a morsel cold upon*
Dead Cæsar s trencher nay you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey s besides what hotter hours
Unregister d in vulgar fame you have
Luxuriously pick d out for I am sure
Though you can guess what temperance should be
You know not what it is
Cleo Wherefore is this?
Ant To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say God quit you' be familiar with
My playfellow your hand this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts' O that I were
Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
The horned herd' for I have savage cause
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A halter d neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him

Re-enter ATTENDANTS *with* THYREUS

Is he whipp d?
1st Att Soundly my lord
Ant Cried he? and begg d a pardon?
1st Att He did ask favour
Ant If that thy father live let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph since
Thou hast been whipp d for following him henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee
Shake thou to look on t Get thee back to Cæsar
Tell him thy entertainment Look thou say
He makes me angry with him for he seems
Proud and disdainful harping on what I am
Not what he knew I was He makes me angry
And at this time most easy tis to do t
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell If he mislike
My speech and what is done tell him he has
Hipparchus my enfranched bondman whom
He may at pleasure whip or hang or torture
As he shall like to quit me Urge it thou
Hence with thy stripes begone' [*Exit* THYREUS
Cleo Have you done yet?
Ant Alack our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed and it portends alone
The fall of Antony'
Cleo I must stay his time
Ant To flatter Cæsar would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo Not know me yet?
Ant Cold hearted toward me?
Cleo Ah dear if I be so
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail
And poison it in the source and the first stone
Drop in my neck as it determines so
Dissolve my life' The next Cæsarion smite'
Till by degrees the memory of my womb
Together with my brave Egyptians all
By the discandying of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey'
Ant I am satisfied
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria where
I will oppose his fate Our force by land
Hath nobly held our sever d navy too
Have knit again and fleet threatening most sea like
Where hast thou been my heart? Dost thou hear lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips I will appear in blood
I and my sword will earn our chronicle
There s hope in t yet
Cleo That s my brave lord'
Ant I will be treble sinew d hearted breathed
And fight maliciously for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky men did ransom lives
Of me for jests but now I ll set my teeth
And send to darkness all that stop me Come
Let s have one other gaudy night Call to me
All my sad captains fill our bowls once more
Let s mock the midnight bell
Cleo It is my birth-day
I had thought to have held it poor but since my lord
Is Antony again I will be Cleopatra
Ant We will yet do well
Cleo Call all his noble captains to my lord
Ant Do so we ll speak to them and to-night I ll force
The wine peep through their scars Come on my queen
There s sap in t yet The next time I do fight
I ll make death love me for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe
[*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS
Eno Now he ll outstare the lightning To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge and I see still

A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with I will seek
Some way to leave him [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Before Alexandria Cæsar's camp*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS, *with his Army*, CÆSAR *reading a letter*

Cæs He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt, my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge
Mec Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling Give him no breath but now
Make boot of his distraction Never anger
Made good guard for itself
Cæs Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in See it done,
And feast the army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Alexandria Cleopatra's palace*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others*

Ant He will not fight with me, Domitius
Eno No
Ant Why should he not?
Eno He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one
Ant To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight, or I will live
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again Woo't thou fight well?
Eno I'll strike, and cry, "Take all"
Ant Well said, come on
Call forth my household servants, let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal

Enter three or four Servitors

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou, you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows
Cleo [*Aside to* ENOBARBUS] What means this?
Eno [*Aside to* CLEOPATRA] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind
Ant And thou art honest too
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done
All The gods forbid!
Ant Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night,
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command
Cleo [*Aside to* ENOBARBUS] What does he mean?
Eno [*Aside to* CLEOPATRA] To make his followers weep
Ant Tend me to-night,
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow, perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master I look on you
As one that takes his leave Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away, but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
Eno What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed For shame,
Transform us not to women
Ant Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same before the palace*

Enter TWO SOLDIERS *to their guard*

1st Sold Brother, good night, to-morrow is the day
2nd Sold It will determine one way, fare you well
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1st Sold Nothing What news?

2nd Sold Belike 'tis but a rumour Good night to you

1st Sold Well sir good night

Enter TWO *other* SOLDIERS

2nd Sold Soldiers have careful watch

3rd Sold And you Good night good night

They place themselves in every corner of the stage

4th Sold Here we And if to-morrow
Our navy thrive I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up

3rd Sold 'Tis a brave army
And full of purpose

Music of the hautboys as under the stage

4th Sold Peace! what noise?

1st Sold List List!

2nd Sold Hark!

1st Sold Music i' the air

3rd Sold Under the earth

4th Sold It signs well does it not?

3rd Sold No

1st Sold Peace I say!
What should this mean?

2nd Sold 'Tis the god Hercules whom Antony loved
Now leaves him

1st Sold Walk let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do

They advance to another post

2nd Sold How now masters!

All [*Speaking together*] How now!
How now! do you hear this?

1st Sold Ay is't not strange?

3rd Sold Do you hear masters? do you hear?

1st Sold Follow the noise so far as we have quarter
Let's see how it will give off

All Content 'Tis strange [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same a room in the palace*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN *and others attending*

Ant Eros! mine armour Eros!

Cleo Sleep a little

Ant No my chuck Eros come mine armour Eros!

Enter EROS *with armour*

Come good fellow put mine iron on
If fortune be not ours to-day it is
Because we brave her Come

Cleo Nay I'll help too
What's this for?

Ant Ah let be let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart False false this this

Cleo Sooth la I'll help Thus it must be

Ant Well well
We shall thrive now Seest thou my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences

Eros Briefly, sir

Cleo Is not this buckled well?

Ant Rarely rarely
He that unbuckles this till we do please
To daff't for our repose shall hear a storm
Thou fumblest Eros and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou Dispatch O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't

Enter an armed SOLDIER

Good morrow to thee welcome
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight

Sold A thousand sir
Early though't be have on their riveted trim
And at the port expect you

Shout Trumpets flourish

Enter CAPTAINS *and* SOLDIERS

Capt The morn is fair Good morrow general

All Good morrow general

Ant 'Tis well blown lads
This morning like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note begins betimes
So so come give me that This way well said
Fare thee well dame whate'er becomes of me
This is a soldier's kiss rebukeable [*Kisses her*]
And worthy shameful check it were to stand
On more mechanic compliment I'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel You that will fight
Follow me close I'll bring you to't Adieu

[*Exeunt* ANTONY EROS CAPTAINS *and* SOLDIERS

Char Please you retire to your chamber

Cleo Lead me
He goes forth gallantly That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony—but now—Well on [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Alexandria Antony's camp*

Trumpets sound Enter ANTONY *and* EROS *a* SOLDIER *meeting them*

Sold The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sold Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels
Ant Who's gone this morning?
Sold Who!
One ever near thee Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine"
Ant What say'st thou?
Sold Sir,
He is with Cæsar
Eros Sir his chests and treasure
He has not with him
Ant Is he gone?
Sold Most certain
Ant Go, Eros, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee Write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings,
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Alexandria Cæsar's camp*

Flourish Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *with* ENOBARBUS, *and others*

Cæs Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight
Our will is Antony be took alive,
Make it so known
Agr Cæsar, I shall [*Exit*
Cæs The time of universal peace is near
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Antony
Is come into the field
Cæs Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself [*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS
Eno Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony, there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony, for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more

Enter a SOLDIER *of* CÆSAR'S

Sold Enobarbus Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules
Eno I give it you
Sold Mock not, Enobarbus
I tell you true Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host, I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself Your emperor
Continues still a Jove [*Exit*
Eno I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought, but thought will do 't, I feel
I fight against thee! No! I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die, the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life [*Exit*

SCENE VII *Field of battle between the camps*

Alarum Drums and trumpets Enter AGRIPPA *and others*

Agr Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected [*Exeunt*

Alarums Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded*

Scar O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads
Ant Thou bleed'st apace
Scar I had a wound here that was like a *T*,
But now 'tis made an *H*
Ant They do retire
Scar We'll beat 'em into bench holes I have yet
Room for six scotches more

Enter EROS

Eros They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory
Scar Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares behind
'Tis sport to maul a runner
Ant I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour Come thee on
Scar I'll halt after [*E*...

SCENE VIII *Under the walls of Alexandria*

Alarum Enter ANTONY *in a march,* SCARUS *with others*

Ant We have beat him to his camp Run one before
And let the Queen know of our gests To-morrow
Before the sun shall see s we ll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped I thank you all
For doughty handed are you and have fought
Not as you served the cause but as t had been
Each man s like mine you have shown all Hec tors
Enter the city clip your wives your friends
Tell them your feats whilst they with joy ful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honour d gashes whole [*To* SCARUS] Give me thy hand

Enter CLEOPATRA *attended*

To this great fairy I ll commend thy acts
Make her thanks bless thee [*To* CLEOPATRA] O thou day o the world,
Chain mine arm d neck leap thou attire and all
Through proof of harness to my heart and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!
Cleo Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue comest thou smiling from
The world s great snare uncaught?
Ant My nightingale
We have beat them to their beds What girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown yet ha we
A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
Get goal for goal of youth Behold this man
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand
Kiss it my warrior He hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy d in such a shape
Cleo I ll give thee friend
An armour all of gold it was a king s
Ant He has deserved it were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus car Give me thy hand
Through Alexandria make a jolly march
Bear our hack d targets like the men that owe them
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day s fate
Which promises royal peril Trumpeters
With b azen din blast you the city s ear
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together
Applauding our approach [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX *Cæsar s camp*

Sentinels at their post

1st Sold If we be not relieved within this hour
We must return to the court of guard The night
Is shiny and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i the morn
2nd Sold This last day was
A shrewd one to s

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno O bear me witness night—
3rd Sold What man is this?
2nd Sold Stand close and list him
Eno Be witness to me O thou blessed moon
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
1st Sold Enobarbus!
3rd Sold Peace!
Hark further
Eno O sovereign mistress of true melancholy
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me
That life a very rebel to my will
May hang no longer on me Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault
Which being dried with grief will break to powder
And finish all foul thoughts O Antony
Nobler than my revolt is infamous
Forgive me in thine own particular
But let the world rank me in register
A master leaver and a fugitive
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies*
2nd Sold Let s speak
To him
1st Sold Let s hear him for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar
3rd Sold Let s do so But he sleeps
1st Sold Swoons rather for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep
2nd Sold Go we to him
3rd Sold Awake sir awake speak to us
2nd Sold Hear you sir?
1st Sold The hand of death hath raught him
[*Drums afar off*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers Let us bear him
To the court of guard he is of note Our hour
Is fully out
3rd Sold Come on then
He may recover yet [*Exeunt with the body*

SCENE X *Between the two camps*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS *with their Army*

Ant Their preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land
Scar For both my lord
Ant I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air,
We'd fight there too But this it is, our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us, order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven [Go we up]
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour [*Exeunt*

SCENE XI *Another part of the same*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Army*

Cæs But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall, for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys To the vales,
And hold our best advantage [*Exeunt*

SCENE XII *Another part of the same*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS

Ant Yet they are not join'd Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go [*Exit*
Scar Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests The augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not
Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight

Re-enter ANTONY

Ant All is lost,
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me
My fleet hath yielded to the foe and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee Bid them all fly,
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all Bid them all fly, begone
[*Exit* SCARUS
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more,
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar, and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp d them all Betray'd I am
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm—
Whose eye beck d forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end—
Like a right gipsy, hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
Cleo Why is my lord enraged against his love?
Ant Vanish or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Cæsar s triumph Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex, most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts, and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails
[*Exit* CLEOPATRA
'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live, but better 'twere
Thou fell st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many Eros ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me Teach me,
Alcides thou mine ancestor, thy rage
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o the moon,
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self The witch shall die
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me and I fall
Under this plot, she dies for 't Eros, ho! [*Exit*

SCENE XIII *Alexandria Cleopatra s palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN

Cleo Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield, the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd
Char To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off
Cleo To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself,
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee piteously Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death To the monument! [*Exeunt*

SCENE XIV *The same another room*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS

Ant Eros, thou yet behold st me?
Eros Ay, noble lord
Ant Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. Here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand. The last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead, then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To* MARDIAN] That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly. Go. [*Exit* MARDIAN
Off, pluck off!
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
[*Exit* EROS
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength. Seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me;
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't; the time is come.
Thou strikest not me; 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed Draw, and come
Eros Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies
Ant Lo thee! [*Turning from him*]
Eros My sword is drawn
Ant Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it
Eros My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell
Ant 'Tis said, man, and farewell
Eros Farewell, great chief Shall I strike now?
Ant Now Eros
Eros Why, there then [*Kills himself*] Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death
Ant Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record, but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed Come, then, and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar to do thus
Falling on his sword
I learn'd of thee How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* GUARD

1st Guard What's the noise?
Ant I have done my work ill, friends O, make an end
Of what I have begun
2nd Guard The star is fall'n
1st Guard And time is at his period
All Alas, and woe!
Ant Let him that loves me strike me dead
1st Guard Not I
2nd Guard Nor I
3rd Guard Nor any one [*Exeunt* GUARD
Der Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio Where's Antony?
Der There, Diomed there
Dio Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS
Ant Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death
Dio Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee
Ant When did she send thee?
Dio Now, my lord
Ant Where is she?
Dio Lock'd in her monument She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass, for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead,
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late
Ant Too late, good Diomed Call my guard, I prithee
Dio What, ho, the Emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the GUARD *of Antony*

Ant Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you
1st Guard Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out
All Most heavy day!
Ant Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly Take me up
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all
[*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY

SCENE XV *The same a monument*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *and her maids aloft, with* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS

Cleo O Charmian, I will never go from hence
Char Be comforted, dear madam
Cleo No, I will not
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise, our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it

Enter, below, DIOMEDES

How now! is he dead?
Dio His death's upon him, but not dead

Look out o the other side your monument
His guard have brought him thither

Enter below ANTONY *borne by the* GUARD

Cleo O sun
Burn the great sphere thou movest in' darkling stand
The varying shore o the world O Antony
Antony Antony' Help Charmian help Iras help
Help friends below let s draw him hither
Ant Peace'
Not Cæsar s valour hath o erthrown Antony
But Antony s hath triumph d on itself
Cleo So it should be that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony but woe tis so'
Ant I am dying Egypt dying only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips
Cleo I dare not dear—
Dear my lord pardon—I dare not
Lest I be taken Not the imperious show
Of the full fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch d with me if knife drugs serpents have
Edge sting or operation I am safe
Your wife Octavia with her modest eyes
And still conclusion shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me But come come Antony—
Help me my women—we must draw thee up
Assist good friends
Ant O quick or I am gone
Cleo Here s sport indeed' How heavy weighs my lord'
Our strength is all gone into heaviness
That makes the weight Had I great Juno s power
The strong wing d Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove s side Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools—O come come come

They heave ANTONY *aloft to* CLEOPATRA

And welcome welcome' die where thou hast lived
Quicken with kissing Had my lips that power
Thus would I wear them out
All A heavy sight'
Ant I am dying Egypt dying
Give me some wine and let me speak a little
Cleo No let me speak and let me rail so high
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel
Provoked by my offence
Ant One word, sweet queen
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety O'
Cleo They do not go together
Ant Gentle hear me
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius
Cleo My resolution and my hands I ll trust
None about Cæsar
Ant The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o the world
The noblest and do now not basely die
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish d Now my spirit is going
I can no more
Cleo Noblest of men woo t die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O see my women

[ANTONY *dies*

The crown o the earth doth melt My lord'
O wither d is the garland of the war
The soldier s pole is fall n young boys and girls
Are level now with men the odds is gone
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon [*Faints*
Char O quietness lady'
Iras She is dead too our sovereign
Char Lady'
Iras Madam'
Char O madam madam madam'
Iras Royal Egypt
Empress'
Char Peace peace Iras'
Cleo No more but e en a woman and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol n our jewel All s but naught
Patience is sottish and impatience does
Become a dog that s mad Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you women?
What what' good cheer' Why how now Charmian'
My noble girls' Ah women women look,
Our lamp is spent it s out' Good sirs take heart
We ll bury him and then what s brave what s noble
Let s do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us Come away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold
Ah, women women' come we have no friend

But resolution and the briefest end
[*Exeunt, those above bearing off Antony's body*

ACT V

SCENE I *Alexandria Cæsar's camp*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others, his council of war*

Cæs Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield,
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes
Dol Cæsar, I shall [*Exit*

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY

Cæs Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?
Der I am call'd Dercetas,
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served Whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar, if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life
Cæs What is't thou say'st?
Der I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead
Cæs The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens The death of Antony
Is not a single doom, in the name lay
A moiety of the world
Der He is dead, Cæsar
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife, but that self hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it, behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood
Cæs Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings
Agr And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds
Mec His taints and honours
Waged equal with him
Agr A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity, but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men Cæsar is touch'd
Mec When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself
Cæs O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this, but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine, we could not stall together
In the whole world But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this Hear me, good friends—
But I will tell you at some meeter season

Enter an EGYPTIAN

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says Whence are you?
Egyp A poor Egyptian yet The Queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to
Cæs Bid her have good heart
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her, for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle
Egyp So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit*
Cæs Come hither, Proculeius Go and say,
We purpose her no shame Give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us, for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her
Pro Cæsar, I shall [*Exit*
Cæs Gallus, go you along [*Exit* GALLUS]
Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
All Dolabella!
Cæs Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd, he shall in time be ready
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings Go with me, and see
What I can show in this [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Alexandria a room in the monument*

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN *and* IRAS

Cleo My desolation does begin to make
A better life Tis paltry to be Cæsar,
Not being Fortune he s but Fortune s knave
A minister of her will and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change
Which sleeps and never palates more the dug
The beggar s nurse and Cæsar s

Enter to the gates of the monument PROCULEIUS GALLUS *and Soldiers*

Pro Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean st to have him grant thee
Cleo What s thy name?
Pro My name is Proculeius
Cleo Antony
Did tell me of you bade me trust you but
I do not greatly care to be deceived
That have no use for trusting If your master
Would have a queen his beggar you must tell him
That majesty to keep decorum must
No less beg than a kingdom If he please
To give me conquer d Egypt for my son
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks
Pro Be of good cheer
You re fall n into a princely hand fear nothing
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneel d to
Cleo Pray you tell him
I am his fortune s vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience and would gladly
Look him i the face
Pro This I ll report dear lady
Have comfort for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it
Gal You see how easily she may be surprised

Here PROCULEIUS *and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window and having descended come behind* CLEOPATRA *Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates*

[*To* PROCULEIUS *and the Guard*] Guard her till Cæsar come [*Exit*

Iras Royal queen!
Char O Cleopatra! thou art taken Queen
Cleo Quick quick good hands
Drawing a dagger
Pro Hold worthy lady hold
Seizes and disarms her
Do not yourself such wrong who are in this
Relieved but not betray d
Cleo What of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro Cleopatra
Do not abuse my master s bounty by
The undoing of yourself Let the world see
His nobleness well acted which your death
Will never let come forth
Cleo Where art thou Death?
Come hither come! Come come and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro O temperance lady!
Cleo Sir I will eat no meat I ll not drink sir
If idle talk will once be necessary
I ll not sleep neither This mortal house I ll ruin
Do Cæsar what he can Know sir that I
Will not wait pinion d at your master s court
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus mud
Lay me stark naked and let the water flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country s high pyramids my gibbet
And hang me up in chains!
Pro You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar

Enter DOLABELLA

Dol Proculeius
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows
And he hath sent for thee For the Queen,
I ll take her to my guard
Pro So Dolabella,
It shall content me best Be gentle to her
[*To* CLEOPATRA] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please
If you ll employ me to him
Cleo Say I would die
[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS *and Soldiers*
Dol Most noble empress you have heard of me?
Cleo I cannot tell
Dol Assuredly you know me

Cleo No matter, sir, what I have heard or known
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams,
Is 't not your trick?
Dol I understand not, madam
Cleo I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol If it might please ye—
Cleo His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth
Dol Most sovereign creature—
Cleo His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world, his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends,
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't, an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping His delights
Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above
The element they lived in In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket
Dol Cleopatra!
Cleo Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dol Gentle madam, no
Cleo You lie, up to the hearing of the gods
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy, yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite
Dol Hear me, good madam
Your loss is as yourself great, and you bear it
As answering to the weight Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root
Cleo I thank you, sir
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol I am loath to tell you what I would you knew
Cleo Nay, pray you, sir—
Dol Though he be honourable—
Cleo He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol Madam, he will, I know 't
Flourish, and shout within, "Make way there Cæsar!"

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and others of his train*

Cæs Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol It is the Emperor, madam
CLEOPATRA *kneels*
Cæs Arise, you shall not kneel
I pray you, rise, rise, Egypt
Cleo Sir, the gods
Will have it thus, my master and my lord
I must obey
Cæs Take to you no hard thoughts
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance
Cleo Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex
Cæs Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change, but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely I'll take my leave
Cleo And may, through all the world, 'tis yours, and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please Here, my good lord
Cæs You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra
Cleo This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted Where's Seleucus?
Sel Here, madam
Cleo This is my treasurer, let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing Speak the truth, Seleucus
Sel Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not
Cleo What have I kept back?
Sel Enough to purchase what you have made known
Cæs Nay, blush not, Cleopatra, I approve
Your wisdom in the deed
Cleo See, Cæsar! O, behold,

How pomp is follow'd' mine will now be yours
And should we shift estates yours would be mine
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild O slave, of no more trust
Than love that s hired' What goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back I warrant thee but I ll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings Slave soulless villain dog'
O rarely base'

Cæs Good queen let us entreat you

Cleo O Cæsar what a wounding shame is this
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ' Say good Cæsar
That I some lady trifles have reserved
Immoment toys things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal and say
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia to induce
Their mediation must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods' it smites me
Beneath the fall I have [*To* SELEUCUS] Prithee go hence,
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance Wert thou a man
Thou wouldst have mercy on me

Cæs Forbear Seleucus [*Exit* SELEUCUS

Cleo Be it known that we the greatest are mis thought
For things that others do and when we fall
We answer others merits in our name
Are therefore to be pitied

Cæs Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved nor what acknowl edged
Put we i the roll of conquest Still be t yours
Bestow it at your pleasure and believe
Cæsar s no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold Therefore be cheer d
Make not your thoughts your prisons no dear queen
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel Feed, and sleep
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend and so adieu

Cleo My master and my lord'

Cæs Not so Adieu
[*Flourish Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his train*

Cleo He words me girls he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself But hark thee Charmian
Whispers CHARMIAN

Iras Finish good lady the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark

Cleo Hie thee again
I have spoke already and it is provided
Go put it to the haste

Char Madam I will

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dol Where is the Queen?

Char Behold sir [*Exit*

Cleo Dolabella'

Dol Madam as thereto sworn by your com mand
Which my love makes religion to obey
I tell you this Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey and within three days
You with your children will he send before
Make your best use of this I have perform d
Your pleasure and my promise

Cleo Dolabella
I shall remain your debtor

Dol I your servant
Adieu good queen I must attend on Cæsar

Cleo Farewell and thanks [*Exit* DOLABELLA
Now Iras what think st thou?
Thou an Egyptian puppet shalt be shown
In Rome as well as I Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons rules and hammers shall
Uplift us to the view in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet shall we be enclouded
And forced to drink their vapour

Iras The gods forbid'

Cleo Nay tis most certain Iras Saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o tune The quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us and present
Our Alexandrian revels Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I the posture of a whore

Iras O the good gods'

Cleo Nay that s certain

Iras I ll never see t for I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes

Cleo Why that s the way
To fool their preparation and to conquer
Their most absurd intents

Re-enter CHARMIAN

Now Charmian'
Show me my women like a queen Go fetch

My best attires I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony Sirrah Iras, go
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday Bring our crown and all
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRAS *A noise within*

Enter a GUARDSMAN

Guard Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence
He brings you figs

Cleo Let him come in *[Exit* GUARDSMAN
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine

Re-enter GUARDSMAN, *with* CLOWN *bringing in a basket*

Guard This is the man

Cleo Avoid, and leave him

[Exit GUARDSMAN

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown Truly, I have him, but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal, those that do die of it do seldom or never recover

Cleo Rememberest thou any that have died on 't?

Clown Very many, men and women too I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm

Cleo Get thee hence, farewell

Clown I wish you all joy of the worm

Setting down his basket

Cleo Farewell

Clown You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind

Cleo Ay, ay, farewell

Clown Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm

Cleo Take thou no care, it shall be heeded

Clown Very good Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding

Cleo Will it eat me?

Clown You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five

Cleo Well, get thee gone, farewell

Clown Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o' the worm *[Exit*

Re-enter IRAS *with a robe, crown, &c*

Cleo Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have
Immortal longings in me Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip
Yare yare, good Iras, quick Methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act, I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath Husband, I come
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air, my other elements
I give to baser life So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips
Farewell, kind Charmian, Iras, long farewell

Kisses them Iras falls and dies

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking

Char Dissolve thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo This proves me base
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have Come, thou mortal wretch,

To an asp, which she applies to her breast

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char O eastern star!

Cleo Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char O break! O, break!

Cleo As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as g
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too

Applying another asp to her arm
What should I stay— [*Dies*
Char In this vile world? So fare thee well
Now boast thee Death in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel d Downy windows close
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown s awry
I ll mend it, and then play

Enter the GUARD *rushing in*

1st Guard Where is the Queen?
Char Speak softly wake her not
1st Guard Cæsar hath sent—
Char Too slow a messenger
Applies an asp
O come apace dispatch! I partly feel thee
1st Guard Approach ho! All s not well Cæsar s beguiled
2nd Guard There s Dolabella sent from Cæsar call him
1st Guard What work is here! Charmian is this well done?
Char It is well done and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings
Ah soldier! [*Dies*

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dol How goes it here?
2nd Guard All dead
Dol Cæsar thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this Thyself art coming
To see perform d the dreaded act which thou
So sought st to hinder
Within A way there a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR *and all his train marching*

Dol O sir you are too sure an augurer
That you did fear is done
Cæs Bravest at the last
She levell d at our purposes and being royal
Took her own way The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed
Dol Who was last with them?
1st Guard A simple countryman that brought her figs
This was his basket
Cæs Poison d then
1st Guard O Cæsar
This Charmian lived but now she stood and spake
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp d
Cæs O noble weakness!
If they had swallow d poison twould appear
By external swelling but she looks like sleep
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace
Dol Here on her breast
There is a vent of blood and something blown
The like is on her arm
1st Guard This is an aspic s trail and these fig leaves
Have slime upon them such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile
Cæs Most probable
That so she died for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die Take up her bed
And bear her women from the monument
She shall be buried by her Antony
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous High events as these
Strike those that make them and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral
And then to Rome Come Dolabella see
High order in this great solemnity [*Exeunt*

CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Caius Marcius, *afterwards* Caius Marcius Coriolanus
Titus Lartius, Cominius — *generals against the Volscians*
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus*
Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus — *tribunes of the people*
Young Marcius, *son to Coriolanus*
A Roman Herald
Nicanor, *a Roman*
An Ædile
Two Patricians
Two Officers
A Lieutenant *to Lartius*
Two Senators
Seven Citizens
Three Messengers
Three Soldiers

Tullus Aufidius, *general of the Volscians*

A Lieutenant *to Aufidius*
Three Conspirators *with Aufidius*
A Citizen *of Antium*
Two Lords
Two Sentries
Two Senators
Three Soldiers
Adrian, *A Volscian*
Three Servants *to Aufidius*

Volumnia, *mother to Coriolanus*
Virgilia *wife to Coriolanus*
Valeria *friend to Virgilia*
Gentlewoman, *attending on Virgilia*

Non-Speaking *Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Soldiers, Citizens, Lictors, and Attendants*

Scene *Rome and the neighbourhood, Corioli and the neighbourhood, Antium*



ACT I

Scene i *Rome a street*

Enter a company of mutinous citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons*

1st Cit Before we proceed any further, hear me speak

All Speak, speak

1st Cit You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All Resolved, resolved

1st Cit First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people

All We know't, we know't

1st Cit Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price Is't a verdict?

All No more talking on't, let it be done Away, away!

2nd Cit One word, good citizens

1st Cit We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good What authority surfeits on would relieve us, if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely, but they think we are too dear The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gain to them Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes, for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge

2nd Cit Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All Against him first, he's a very dog to the commonalty

2nd Cit Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1st Cit Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud

2nd Cit Nay, but speak not maliciously

1st Cit I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue

2nd Cit What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him You must in no way say he is covetous

1st Cit If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations, he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition [*Shouts within*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen, why stay we prating here? To the Capitol!

All Come, come

1st Cit Soft! who comes here?

Enter menenius agrippa

2nd Cit Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always loved the people

1st Cit He s one honest enough would all the rest were so!

Men What work s my countrymen in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak I pray you

1st Cit Our business is not unknown to the Senate they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do which now we ll show em in deeds They say poor suitors have strong breaths they shall know we have strong arms too

Men Why masters my good friends mine honest neighbours
Will you undo yourselves?

1st Cit We cannot sir we are undone already

Men I tell you friends most charitable care
Have the patricians of you For your wants
Your suffering in this dearth you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state whose course will on
The way it takes cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment For the dearth
The gods not the patricians make it and
Your knees to them not arms must help Alack
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you and you slander
The helms o the state who care for you like fathers
When you curse them as enemies

1st Cit Care for us! True indeed! they ne er cared for us yet suffer us to famish and their store houses crammed with grain make edicts for usury to support usurers repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor If the wars eat us not up they will and there s all the love they bear us

Men Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious
Or be accused of folly I shall tell you
A pretty tale It may be you have heard it
But since it serves my purpose I will venture
To stale t a little more

1st Cit Well I ll hear it sir yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale But an t please you deliver

Men There was a time when all the body s members
Rebell d against the belly thus accused it
That only like a gulf it did remain
I the midst o the body idle and unactive
Still cupboarding the viand never bearing
Like labour with the rest where the other instruments
Did see and hear devise instruct walk feel
And mutually participate did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body The belly answer d—

1st Cit Well sir what answer made the belly?

Men Sir I shall tell you With a kind of smile,
Which ne e came from the lungs but even thus—
For look you I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you

1st Cit Your belly s answer? What?
The kingly crowned head the vigilant eye
The counsellor heart the arm our soldier
Our steed the leg the tongue our trumpeter
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric if that they —

Men What then?
Fore me this fellow speaks What then? what then?

1st Cit Should by the cormorant belly be restrain d
Who is the sink o the body—

Men Well what then?

1st Cit The former agents if they did complain
What could the belly answer?

Men I will tell you
If you ll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile you ll hear the belly s answer

1st Cit Ye re long about it

Men Note me this good friend
Your most grave belly was deliberate
Not rash like his accusers and thus answer d
True is it my incorporate friends quoth he
That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon and fit it is
Because I am the store house and the shop
Of the whole body But if you do remember
I send it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court the heart to the seat o the brain
And through the cranks and offices of man
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live and though that all at once,
You my good friends —this says the belly mark me—

1st Cit Ay sir well well

Men Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each
Yet I can make my audit up that all

From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran " What say you to't?
1st Cit It was an answer How apply you this?
Men The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members, for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o'the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?
1st Cit I the great toe! Why the great toe?
Men For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost,
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS

Hail, noble Marcius!
Mar Thanks What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
1st Cit We have ever your good word
Mar He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate, and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?
Men For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
The city is well stored
Mar Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol, who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines, side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages, making parties strong
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves as high
As I could pick my lance
Men Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded,
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
Mar They are dissolved, hang 'em!
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only With these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation
Men What is granted them?
Mar Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me It will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing
Men This is strange
Mar Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a MESSENGER *hastily*

Mess Where s Caius Marcius?

Mar Here What s the matter?

Mess The news is sir the Volsces are in arms

Mar I am glad on t Then we shall ha means to vent
Our musty superfluity See our best elders

Enter COMINIUS TITUS LARTIUS *and other* SENATORS JUNIUS BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS

1st Sen Marcius tis true that you have lately told us
The Volsces are in arms

Mar They have a leader
Tullus Aufidius that will put you to t
I sin in envying his nobility
And were I any thing but what I am
I would wish me only he

Com You have fought together

Mar Were half to half the world by the ears and he
Upon my party I d revolt to make
Only my wars with him He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt

1st Sen Then worthy Marcius
Attend upon Cominius to these wars

Com It is your former promise

Mar Sir it is
And I am constant Titus Lartius thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus face
What art thou stiff? stand st out?

Tit No Caius Marcius
I ll lean upon one crutch and fight with t other
Ere stay behind this business

Men O true bred!

1st Sen Your company to the Capitol where I know
Our greatest friends attend us

Tit [*To* COMINIUS] Lead you on
[*To* MARCIUS] Follow Cominius we must follow you
Right worthy you priority

Com Noble Marcius!

1st Sen [*To the* CITIZENS] Hence to your homes be gone!

Mar Nay let them follow
The Volsces have much corn take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners Worshipful mutiners
Your valour puts well forth Pray follow

[CITIZENS *steal away* *Exeunt all but* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS

Sic Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru He has no equal

Sic When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru Mark d you his lip and eyes?

Sic Nay but his taunts

Bru Being moved he will not spare to gird the gods

Sic Be mock the modest moon

Bru The present wars devour him He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant

Sic Such a nature
Tickled with good success disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius

Bru Fame at the which he aims
In whom already he s well graced can not
Better be held nor more attain d than by
A place below the first for what miscarries
Shall be the general s fault though he perform
To the utmost of a man and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius O if he
Had borne the business!

Sic Besides if things go well
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius

Bru Come
Half all Cominius honours are to Marcius
Though Marcius earn d them not and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours though indeed
In aught he merit not

Sic Let s hence and hear
How the dispatch is made and in what fashion,
More than his singularity he goes
Upon this present action

Bru Let s along [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Corioli the Senate house*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *and certain* SENATORS *of Corioli*

1st Sen So your opinion is Aufidius
That they of Rome are enter d in our counsels
And know how we proceed

Auf Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence these are the words I think
I have the letter here yes here it is
[*Reads*] They have press d a power but it is not known
Whether for east or west The dearth is great
The people mutinous and it is rumour d
Cominius Marcius your old enemy
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius a most valiant Roman,

These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent Most likely 'tis for you,
Consider of it "

1st Sen Our army's in the field
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us

Auf Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves, which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot

2nd Sen Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission, hie you to your bands,
Let us alone to guard Corioli
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army, but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepared for us

Auf O, doubt not that,
I speak from certainties Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward I leave your honours
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more

All The gods assist you!

Auf And keep your honours safe!

1st Sen Farewell

2nd Sen Farewell

All Farewell [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III *Rome a room in Marcius' house*

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA *They set them down on two low stools, and sew*

Vol I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man

Vir But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

Vol Then his good report should have been my son, I therein would have found issue Hear me profess sincerely had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN

Gent Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you

Vir Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself

Vol Indeed, you shall not
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome " His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire

Vir His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome [*Exit* GENTLEWOMAN

Vir Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee
And tread upon his neck

Enter VALERIA, *with an Usher and* GENTLEWOMAN

Val My ladies both, good day to you

Vol Sweet madam

Vir I am glad to see your ladyship

Val How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith How does your little son?

Vir I thank your ladyship, well, good madam

Vol He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster

Val O my word, the father's son I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together, has such a confirmed countenance I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and

over and over he comes and up again catched it again or whether his fall enraged him or how twas he did so set his teeth and tear it O I warrant how he mammocked it!

Vol One on s father s moods

Val Indeed la tis a noble child

Vir A crack madam

Val Come lay aside your stitchery I must have you play the idle huswife with me this after noon

Vir No good madam I will not out of doors

Val Not out of doors!

Vol She shall she shall

Vir Indeed no by your patience I ll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars

Val Fie you confine yourself most unreason ably Come you must go visit the good lady that lies in

Vir I will wish her speedy strength and visit her with my prayers but I cannot go thither

Vol Why I pray you?

Vir Tis not to save labour nor that I want love

Val You would be another Penelope Yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths Come I would your cambric were sensible as your finger that you might leave pricking it for pity Come you shall go with us

Vir No good madam pardon me indeed I will not forth

Val In truth la go with me and I ll tell you excellent news of your husband

Vir O good madam there can be none yet

Val Verily I do not jest with you there came news from him last night

Vir Indeed madam?

Val In earnest it s true I heard a senator speak it Thus it is the Volsces have an army forth against whom Cominius the general is gone with one part of our Roman power Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars This is true on mine honour and so I pray go with us

Vir Give me excuse good madam I will obey you in everything hereafter

Vol Let her alone lady As she is now she will but disease our better mirth

Val In troth, I think she would Fare you well then Come good sweet lady Prithee Virgilia turn thy solemness out o door and go along with us

Vir No at a word madam indeed I must not I wish you much mirth

Val Well then farewell [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Before Corioli*

Enter with drum and colours MARCIUS TITUS LARTIUS *Captains and Soldiers To them a* MESSENGER

Mar Yonder comes news A wager they have met

Lart My horse to yours no

Mar Tis done

Lart Agreed

Mar Say has our general met the enemy?

Mess They lie in view but have not spoke as yet

Lart So the good horse is mine

Mar I ll buy him of you

Lart No I ll nor sell nor give him lend you him I will
For half a hundred years Summon the town

Mar How far off lie these armies?

Mess Within this mile and half

Mar Then shall we hear their larum and they ours
Now Mars I prithee make us quick in work
That we with smoking swords may march from hence
To help our fielded friends! Come blow thy blast

They sound a parley Enter TWO SENATORS *with others on the walls*

Tullus Aufidius is he within your walls?

1st Sen No nor a man that fears you less than he
That s lesser than a little [*Drums afar off*]
Hark! our drums
Are bringing forth our youth We ll break our walls
Rather than they shall pound us up Our gates
Which yet seem shut we have put pinn d with rushes
They ll open of themselves [*Alarum afar off*]
Hark you far off!
There is Aufidius list what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army

Mar O they are at it!

Lart Their noise be our instruction Ladders ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces

Mar They fear us not but issue forth their city
Now put your shields before your hearts and fight
With hearts more proof than shields Advance brave Titus
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts

Which makes me sweat with wrath Come on, my fellows!
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge

Alarum The Romans are beat back to their trenches
Re-enter MARCIUS, *cursing*

Mar All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you Look to't, come on!
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow'd

Another alarum The Volsces fly, and MARCIUS *follows them to the gates*

So, now the gates are ope Now prove good seconds,
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers Mark me, and do the like
Enters the gates
1st Sol Fool-hardiness, not I
2nd Sol Nor I
MARCIUS *is shut in*
1st Sol See, they have shut him in
All To the pot, I warrant him
Alarum continues

Re enter TITUS LARTIUS

Lart What is become of Marcius?
All Slain, sir doubtless
1st Sol Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters, who upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates He is himself alone,
To answer all the city
Lart O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stands up Thou art left, Marcius
A carbuncle entire as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy*

1st Sol Look, sir
Lart O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike
[*They fight, and all enter the city*

SCENE V *Corioli a street*

Enter certain ROMANS, *with spoils*

1st Rom This will I carry to Rome
2nd Rom And I this
3rd Rom A murrain on't! I took this for silver
Alarum continues still afar off

Enter MARCIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS *with a trumpet*

Mar See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up Down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans, then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius
Lart Worthy sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight
Mar Sir, praise me not,
My work hath yet not warm'd me, fare you well
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight
Lart Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell
Lart Thou worthiest Marcius!
[*Exit* MARCIUS
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind Away!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Near the camp of Cominius*

Enter COMINIUS, *as it were in retire, with soldiers*

Com Breathe you, my friends Well fought, we are come off

Like Romans neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire Believe me sirs
We shall be charged again Whiles we have struck
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own
That both our powers with smiling fronts encountering
May give you thankful sacrifice

Enter a MESSENGER

Thy news?
Mess The citizens of Corioli have issued
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle
I saw our party to their trenches driven
And then I came away
Com Though thou speak st truth
Methinks thou speak st not well How long is t since?
Mess Above an hour my lord
Com Tis not a mile briefly we heard their drums
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour
And bring thy news so late?
Mess Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about else had I sir
Half an hour since brought my report
Com Who s yonder
That does appear as he were flay d? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius and I have
Before time seen him thus
Mar [*Within*] Come I too late?
Com The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius tongue
From every meaner man

Enter MARCIUS

Mar Come I too late?
Com Ay if you come not in the blood of others
But mantled in your own
Mar O let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo d in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done
And tapers burn d to bedward!
Com Flower of warriors
How is t with Titus Lartius?
Mar As with a man busied about decrees
Condemning some to death and some to exile
Ransoming him or pitying threatening the other
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash
To let him slip at will
Com Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither
Mar Let him alone
He did inform the truth But for our gentlemen
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne er shunn d the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they
Com But how prevail d you?
Mar Will the time serve to tell? I do not think
Where is the enemy? are you lords o the field?
If not why cease you till you are so?
Com Marcius
We have at disadvantage fought and did
Retire to win our purpose
Mar How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?
Com As I guess Marcius
Their bands i the vaward are the Antiates
Of their best trust o er them Aufidius
Their very heart of hope
Mar I do beseech you
By all the battles wherein we have fought
By the blood we have shed together by the vows
We have made to endure friends that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates
And that you not delay the present but
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts
We prove this very hour
Com Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you yet dare I never
Deny your asking Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action
Mar Those are they
That most are willing If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear d if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report
If any think brave death outweighs bad life
And that his country s dearer than himself
Let him alone or so many so minded
Wave thus to express his disposition
And follow Marcius
They all shout and wave their swords take him up in their arms and cast up their caps
O me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all, the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd Please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined
Com March on, my fellows
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *The gates of Corioli*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* LIEUTENANT, *other Soldiers, and a Scout*

Lart So, let the ports be guarded, keep your duties,
As I have set them down If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town
Lieu Fear not our care, sir
Lart Hence, and shut your gates upon's
Our guider, come, to the Roman camp conduct us [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII *A field of battle*

Alarum as in battle Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS

Mar I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker
Auf We hate alike
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy Fix thy foot
Mar Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare
Mar Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased 'Tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd, for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest
Auf Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here

They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of AUFIDIUS MARCIUS *fights till they be driven in breathless*

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX *The Roman camp*

Flourish Alarum A retreat is sounded Flourish Enter, from one side, COMINIUS *with the* ROMANS, *from the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf*

Com If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'dst not believe thy deeds, but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end admire, where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more, where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts, "We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier"
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit*

Lart O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison
Hadst thou beheld—
Mar Pray now, no more My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me I have done
As you have done, that's what I can, induced
As you have been, that's for my country
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act
Com You shall not be
The grave of your deserving, Rome must know
The value of her own 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest, therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me
Mar I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd
Com Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice

Mar I thank you general
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword I do refuse it
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing
A long flourish They all cry Marcius!
Marcius! *cast up their caps and lances*
COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare*
Mar May these same instruments which you
profane
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets
shall
I the field prove flatterers let courts and cities be
Made all of false faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite s silk
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more I say! For that I have not wash d
My nose that bled or foil d some debile wretch—
Which without note here s many else have
done—
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies
Com Too modest are you
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly By your patience
If gainst yourself you be incensed we ll put
you
Like one that means his proper harm in manacles
Then reason safely with you Therefore be it
known
As to us to all the world that Caius Marcius
Wears this war s garland in token of the which
My noble steed known to the camp I give him
With all his trim belonging and from this time
For what he did before Corioli call him
With all the applause and clamour of the host
Caius Marcius Coriolanus! Bear
The addition nobly ever!
Flourish Trumpets sound and drums
All Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Cor I will go wash
And when my face is fair you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no Howbeit I thank you
I mean to stride your steed and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power
Com So to our tent
Where ere we do repose us we will write
To Rome of our success You Titus Lartius
Must to Corioli back Send us to Rome
The best with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours
Lart I shall my lord
Cor The gods begin to mock me I that now
Refused most princely gifts am bound to beg
Of my lord general
Com Take t tis yours What is t?
Cor I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man s house he used me kindly
He cried to me I saw him prisoner
But then Aufidius was within my view
And wrath o erwhelm d my pity I request you
To give my poor host freedom
Com O well begg d!
Were he the butcher of my son he should
Be free as is the wind Deliver him Titus
Lart Marcius his name?
Cor By Jupiter! forgot
I am weary yea my memory is tired
Have we no wine here?
Com Go we to our tent
The blood upon your visage dries tis time
It should be look d to Come [*Exeunt*

SCENE X *The camp of the Volsces*

A flourish Cornets Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS
bloody with two or three SOLDIERS

Auf The town is ta en!
1st Sol T will be deliver d back on good con
dition
Auf Condition!
I would I were a Roman for I cannot
Being a Volsce be that I am Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I the part that is at mercy? Five times Marcius
I have fought with thee so often hast thou beat
me
And wouldst do so I think should we encounter
As often as we eat By the elements
If e er again I meet him beard to beard
He s mine or I am his Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in t it had for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force
True sword to sword I ll potch at him some
way
Or wrath or craft may get him
1st Sol He s the devil
Auf Bolder though not so subtle My va
lour s poison d
With only suffering stain by him for him
Shall fly out of itself Nor sleep nor sanctuary
Being naked sick nor fane nor Capitol
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice
Embarquements all of fury shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom gainst
My hate to Marcius Where I find him were it
At home upon my brother s guard even there,
Against the hospitable canon would I
Wash my fierce hand in s heart Go you to the
city

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome

1st Sol Will not you go?

Auf I am attended at the cypress grove I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey

1st Sol I shall sir

[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Rome a public place*

Enter MENENIUS *with the two Tribunes of the people,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS

Men The augurer tells me we shall have news to night

Bru Good or bad?

Men Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius

Sic Nature teaches beasts to know their friends

Men Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic The lamb

Men Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius

Bru He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear

Men He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you

Both Well, sir

Men In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all

Sic Especially in pride

Bru And topping all others in boasting

Men This is strange now Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both Why, how are we censured?

Men Because you talk of pride now—will you not be angry?

Both Well, well, sir, well

Men Why, 'tis no great matter, for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures, at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru We do it not alone, sir

Men I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single, your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone You talk of pride O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru What then, sir?

Men Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome

Sic Menenius, you are known well enough too

Men I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't, said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion, one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables, and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru Come, sir, come, we know you well enough

Men You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves You are a pair of strange ones

Bru Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol

Men Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud, who, in a cheap estimation, is

worth all your predecessors since Deucalion though peradventure some of the best of em were hereditary hangmen God den to your worships More of your conversation would infect my brain being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians I will be bold to take my leave of you

[BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *go aside*

Enter VOLUMNIA VIRGILIA *and* VALERIA

How now my as fair as noble ladies—and the moon were she earthly no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol Honourable Menenius my boy Marcius approaches for the love of Juno let s go

Men Ha! Marcius coming home!

Vol Ay worthy Menenius and with most prosperous approbation

Men Take my cap Jupiter and I thank thee Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Vol Vir Nay tis true

Vol Look here s a letter from him the state hath another his wife another and I think there s one at home for you

Men I will make my very house reel tonight A letter for me!

Vir Yes certain there s a letter for you I saw t

Men A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health in which time I will make a lip at the physician The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic and to this preservative of no better report than a horse drench Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded

Vir O no no no

Vol O he is wounded I thank the gods for t

Men So do I too if it be not too much Brings a victory in his pocket? the wounds become him

Vol On s brows Menenius he comes the third time home with the oaken garland

Men Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol Titus Lartius writes they fought together but Aufidius got off

Men And twas time for him too I ll warrant him that An he had stayed by him I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli and the gold that s in them Is the Senate possessed of this?

Vol Good ladies let s go Yes yes yes the Senate has letters from the general wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly

Val In troth there s wondrous things spoke of him

Men Wondrous! ay I warrant you and not without his true purchasing

Vir The gods grant them true!

Vol True! pow wow

Men True! I ll be sworn they are true Where is he wounded? [*To the* TRIBUNES] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home he has more cause to be proud Where is he wounded?

Vol I the shoulder and i the left arm There will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i the body

Men One i the neck and two i the thigh—there s nine that I know

Vol He had before this last expedition twenty five wounds upon him

Men Now it s twenty seven Every gash was an enemy s grave [*A shout and flourish*] Hark! the trumpets

Vol These are the ushers of Marcius Before him he carries noise and behind him he leaves tears

Death that dark spirit in s nervy arm doth lie
Which being advanced declines and then men die

A sennet Trumpets sound Enter COMINIUS *the general and* TITUS LARTIUS *between them* CORIOLANUS *crowned with an oaken garland with Captains and Soldiers and a* HERALD

Her Know Rome that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates where he hath won
With fame a name to Caius Marcius these
In honour follows Coriolanus
Welcome to Rome renowned Coriolanus!

Flourish

All Welcome to Rome renowned Coriolanus!

Cor No more of this it does offend my heart
Pray now no more

Com Look sir your mother!

Cor O
You have I know petition d all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels*]

Vol Nay my good soldier up
My gentle Marcius worthy Caius and
By deed achieving honour newly named—
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?
But O thy wife!

Cor My gracious silence hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh d had I come coffin d home
That weep st to see me triumph? Ah my dear
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear
And mothers that lack sons

Men Now the gods crown thee!

Cor And live you yet? [*To* VALERIA] O my sweet lady, pardon
Vol I know not where to turn O, welcome home,
And welcome, general, and ye're welcome all
Men A hundred thousand welcomes I could weep
And I could laugh, I am light and heavy Welcome
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on, yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish Yet welcome, warriors
We call a nettle but a nettle and
The faults of fools but folly
Com Ever right
Cor Menenius ever, ever
Her Give way there, and go on!
Cor [*To* VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA] Your hand, and yours
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours
Vol I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy Only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee
Cor Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs
Com On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish Cornets Exeunt in state, as before* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *come forward*
Bru All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him, the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him, stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill d, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him Seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs and puff
To win a vulgar station, our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses, such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers
And gave him graceful posture
Sic On the sudden,
I warrant him consul
Bru Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep
Sic He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won
Bru In that there's comfort
Sic Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours, which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do't
Bru I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths
Sic 'Tis right
Bru It was his word O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles
Sic I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution
Bru 'Tis most like he will
Sic It shall be to him then as our good wills,
A sure destruction
Bru So it must fall out
To him or our authorities For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them, that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking them
Sic This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't, and that s as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble, and their blaze

Shall darken him for ever

Enter a MESSENGER

Bru What s the matter?
Mess You are sent for to the Capitol Tis *thought*
That Marcius shall be consul
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak Matrons flung gloves
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
Upon him as he pass d The nobles bended
As to Jove s statue and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts
I never saw the like
Bru Let s to the Capitol
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time
But hearts for the event
Sic Have with you [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same the Capitol*

Enter TWO OFFICERS *to lay cushions*

1st Off Come come they are almost here How *many stand for consulships?*

2nd Off Three they say but tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it

1st Off That s a brave fellow but he s vengeance proud and loves not the common people

2nd Off Faith there have been many great men that have flattered the people who ne er loved them and there be many that they have loved they know not wherefore so that if they love they know not why they hate upon no better a ground therefore for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see t

1st Off If he did not care whether he had their love or no he waved indifferently twixt doing them neither good nor harm but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes to flatter them for their love

nd Off He hath deserved worthily of his country and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who having been supple and courteous to the people bonneted without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report But he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury to report otherwise were a malice that giving itself the lie would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it

1st Off No more of him he s a worthy man
Make way they are coming

A sennet Enter with Lictors before them COMINIUS *the consul* MENENIUS CORIOLANUS SENATORS SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS *The* SENATORS *take their places the Tribunes take their places by themselves* CORIOLANUS *stands*

Men Having determined of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius it remains
As the main point of this our after meeting
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country, therefore please you
Most reverend and grave elders to desire
The present consul and last general
In our well found successes to report
A little of that worthy work perform d
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus whom
We met here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself
1st Sen Speak good Cominius
Leave nothing out for length and make us think
Rather our state s defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out [*To the Tribunes*] Masters o the people
We do request your kindest ears and after
Your loving motion toward the common body
To yield what passes here
Sic We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly
Bru Which the rather
We shall be blest to do if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at
Men That s off that s off
I would you rather had been silent Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru Most willingly
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it
Men He loves your people
But tie him not to be their bedfellow
Worthy Cominius speak [CORIOLANUS *offers to go away*] Nay keep your place
1st Sen Sit Coriolanus never shame to hear
What you have nobly done
Cor Your honours pardon
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them
Bru Sir I hope
My words disbench d you not

Cor No, sir, yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words
You soothed not, therefore hurt not, but your people,
I love them as they weigh

Men Pray now, sit down

Cor I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd [*Exit*

Men Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius

Com I shall lack voice, the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver, if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others Our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords of the garland For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home He stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport, as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
And fell below his stem His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took, from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli like a planet, now all's his
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he, where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil, and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting

Men Worthy man!

1st Sen He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him

Com Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world He covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it

Men He's right noble
Let him be call'd for

1st Sen Call Coriolanus

1st Off He doth appear

Re-enter CORIOLANUS

Men The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul

Cor I do owe them still
My life and services

Men It then remains
That you do speak to the people

Cor I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them
For my wounds' sake to give their suffrage Please you
That I may pass this doing

Sic Sir, the people
Must have their voices, neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony

Men Put them not to 't
Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form

Cor It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people

Bru Mark you that?

Cor To brag unto them, "Thus I did, and thus",
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men Do not stand upon 't
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them, and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour

Senators To Coriolanus come all joy and honour! [*Flourish of cornets Exeunt all but* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS

Bru You see how he intends to use the people

Sic May they perceive s intent! He will require them
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give

Bru Come we ll inform them
Of our proceedings here On the market place
I know they do attend us [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same the Forum*

Enter seven or eight CITIZENS

1st Cit Once if he do require our voices we ought not to deny him

2nd Cit We may sir if we will

3rd Cit We have power in ourselves to do it but it is a power that we have no power to do for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds we a e to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them so if he tell us his noble deeds we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them Ingratitude is monstrous and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude of the which we being members should bring ourselves to be monstrous members

1st Cit And to make us no better thought of a little help will serve for once we stood up about the corn he himself stuck not to call us the many headed multitude

3rd Cit We have been called so of many not that our head are some brown, some black some auburn some bald but that our wits are so di versely coloured and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull they would fly east west north south and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o the compass

2nd Cit Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3rd Cit Nay your wit will not so soon out as another man s will tis strongly wedged up in a block head but if it were at liberty twould sure southward

2nd Cit Why that way?

3rd Cit To lose itself in a fog where being three parts melted away with rotten dews the fourth would return for conscience sake to help to get thee a wife

2nd Cit You are never without your tricks you may you may

3rd Cit Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that s no matter the greater part carries it I say if he would incline to the people there was never a worthier man

Enter CORIOLANUS *in a gown of humility with* MENENIUS

Here he comes and in the gown of humility mark his behaviour We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands by ones by twos and by threes He s to make his requests by particulars wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues therefore follow me and I ll direct you how you shall go by him

All Content content [*Exeunt* CITIZENS

Men O sir you are not right Have you not known
The worthiest men have done t?

Cor What must I say?
I pray sir —Plague upon t! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace Look sir My wounds!
I got them in my country s service when
Some certain of your brethren roar d and ran
From the noise of our own drums

Men O me the gods!
You must not speak of that You must desire them
To think upon you

Cor Think upon me! Hang em!
I would they would forget me like the virtues
Which our divines lose by em

Men You ll mar all
I ll leave you Pray you speak to em, I pray you
In wholesome manner [*Exit*

Cor Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean [*Re-enter two of the* CITIZENS] So here comes a brace [*Re-enter a* THIRD CITIZEN]
You know the cause sir of my standing here

3rd Cit We do sir tell us what hath brought you to t

Cor Mine own desert

2nd Cit Your own desert!

Cor Ay but not mine own desire

3rd Cit How not your own desire?

Cor No sir twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging

3rd Cit You must think if we give you any thing we hope to gain by you

Cor Well then I pray your price o th consul ship?

1st Cit The price is to ask it kindly

Cor Kindly! Sir I pray let me ha t I have wounds to show you which shall be yours in private Your good voice sir what say you?

2nd Cit You shall ha t worthy sir

Cor A match sir There s in all two worthy voices begged I have your alms adieu

3rd Cit But this is something odd

2nd Cit An twere to give again—but tis no matter [*Exeunt the* THREE CITIZENS

Re-enter two other CITIZENS

Cor Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown

4th Cit You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly

Cor Your enigma?

4th Cit You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends, you have not indeed loved the common people

Cor You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle And since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly, that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul

5th Cit We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily

4th Cit You have received many wounds for your country

Cor I will not seal your knowledge with showing them I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further

Both Cit The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt*

Cor Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'er-peer Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do

Re-enter three CITIZENS *more*

Here come more voices
Your voices! For your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices, for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd, battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of, for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more Your voices
Indeed, I would be consul

6th Cit He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice

7th Cit Therefore let him be consul The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All Cit Amen, amen God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt*

Cor Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS

Men You have stood your limitation, and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice Remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate

Cor Is this done?

Sic The custom of request you have discharged
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation

Cor Where? at the Senate-house?

Sic There, Coriolanus

Cor May I change these garments?

Sic You may, sir

Cor That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the Senate-house

Men I'll keep you company Will you along?

Bru We stay here for the people

Sic Fare you well
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS
He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart

Bru With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter CITIZENS

Sic How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1st Cit He has our voices, sir

Bru We pray the gods he may deserve your loves

2nd Cit Amen, sir To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices

3rd Cit Certainly
He flouted us downright

1st Cit No 'tis his kind of speech He did not mock us

2nd Cit Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully He should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country

Sic Why, so he did, I am sure

Citizens No, no, no man saw 'em

3rd Cit He said he had wounds, which he could show in private,

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn
I would be consul says he aged custom,
But by your voices will not so permit me
Your voices therefore When we granted that
Here was I thank you for your voices thank you
Your most sweet voices Now you have left your voices
I have no further with you Was not this mockery?

Sic Why either were you ignorant to see t
Or seeing it of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru Could you not have told him
As you were lesson d when he had no power
But was a petty servant to the state
He was your enemy ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I the body of the weal and now arriving
A place of potency and sway o the state
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the *plebeii* your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love
Standing your friendly lord

Sic Thus to have said
As you were fore advised had touch d his spirit
And tried his inclination from him pluck d
Either his gracious promise which you might
As cause had call d you up have held him to
Or else it would have gall d his surly nature
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught so putting him to rage
You should have ta en the advantage of his choler
And pass d him unelected

Bru Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask but mock bestow
Your sued for tongues?

3rd Cit He s not confirm d we may deny him yet

2nd Cit And will deny him
I ll have five hundred voices of that sound

1st Cit I twice five hundred and their friends to piece em

Bru Get you hence instantly and tell those friends
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so

Sic Let them assemble
And on a safer judgement all revoke
Your ignorant election enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you besides forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed
How in his suit he scorn d you but your loves
Thinking upon his services took from you
The apprehension of his present portance
Which most gibingly ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you

Bru Lay
A fault on us your tribunes that we labour d
No impediment between but that you must
Cast your election on him

Sic Say you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections and that your minds
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should made you against the grain
To voice him consul Lay the fault on us

Bru Ay spare us not Say we read lectures to you
How youngly he began to serve his country
How long continued and what stock he springs of
The noble house o the Marcians from whence came
That Ancus Marcius Numa s daughter s son
Who after great Hostilius here was king
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were
That our best water brought by conduits hither
And [Censorinus] nobly named so
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor
Was his great ancestor

Sic One thus descended
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place we did commend
To your remembrances but you have found
Scaling his present bearing with his past
That he s your fixed enemy and revoke
Your sudden approbation

Bru Say you ne er had done t—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on
And presently when you have drawn your number
Repair to the Capitol

All We will so Almost all
Repent in their election [*Exeunt* CITIZENS

Bru Let them go on,
This mutiny were better put in hazard
Then stay, past doubt, for greater
If as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger
Sic To the Capitol, come
We will be there before the stream o' the people,
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Rome a street*

Cornets Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *all the Gentry,* COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* SENATORS

Cor Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart He had, my lord, and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition
Cor So then the Volsces stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again
Com They are worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again
Cor Saw you Aufidius?
Lart On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town He is retired to Antium
Cor Spoke he of me?
Lart He did, my lord,
Cor How? what?
Lart How often he had met you, sword to sword,
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher
Cor At Antium lives he?
Lart At Antium
Cor I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully Welcome home

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance
Sic Pass no further
Cor Ha! what is that?
Bru It will be dangerous to go on No further
Cor What makes this change?
Men The matter?
Com Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Bru Cominius, no
Cor Have I had children's voices?
1st Sen Tribunes, give way, he shall to the market-place
Bru The people are incensed against him
Sic Stop,
Or all will fall in broil
Cor Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men Be calm, be calm
Cor It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be ruled
Bru Call't not a plot
The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness
Cor Why, this was known before
Bru Not to them all
Cor Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru How! I inform them!
Com You are like to do such business
Bru Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours
Cor Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune
Sic You show too much of that
For which the people stir If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune
Men Let's be calm
Com The people are abused, set on This paltering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit
Cor Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

Men Not now not now
1st Sen Not in this heat sir now
Cor Now as I live I will My nobler friends
I crave their pardons
For the mutable rank scented many let them
Regard me as I do not flatter and
Therein behold themselves I say again
In soothing them we nourish gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion insolence sedition
Which we ourselves have plough d for sow d and scatter d
By mingling them with us the honour d number
Who lack not virtue no nor power but that
Which they have given to beggars
Men Well no more
1st Sen No more words we beseech you
Cor How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood
Not fearing outward force so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles
Which we disdain should tetter us yet sought
The very way to catch them
Bru You speak o the people
As if you were a god to punish not
A man of their infirmity
Sic Twere well
We let the people know t
Men What what? His choler?
Cor Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep
By Jove twould be my mind!
Sic It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is
Not poison any further
Cor Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute shall ?
Com Twas from the canon
Cor Shall !
O good but most unwise patricians! why
You grave but reckless senators have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer
That with his peremptory shall being but
The horn and noise o the monster s wants not spirit
To say he ll turn your current in a ditch
And make your channel his? If he have power
Then vail your ignorance if none awake
Your dangerous lenity If you are learn d
Be not as common fools if you are not
Let them have cushions by you You are plebeians
If they be senators and they are no less
When, both your voices blended the great st taste
Most palates theirs They choose their magistrate
And such a one as he who puts his shall
His popular shall against a graver bench
Than ever frown d in Greece By Jove himself!
It makes the consuls base And my soul aches
To know when two authorities are up
Neither supreme how soon confusion
May enter twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other
Com Well on to the market place
Cor Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
The corn o the storehouse gratis as twas used
Sometime in Greece—
Men Well well no more of that
Cor Though there the people had more absolute power
I say they nourish d disobedience fed
The ruin of the state
Bru Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor I ll give my reasons
More worthier than their voices They know the corn
Was not our recompense resting well assured
They ne er did service for t being press d to the war
Even when the navel of the state was touch d
They would not thread the gates This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis Being i the war
Their mutinies and revolts wherein they show d
Most valour spoke not for them The accusation
Which they have often made against the Senate
All cause unborn could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation Well what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The Senate s courtesy? Let deeds express
What s like to be their words We d d request it
We are the greater poll and in true fear
They gave us our demands Thus we debase
The nature of our seats and make the rabble
Call our cares fears which will in time
Break ope the locks o the Senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles
Men Come enough
Bru Enough with over measure
Cor No take more
What may be sworn by both divine and human
Seal what I end withal! This double worship
Where one part does disdain with cause the other
Insult without all reason where gentry title wisdom
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no

Of general ignorance—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness, purpose so barr'd, it
follows,
Nothing is done to purpose Therefore, beseech
you—
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become't,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control't

Bru Has said enough

Sic Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do

Cor Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald trib-
unes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was
law,
Then were they chosen In a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust

Bru Manifest treason!

Sic This a consul? no

Bru The ædiles, ho!

Enter an ÆDILE

Let him be apprehended

Sic Go, call the people [*Exit* ÆDILE] in whose
name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer

Cor Hence, old goat!

Senators, &c We'll surety him

Com Aged sir, hands off

Cor Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy
bones
Out of thy garments

Sic Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of CITIZENS (*Plebeians*), *with the* ÆDILES

Men On both sides more respect

Sic Here's he that would take from you all your
power

Bru Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens Down with him! down with him!

Senators, &c Weapons, weapons, weapons!

They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying

Tribunes! Patricians! Citizens! What, ho!
Sicinius! Brutus! Coriolanus! Citizens!
Peace, peace, peace! Stay, hold, peace!

Men What is about to be? I am out of breath,
Confusion's near, I cannot speak You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius

Sic Hear me, people, peace!

Citizens Let's hear our tribune, peace!
Speak, speak, speak

Sic You are at point to lose your liberties
Marcius would have all from you, Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul

Men Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench,

1st Sen To unbuild the city and to lay all flat

Sic What is the city but the people?

Citizens True,
The people are the city

Bru By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates

Citizens You so remain

Men And so are like to do

Com That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin

Sic This deserves death

Bru Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death

Sic Therefore lay hold of him,
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him

Bru Ædiles, seize him!

Citizens Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men Hear me one word,
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word

Æd Peace, peace!

Men [*To* BRUTUS] Be that you seem, truly your
country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress

Bru Sir, those cold ways
That seem like prudent helps are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent Lay hands upon
him,
And bear him to the rock

Cor No, I'll die here

Drawing his sword

There's some among you have beheld me fighting

Come try upon yourselves what you have seen me

Men Down with that sword! Tribunes withdraw awhile

Bru Lay hands upon him

Men Help Marcius help
You that be noble help him young and old!

Citizens Down with him down with him!

[*In this mutiny the* TRIBUNES *the* ÆDILES *and the People are beat in*

Men Go get you to your house be gone away!
All will be naught else

2nd Sen Get you gone

Com Stand fast
We have as many friends as enemies

Men Shall it be put to that?

1st Sen The gods forbid!
I prithee noble friend home to thy house
Leave us to cure this cause

Men For tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself Be gone beseech you

Com Come sir along with us

Cor I would they were barbarians—as they are
Though in Rome litter d—not Romans—as they are not
Though calved i the porch o the Capitol—

Men Be gone
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue
One time will owe another

Cor On fair ground
I could beat forty of them

Men I could myself
Take up a brace o the best of them yea the two tribunes

Com But now tis odds beyond arithmetic
And manhood is call d foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric Will you hence
Before the tag return whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o erbear
What they are used to bear?

Men Pray you be gone
I ll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little This must be patch d
With cloth of any colour

Com Nay come away

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS COMINIUS *and others*

1st Patrician This man has marr d his fortune

Men His nature is too noble for the world
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident
Or Jove for s power to thunder His heart s his mouth
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent
And being angry does forget that ever
He heard the name of death [*A noise within*]
Here s goodly work!

2nd Pat I would they were a bed!

Men I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!
Could he not speak em fair?

Re enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *with the rabble*

Sic Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

Men You worthy tribunes—

Sic He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands He hath resisted law
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought

1st Cit He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people s mouths
And we their hands

Citizens He shall sure on t

Men Sir sir—

Sic Peace!

Men Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant

Sic Sir how comes t that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men Hear me speak
As I do know the consul s worthiness
So can I name his faults—

Sic Consul! what consul?

Men The consul Coriolanus

Bru He consul!

Citizens No no no no no

Men If by the tribunes leave and yours good people
I may be heard I would crave a word or two
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time

Sic Speak briefly then
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor To eject him hence
Were but one danger and to keep him here
Our certain death therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night

Men Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll d
In Jove s own book like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic He s a disease that must be cut away

Men O he s a limb that has but a disease
Mortal to cut it off to cure it easy
What has he done to Rome that s worthy death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country,
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world
Sic This is clean kam
Bru Merely awry When he did love his country,
It honour'd him
Men The service of the foot
Being once gangrened is not then respected
For what before it was
Bru We'll hear no more
Pursue him to his house and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further
Men One word more, one word
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to's heels Proceed by process,
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans
Bru If it were so—
Sic What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come
Men Consider this he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language, meal and bran together
He throws without distinction Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril
1st Sen Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way The other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning
Sic Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer
Masters, lay down your weapons
Bru Go not home
Sic Meet on the market-place We'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way
Men I'll bring him to you
[*To the* SENATORS] Let me desire your company He must come,
Or what is worst will follow
1st Sen Pray you, let's to him
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A room in Coriolanus's house*

Enter CORIOLANUS *with* PATRICIANS

Cor Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them
1st Patrician You do the nobler
Cor I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war

Enter VOLUMNIA

I talk of you
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am
Vol O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out
Cor Let go
Vol You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to cross you
Cor Let them hang
1st Patrician Ay, and burn too

Enter MENENIUS *and Senators*

Men Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough,
You must return and mend it
1st Sen There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish
Vol Pray, be counsell'd
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage
Men Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear
Cor What must I do?
Men Return to the tribunes

Cor Well what then? what then?
Men Repent what you have spoke
Cor For them! I cannot do it to the gods
Must I then do t to them?
Vol You are too absolute
Though therein you can never be too noble
But when extremities speak I have heard you say
Honour and policy like unsever d friends,
I the war do grow together Grant that and tell me
In peace what each of them by the other lose
That they combine not there
Cor Tush tush!
Men A good demand
Vol If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not which for your best ends
You adopt your policy how is it less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour as in war since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor Why force you this?
Vol Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people not by your own instruction
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom s truth
Now this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honour I am in this
Your wife your son these senators the nobles
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon em
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin
Men Noble lady!
Come go with us speak fair You may salve so
Not what is dangerous present but the loss
Of what is past
Vol I prithee now my son
Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand
And thus far having stretch d it—here be with them—
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling or say to them
Thou art their soldier and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim
In asking their good loves but thou wilt frame
Thyself forsooth hereafter theirs so far
As thou hast power and person
Men This but done,
Even as she speaks why their hearts were yours
For they have pardons being ask d as free
As words to little purpose
Vol Prithee now,
Go and be ruled although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower Here is Cominius

Enter COMINIUS

Com I have been i the market place and sir tis fit
You make strong party or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence All s in anger
Men Only fair speech
Com I think twill serve if he
Can thereto frame his spirit
Vol He must and will
Prithee now say you will and go about it
Cor Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?
Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well I will do t
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius they to dust should grind it
And throw t against the wind To the market place!
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life
Com Come come we ll prompt you
Vol I prithee now sweet son as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier so
To have my praise for this perform a part
Thou hast not done before
Cor Well I must do t
Away my disposition and possess me
Some harlot s spirit! my throat of war be turn d
Which quired with my drum into a pipe
Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks and schoolboys tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar s tongue
Make motion through my lips and my arm d knees
Who bow d but in my stirrup bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do t
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth
And by my body s action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness
Vol At thy choice then

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou Do as thou list
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself

Cor Pray, be content
Mother, I am going to the market-place,
Chide me no more I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome Look, I am going
Commend me to my wife I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further

Vol Do your will [*Exit*

Com Away! the tribunes do attend you Arm yourself
To answer mildly, for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet

Cor The word is "mildly" Pray you, let us go
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour

Men Ay, but mildly

Cor Well, mildly be it then Mildly! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same the Forum*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS

Bru In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed

Enter an ÆDILE

What, will he come?

Æd He's coming

Bru How accompanied?

Æd With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him

Sic Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured
Set down by the poll?

Æd I have, 'tis ready

Sic Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd I have

Sic Assemble presently the people hither,
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry "Fine!" if death, cry "Death!"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause

Æd I shall inform them

Bru And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence

Æd Very well

Sic Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them

Bru Go about it [*Exit* ÆDILE
Put him to choler straight He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance, then he speaks
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck

Sic Well, here he comes

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *and* COMINIUS, *with* SENATORS *and* PATRICIANS

Men Calmly, I do beseech you

Cor Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1st Sen Amen, amen

Men A noble wish

Re-enter ÆDILE, *with* CITIZENS

Sic Draw near, ye people

Æd List to your tribunes Audience! peace, I say!

Cor First, hear me speak

Both Tri Well, say Peace, ho!

Cor Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

Cor I am content

Men Lo, citizens, he says he is content
The warlike service he has done, consider, think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard

Cor Scratches with briers,

Scars to move laughter only
Men Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen
You find him like a soldier Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds
But as I say such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you
Com Well well no more
Cor What is the matter
That being pass d for consul with full voice
I am so dishonour d that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic Answer to us
Cor Say then Tis true I ought so
Sic We charge you that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season d office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical
For which you are a traitor to the people
Cor How! traitor!
Men Nay temperately your promise
Cor The fires i the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutch d as many millions in
Thy lying tongue both numbers I would say
Thou liest unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods
Sic Mark you this people?
Citizens To the rock to the rock with him!
Sic Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge
What you have seen him do and heard him speak
Beating your officers cursing yourselves
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying
Those whose great power must try him even this
So criminal and in such capital kind
Deserves the extremest death
Bru But since he hath
Served well for Rome—
Cor What do you prate of service?
Bru I talk of that that know it
Cor You?
Men Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com Know I pray you—
Cor I ll know no further
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death
Vagabond exile flaying pent to linger
But with a grain a day I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word
Nor check my courage for what they can give
To have t with saying Good morrow
Sic For that he has
As much as in him lies from time to time
Envied against the people seeking means
To pluck away their power as now at last
Given hostile strokes and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice but on the ministers
That do distribute it in the name o the people
And in the power of us the tribunes we
Even from this instant banish him our city
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian never more
To enter our Rome gates I the people s name
I say it shall be so
Citizens It shall be so it shall be so let him away
He s banish d and it shall be so
Com Hear me my masters, and my common friends—
Sic He s sentenced no more hearing
Com Let me speak
I have been consul and can show for Rome
Her enemies marks upon me I do love
My country s good with a respect more tender
More holy and profound than mine own life
My dear wife s estimate, her womb s increase
And treasure of my loins then if I would
Speak that—
Sic We know your drift speak what?
Bru There s no more to be said, but he is banish d
As enemy to the people and his country
It shall be so
Citizens It shall be so it shall be so
Cor You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o the rotten fens whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air I banish you
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies with nodding of their plumes
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels
Making not reservation of yourselves
Still your own foes deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising
For you the city thus I turn my back
There is a world elsewhere
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS COMINIUS MENENIUS SENATORS *and* PATRICIANS
Æd The people s enemy is gone is gone!
Citizens Our enemy is banish d! he is gone!
Hoo! hoo! [*Shouting and throwing up their caps*]

Sic Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite,
Give him deserved vexation Let a guard
Attend us through the city
Citizens Come, come, let's see him out at gates, come
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Rome before a gate of the city*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *with the young Nobility of Rome*

Cor Come, leave your tears a brief farewell The beast
With many heads butts me away Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits,
That common chances common men could bear,
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating, fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them
Vir O heavens! O heavens!
Cor Nay, I prithee, woman—
Vol Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat Cominius,
Droop not, adieu Farewell, my wife, my mother
I'll do well yet Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart hardening spectacles, tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace, and
Believe't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice
Vol My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee
Cor O the gods!
Com I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer
Cor Fare ye well
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised, bring me but out at gate
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile I pray you, come
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly
Men That's worthily
As any ear can hear Come, let's not weep
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot
Cor Give me thy hand
Come [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same a street near the gate*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* ÆDILE

Sic Bid them all home, he's gone, and we'll no further
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf
Bru Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a doing
Sic Bid them home
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength
Bru Dismiss them home [*Exit* ÆDILE
Here comes his mother
Sic Let's not meet her
Bru Why?
Sic They say she's mad
Bru They have ta'en note of us, keep on your way

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS

Vol O, ye're well met The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men Peace, peace, be not so !

Vol If that I could for weeping you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some [*To* BRUTUS] Will you be gone?
Vir [*To* SICINIUS] You shall stay too I would I had the power
To say so to my husband
Sic Are you mankind?
Vol Ay fool is that a shame? Note but this fool
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic O blessed heavens!
Vol More noble blows than ever thou wise words
And for Rome s good I ll tell thee what yet go
Nay but thou shalt stay too I would my son
Were in Arabia and thy tribe before him
His good sword in his hand
Sic What then?
Vir What then!
He d make an end of thy posterity
Vol Bastards and all
Good man the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men Come come peace
Sic I would he had continued to his country
As he began and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made
Bru I would he had
Vol I would he had ! 'Twas you incensed the rabble
Cats that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know
Bru Pray let us go
Vol Now pray sir get you gone
You have done a brave deed Ere you go hear this
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome so far my son—
This lady s husband here this do you see—
Whom you have banish d does exceed you all
Bru Well well we ll leave you
Sic Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol Take my prayers with you
[*Exeunt* TRIBUNES
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet em
But once a-day it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to t
Men You have told them home
And, by my troth you have cause You ll sup with me?
Vol Anger s my meat I sup upon myself
And so shall starve with feeding Come let s go
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do
In anger Juno-like Come come come
Men Fie fie fie! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A highway between Rome and Antium*

Enter a ROMAN *and a* VOLSCE *meeting*

Rom I know you well sir and you know me Your name I think is Adrian
Vols It is so sir Truly I have forgot you
Rom I am a Roman and my services are as you are against em Know you me yet?
Vols Nicanor? no
Rom The same sir
Vols You had more beard when I last saw you but your favour is well approved by your tongue What s the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state to find you out there You have well saved me a day s journey
Rom There hath been in Rome strange insurrections the people against the senators patricians and nobles
Vols Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so They are in a most warlike preparation and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division
Rom The main blaze of it is past but a small thing would make it flame again for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever This lies glowing I can tell you and is almost mature for the violent breaking out
Vols Coriolanus banished!
Rom Banished sir
Vols You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicanor
Rom The day serves well for them now I have heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man s wife is when she s fallen out with her husband Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country
Vols He cannot choose I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you You have ended my business and I will merrily accompany you home
Rom I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome all tending to the good of their adversaries Have you an army ready say you?
Vols A most royal one the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted already in th

entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning

Rom I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company

Vols You take my part from me, sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours

Rom Well, let us go together [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Antium before Aufidius's house*

Enter CORIOLANUS *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled*

Cor A goodly city is this Antium City,
'Tis I that made thy widows, many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop Then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones
In puny battle slay me

Enter a CITIZEN

Save you, sir

Cit And you

Cor Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies Is he in Antium?

Cit He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night

Cor Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit This, here before you

Cor Thank you, sir, farewell
[*Exit* CITIZEN

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity, so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues So with me,
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town I'll enter If he slay me,
He does fair justice, if he give me way,
I'll do his country service [*Exit*

SCENE V *The same a hall in Aufidius's house*

Music within Enter a SERVINGMAN

1st Serv Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep [*Exit*

Enter a SECOND SERVINGMAN

2nd Serv Where's Cotus? my master calls for him Cotus! [*Exit*

Enter CORIOLANUS

Cor A goodly house! the feast smells well, but I
Appear not like a guest

Re-enter the FIRST SERVINGMAN

1st Serv What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you, pray, go to the door [*Exit*

Cor I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus

Re-enter SECOND SERVINGMAN

2nd Serv Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray get you out

Cor Away!

2nd Serv Away! get you away

Cor Now thou'rt troublesome

2nd Serv Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon

Enter a THIRD SERVINGMAN *The* FIRST *meets him*

3rd Serv What fellow's this?

1st Serv A strange one as ever I looked on I cannot get him out o' the house, prithee call my master to him [*Retires*

3rd Serv What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house

Cor Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth

3rd Serv What are you?

Cor A gentleman

3rd Serv A marvellous poor one

Cor True, so I am

3rd Serv Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station, here's no place for you, pray you, avoid Come

Cor Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits [*Pushes him away*]

3rd Serv What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here

2nd Serv And I shall [*Exit*

3rd Serv Where dwellest thou?

Cor Under the canopy

3rd Serv Under the canopy?

Cor Ay

3rd Serv Where's that?

Cor I' the city of kites and crows

3rd Serv I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor No I serve not thy master

3rd Serv How sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor Ay tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress
Thou pratest and pratest serve with thy trencher hence!

[Beats him away Exit THIRD SERVINGMAN

Enter AUFIDIUS *with the* SECOND SERVINGMAN

Auf Where is this fellow?

2nd Serv Here sir I d have beaten him like a dog but for disturbing the lords within

[Retires

Auf Whence comest thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak st not? Speak man What s thy name?

Cor If Tullus [*Unmuffling*]
Not yet thou knowest me and seeing me dost not
Think me for the man I am necessity
Commands me name myself

Auf What is thy name?

Cor A name unmusical to the Volscians ears
And harsh in sound to thine

Auf Say what s thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance and thy face
Bears a command in t though thy tackle s torn
Thou show st a noble vessel What s thy name?

Cor Prepare thy brow to frown Know st thou me yet?

Auf I know thee not Thy name?

Cor My name is Caius Marcius who hath done
To thee particularly and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief thereto witness may
My surname Coriolanus The painful service
The extreme dangers and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited
But with that surname a good memory
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me Only that name remains
The cruelty and envy of the people
Permitted by our dastard nobles who
Have all forsook me hath devour d the rest
And suffer d me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop d out of Rome Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life for if
I had fear d death of all the men i the world
I would have voided thee but in mere spite
To be full quit of those my banishers
Stand I before thee here Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country speed thee straight
And make my misery serve thy turn So use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee for I will fight
Against my canker d country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes
Thou rt tired then in a word I also am
Longer to live most weary and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool
Since I have ever follow d thee with hate
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country s breast
And cannot live but to thy shame unless
It be to do thee service

Auf O Marcius Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things
And say Tis true I d not believe them more
Than thee all noble Marcius Let me twine
Mine arms about that body where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke
And scarr d the moon with splinters Here I clip
The anvil of my sword and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour Know thou first
I loved the maid I married never man
Sigh d truer breath but that I see thee here
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold Why thou Mars! I tell thee
We have a power on foot and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn
Or lose mine arm for t Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters twixt thyself and me
We have been down together in my sleep
Unbuckling helms fisting each other s throat
And waked half dead with nothing Worthy Marcius
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish d we would muster all
From twelve to seventy and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome
Like a bold flood o er bear O come go in
And take our friendly senators by the hands
Who now are here taking their leaves of me
Who am prepared against your territories

Though not for Rome itself

Cor You bless me, gods!

Auf Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways,
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy But come in,
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy,
Yet, Marcius, that was much Your hand, most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS *The* TWO SERVINGMEN *come forward*

1st Serv Here's a strange alteration!

2nd Serv By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him

1st Serv What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top

2nd Serv Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him He had, sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it

1st Serv He had so, looking as it were—would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think

2nd Serv So did I, I'll be sworn He is simply the rarest man i' the world

1st Serv I think he is, but a greater soldier than he you wot one

2nd Serv Who, my master?

1st Serv Nay, it's no matter for that

2nd Serv Worth six on him

1st Serv Nay, not so neither, but I take him to be the greater soldier

2nd Serv Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that For the defence of a town, our general is excellent

1st Serv Ay, and for an assault too

Re-enter THIRD SERVINGMAN

3rd Serv O slaves, I can tell you news—news, you rascals!

1st and 2nd Serv What, what, what? Let's partake

3rd Serv I would not be a Roman, of all nations, I had as lieve be a condemned man

1st and 2nd Serv Wherefore? Wherefore?

3rd Serv Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius

1st Serv Why do you say "thwack our general"?

3rd Serv I do not say "thwack our general", but he was always good enough for him

2nd Serv Come, we are fellows and friends, he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself

1st Serv He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't Before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado

2nd Serv An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too

1st Serv But, more of thy news?

3rd Serv Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars, set at upper end o' the table, no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him Our general himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with 's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled

2nd Serv And he's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine

3rd Serv Do 't! he will do 't, for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies, which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude

1st Serv Directitude! what's that?

3rd Serv But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him

1st Serv But when goes this forward?

3rd Serv To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips

2nd Serv Why, then we shall have a stirring world again This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers

1st Serv Let me have war, say I, it exceeds peace as far as day does night, it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men

2nd Serv 'Tis so, and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be but peace is a great maker of cuckolds

1st Serv Ay, and it makes men hate one another

3rd Serv Reason because they then less need one another The wars for my money I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians They are rising they are rising

All In in in in! [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Rome a public place*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS

Sic We hear not of him neither need we fear him
His remedies are tame i the present peace
And quietness of the people which before
Were in wild hurry Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well who rather had
Though they themselves did suffer by t behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly

Bru We stood to t in good time [*Enter* MENENIUS] Is this Menenius?

Sic Tis he tis he O he is grown most kind of late

Both Tri Hail sir!

Men Hail to you both!

Sic Your Coriolanus
Is not much miss d but with his friends
The commonwealth doth stand and so would do
Were he more angry at it

Men All s well and might have been much better if
He could have temporized

Sic Where is he hear you?

Men Nay I hear nothing his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him

Enter three or four CITIZENS

Citizens The gods preserve you both!

Sic God-den, our neighbours

Bru God-den to you all god-den to you all

1st Cit Ourselves our wives and children on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both

Sic Live and thrive!

Bru Farewell kind neighbours We wish d Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did

Citizens Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri Farewell farewell

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS

Sic This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion

Bru Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i the war but insolent
O ercome with pride ambitious past all thinking
Self loving—

Sic And affecting one sole throne
Without assistance

Men I think not so

Sic We should by this to all our lamentation
If he had gone forth consul found it so

Bru The gods have well prevented it and Rome
Sits safe and still without him

Enter an ÆDILE

Æd Worthy tribunes
There is a slave whom we have put in prison
Reports the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter d in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before em

Men 'Tis Aufidius
Who hearing of our Marcius banishment
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world
Which were inshell d when Marcius stood for Rome
And durst not once peep out

Sic Come what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru Go see this rumourer whipp d It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us

Men Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him where he heard this
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded

Sic Tell not me
I know this cannot be

Bru Not possible

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate house Some news is come
That turns their countenances

Sic 'Tis this slave—
Go whip him fore the people s eyes—his raising
Nothing but his report

Mess Yes worthy sir
The slave s report is seconded and more
More fearful is deliver d

Sic What more fearful?

Mess It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius

Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing
Sic This is most likely!
Bru Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again
Sic The very trick on 't
Men This is unlikely,
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety

Enter a SECOND MESSENGER

2nd Mess You are sent for to the Senate
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them

Enter COMINIUS

Com O, you have made good work!
Men What news? what news?
Com You have holp to ravish your own daughters and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—
Men What's the news? what's the news?
Com Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore
Men Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians—
Com If!
He is their god He leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better and they follow him,
Against us brats with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies
Men You have made good work,
You and your apron-men, you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com He will shake
Your Rome about your ears
Men As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit You have made fair work!
Bru But is this true, sir?
Com Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him
Men We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy
Com Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame, the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds For his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies
Men 'Tis true
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease" You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help
Both Tri Say not we brought it
Men How! Was it we? We loved him, but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city
Com But I fear
They'll roar him in again Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them

Enter a troop of CITIZENS

Men Here come the clusters
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip As many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices 'Tis no matter,
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it
Citizens Faith, we hear fearful news
1st Cit For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity
2nd Cit And so did I
3rd Cit And so did I, and, to say the truth, so did very many of us That we did, we did for the

best and though we willingly consented to his banishment yet it was against our will
Com Ye re goodly things you voices!
Men You have made
Good work you and your cry! Shall s to the Capitol?
Com O ay what else?
[*Exeunt* COMINIUS *and* MENENIUS
Sic Go masters get you home be not dismay d
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear Go home
And show no sign of fear
1st Cit The gods be good to us! Come masters let s home I ever said we were i the wrong when we banished him
2nd Cit So did we all But come let s home
[*Exeunt* CITIZENS
Bru I do not like this news
Sic Nor I
Bru Let s to the Capitol Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic Pray let us go
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *A camp at a small distance from Rome*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and his* LIEUTENANT

Auf Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu I do not know what witchcraft s in him but
Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat
Their talk at table and their thanks at end
And you are darken d in this action, sir
Even by your own
Auf I cannot help it now
Unless by using means I lame the foot
Of our design He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him Yet his nature
In that s no changeling and I must excuse
What cannot be amended
Lieu Yet I wish sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join d in commission with him but either
Had borne the action of yourself or else
To him had left it solely
Auf I understand thee well and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account he knows not
What I can urge against him Although it seems
And so he thinks and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine
Whene er we come to our account
Lieu Sir I beseech you think you he ll carry Rome?
Auf All places yield to him ere he sits down
And the nobility of Rome are his
The senators and patricians love him too
The tribunes are no soldiers and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence I think he ll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish who takes it
By sovereignty of nature First he was
A noble servant to them but he could not
Carry his honours even Whether twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man whether defect of judgement
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of or whether nature
Not to be other than one thing not moving
From the casque to the cushion but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll d the war but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all not all
For I dare so far free him—made him fear d
So hated and so banish d but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time
And power unto itself most commendable
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done
One fire drives out one fire one nail one nail
Rights by rights falter strengths by strengths do fail
Come let s away When Caius Rome is thine
Thou art poor st of all then shortly art thou mine
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Rome a public place*

Enter MENENIUS COMINIUS SICINIUS BRUTUS *and others*

Men No I ll not go You hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general who loved him
In a most dear particular He call d me father
But what o that? Go you that banish d him
A mile before his tent fall down and knee
The way into his mercy Nay if he coy d
To hear Cominius speak I ll keep at home
Com He would not seem to know me
Men Do you hear?
Com Yet one time he did call me by my name

I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together Coriolanus
He would not answer to, forbad all names,
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome
Men Why, so, you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd fair Rome
To make coals cheap—a noble memory!
Com I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected He replied
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd
Men Very well,
Could he say less?
Com I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends His answer to me was
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff He said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence
Men For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those, his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon We must be burnt for you
Sic Nay, pray, be patient If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman
Men No, I'll not meddle
Sic Pray you, go to him
Men What should I do?
Bru Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius
Men Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well
Men I'll undertake 't,
I think he'll hear me Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me
He was not taken well, he had not dined
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold and then
We pout upon the morning are unapt
To give or to forgive, but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts Therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him
Bru You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way
Men Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success [*Exit*
Com He'll never hear him
Sic Not?
Com I tell you, he does sit in gold his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The gaoler to his pity I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said "Rise", dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand What he would do
He sent in writing after me, what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome*

TWO SENTINELS *on guard* *Enter to them,* MENENIUS

1st Sen Stay! Whence are you?
2nd Sen Stand, and go back
Men You guard like men, tis well But, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus
1st Sen From whence?
Men From Rome
1st Sen You may not pass, you must return Our general
Will no more hear from thence
2nd Sen You'll see your Rome embraced with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus
Men Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears it is Menenius
1st Sen Be it so, go back The virtue of your name
Is not here passable
Men I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover I have been

The book of his good acts whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified
For I have ever verified my friends
Of whom he's chief with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer nay sometimes
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground
I have tumbled past the throw and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing therefore fellow
I must have leave to pass

1st Sen Faith sir if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own you should not pass here no though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely Therefore go back

Men Prithee fellow remember my name is Menenius always factionary on the party of your general

2nd Sen Howsoever you have been his liar as you say you have I am one that telling true under him must say you cannot pass Therefore go back

Men Has he dined canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner

1st Sen You are a Roman are you?

Men I am as thy general is

1st Sen Then you should hate Rome as he does Can you when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women the virginal palms of your daughters or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No you are deceived therefore back to Rome and prepare for your execution You are condemned our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon

Men Sirrah if thy captain knew I were here he would use me with estimation

1st Sen Come my captain knows you not

Men I mean thy general

1st Sen My general cares not for you Back I say go lest I let forth your half pint of blood back—that's the utmost of your having Back

Men Nay but fellow fellow—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS

Cor What's the matter?

Men Now you companion I'll say an errand for you you shall know now that I am in estimation you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus Guess but by my entertainment with him if thou standest not i' the state of hanging or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering behold now presently and swoon for what's to come upon thee [*To* CORIOLANUS] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son my son! thou art preparing fire for us look thee here's water to quench it I was hardly moved to come to thee but being assured none but myself could move thee I have been blown out of your gates with sighs and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen The good gods assuage thy wrath and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here—this who like a block hath denied my access to thee

Cor Away!

Men How! Away!

Cor Wife mother child I know not My affairs
Are servanted to others Though I owe
My revenge properly my remission lies
In Volscian breasts That we have been familiar
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much Therefore be gone
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force Yet for I loved thee
Take this along I writ it for thy sake
Gives a letter
And would have sent it Another word Menenius
I will not hear thee speak This man Aufidius
Was my beloved in Rome yet thou behold'st!

Auf You keep a constant temper

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS

1st Sen Now sir is your name Menenius?

2nd Sen 'Tis a spell you see, of much power
You know the way home again

1st Sen Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2nd Sen What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men I neither care for the world nor your general For such things as you I can scarce think there's any ye're so slight He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another Let your general do his worst For you be that you are long and your misery increase with your age! I say to you as I was said to Away!

[*Exit*

1st Sen A noble fellow I warrant him

2nd Sen The worthy fellow is our general
He's the rock the oak not to be wind shaken

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The tent of* CORIOLANUS

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDUS, *and others*

Cor We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business

Auf Only their ends
You have respected, stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome, never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you

Cor This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me, indeed Their latest refuge
Was to send him, for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to Fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to Ha' what shout is this?

Shout within

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and Attendants*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood But, out, affection'
All bond and privilege of nature, break'
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod, and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries "Deny not" Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin

Vir My lord and husband'

Cor These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome

Vir The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so

Cor Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say
For that "Forgive our Romans" O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge'
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since You gods' I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted Sink, my knee, i' the earth,

Kneels

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons

Vol O, stand up blest'
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent [*Kneels*]

Cor What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars, then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work

Vol Thou art my warrior,
I holp to frame thee Do you know this lady?

Cor The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple Dear Valeria'

Vol This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself

Cor The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee'

Vol Your knee, sirrah

Cor That's my brave boy'

Vol Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you

Cor I beseech you peace,
Or if you'd ask, remember this before
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons

Vol O, no more, no more'

You have said you will not grant us anything
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already Yet we will ask
That if you fail in our request the blame
May hang upon your hardness therefore hear us
Cor Aufidius and you Volsces mark for we ll
Hear nought from Rome in private Your request?
Vol Should we be silent and not speak our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile Think with thy self
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither since that thy sight which should
Make our eyes flow with joy hearts dance with comforts
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow
Making the mother wife and child to see
The son, the husband and the father tearing
His country s bowels out And to poor we
Thine enmity s most capital thou barr st us
Our prayers to the gods which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy for how can we
Alas how can we for our country pray
Whereto we are bound together with thy victory
Whereto we are bound? alack or we must lose
The country our dear nurse or else thy person
Our comfort in the country We must find
An evident calamity though we had
Our wish which side should win for either thou
Must as a foreign recreant be led
With manacles through our streets or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country s ruin
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children s blood For myself son
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine If I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to t thou shalt not—on thy mother s womb
That brought thee to this world
Vir Ay and mine
That brought you forth this boy to keep your name
Living to time
Young Mar A shall not tread on me
I ll run away till I am bigger but then I ll fight
Cor Not of a woman s tenderness to be
Requires nor child nor woman s face to see
I have sat too long [*Rising*]
Vol Nay go not from us thus
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve you might condemn us
As poisonous of your honour No our suit
Is that you reconcile them while the Volsces
May say This mercy we have show d the Romans
This we received and each in either side
Give the all hail to thee and cry Be blest
For making up this peace! Thou know st great son,
The end of war s uncertain but this certain
That if thou conquer Rome the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg d with curses
Whose chronicle thus writ The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out
Destroy d his country and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr d Speak to me son
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour
To imitate the graces of the gods
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o the air
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak Why dost not speak?
Think st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter speak you
He cares not for your weeping Speak thou boy
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons There s no man in the world
More bound to s mother yet here he lets me prate
Like one i the stocks Thou hast never in thy life
Show d thy dear mother any courtesy
When she, poor hen fond of no second brood
Has cluck d thee to the wars and safely home
Loaden with honour Say my request s unjust
And spurn me back But if it be not so
Thou art not honest and the gods will plague thee
That thou restrain st from me the duty which
To a mother s part belongs He turns away
Down ladies let us shame him with our knees
To his surname Coriolanus longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers Down! an end
This is the last So we will home to Rome
And die among our neighbours Nay behold s!
This boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny t Come let us go
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother
His wife is in Corioli and his child
Like him by chance Yet give us our dispatch
I am hush d until our city be afire,
And then I ll speak a little

He holds her by the hand, silent

Cor O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome,
But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him But, let it come
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf I was moved withal

Cor I dare be sworn you were
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause O mother! wife!

Auf [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee Out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune

The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS

Cor Ay, by and by,
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c*
But we will drink together, and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd
Come, enter with us Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you All the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Rome a public place*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS

Men See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic Why, what of that?

Men If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him But I say there is no hope in't Our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution

Sic Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men There is differency between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub This Marcius is grown from man to dragon, he has wings he's more than a creeping thing

Sic He loved his mother dearly

Men So did he me, and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes, when he walks, he moves like an engine and the ground shrinks before his treading He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander What he bids be done is finished with his bidding He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in

Sic Yes, mercy, if you report him truly

Men I paint him in the character Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger, that shall our poor city find, and all this is long of you

Sic The gods be good unto us!

Men No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us When we banished him, we respected not them, and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches

Enter a SECOND MESSENGER

Sic What's the news?

2nd Mess Good news, good news, the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins

Sic Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

2nd Mess As certain as I know the sun is fire
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates Why, hark you! *Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance Hark you!

A shout within

Men This is good news,
I will go meet the ladies This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians
A city full of tribunes, such as you
A sea and land full You have pray'd well to-day
This morning for ten thousand of your throats

I d not have given a doit Hark how they joy!
Music still with shouts
Sic Firs the gods bless you for your tidings next
Accept my thankfulness
2nd Mess Sir we have all
Great cause to give great thanks
Sic They are near the city?
2nd Mess Almost at point to enter
Sic We will meet them
And help the joy [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The same a street near the gate*

Enter two SENATORS *with* VOLUMNIA VIRGILIA VALERIA *&c passing over the stage followed by Patricians and others*

1st Sen Behold our patroness the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together praise the gods
And make triumphant fires strew flowers before them!
Unshout the noise that banish d Marcius
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother
Cry Welcome ladies welcome!
All Welcome ladies
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets*
Exeunt

SCENE VI *Antium a public place*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *with Attendants*

Auf Go tell the lords o the city I am here
Deliver them this paper Having read it
Bid them repair to the market place where I
Even in theirs and in the commons ears
Will vouch the truth of it Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter d and
Intends to appear before the people hoping
To purge himself with words Dispatch
[*Exeunt Attendants*

Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS *of* AUFIDIUS *faction*

Most welcome!
1st Con How is it with our general?
Auf Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison d
And with his charity slain
2nd Con Most noble sir
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish d us parties we ll deliver you
Of your great danger
Auf Sir I cannot tell
We must proceed as we do find the people
3rd Con The people will remain uncertain whilst
Twixt you there s difference but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all
Auf I know it
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction I raised him and I pawn d
Mine honour for his truth who being so height en d
He water d his new plants with dews of flattery
Seducing so my friends and to this end
He bow d his nature never known before
But to be rough unswayable and free
3rd Con Sir his stoutness
When he did stand for consul which he lost
By lack of stooping—
Auf That I would have spoke of
Being banish d for t he came unto my hearth
Presented to my knife his throat I took him
Made him joint servant with me gave him way
In all his own desires nay let him choose
Out of my files his projects to accomplish
My best and freshest men served his designments
In mine own person holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his and took some pride
To do myself this wrong till at the last
I seem d his follower not partner and
He waged me with his countenance as if
I had been mercenary
1st Con So he did my lord
The army marvell d at it and in the last
When he had carried Rome and that we look d
For no less spoil than glory—
Auf There was it
For which my sinews shall be stretch d upon him
At a few drops of women s rheum which are
As cheap as lies he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action Therefore shall he die
And I ll renew me in his fall But hark!
Drums and trumpets sound with great shouts of the People
1st Con Your native town you enter d like a post
And had no welcomes home but he returns
Splitting the air with noise
2nd Con And patient fools
Whose children he hath slain their base throats tear
With giving him glory
3rd Con Therefore at your vantage
Ere he express himself or move the people
With what he would say let him feel your sword
Which we will second When he lies along
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body
Auf Say no more
Here come the lords

Enter the LORDS *of the city*

All the Lords You are most welcome home

Auf I have not deserved it
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?
Lords We have
1st Lord And grieve to hear't
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines, but there to end
Where he was to begin and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding—this admits no excuse
Auf He approaches You shall hear him

Enter CORIOLANUS, *marching with drum and colours, Commoners being with him*

Cor Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans, and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the Senate, what
We have compounded on
Auf Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abused your powers
Cor "Traitor!" how now!
Auf Ay, traitor, Marcius!
Cor "Marcius!"
Auf Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say "your city," to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other
Cor Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf Name not the god, thou boy of tears!
Cor Ha!
Auf No more
Cor Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it "Boy!" O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold Your judgements, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie, and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him
1st Lord Peace, both, and hear me speak
Cor Cut me to pieces, Volsces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me "Boy!" False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli
Alone I did it "Boy!"
Auf Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All Consp Let him die for't
All the people Tear him to pieces Do it presently He killed my son My daughter He killed my cousin Marcus He killed my father
2nd Lord Peace, ho! no outrage, peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds-in
This orb o' the earth His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace
Cor O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf Insolent villain!
All Consp Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

The CONSPIRATORS *draw, and* KILL CORIOLANUS AUFIDIUS *stands on his body*

Lords Hold, hold, hold, hold!
Auf My noble masters, hear me speak
1st Lord O Tullus—
2nd Lord Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep
3rd Lord Tread not upon him Masters all, be quiet,
Put up your swords
Auf My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage,
Provoked by him you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off Please it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure
1st Lord Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn
2nd Lord His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame
Let s make the best of it

Auf My rage is gone
And I am struck with sorrow Take him up
Help three o the chiefest soldiers I ll be one
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully
Trail your steel pikes Though in this city he
Hath widow d and unchilded many a one
Which to this hour bewail the injury
Yet he shall have a noble memory
Assist [*Exeunt bearing the body of Coriolanus*
A dead march sounded

TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON *of Athens*
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS — *flattering lords*
VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends*
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain*
APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher*
FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon*
A POET
A PAINTER
A JEWELLER
A MERCHANT
AN OLD ATHENIAN
A PAGE
A FOOL
THREE STRANGERS
A SOLDIER
THREE BANDITTI
FOUR SENATORS
FOUR LORDS
THREE MESSENGERS
FLAMINIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS — *Servants to Timon*
CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, HORTENSIUS — *Servants to Timon's creditors*
THREE SERVANTS *to Timon*
TWO SERVANTS *to Varro*
A SERVANT *to Isidore*
A SERVANT *to Lucullus*
A SERVANT *to Lucius*

PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA — *mistresses to Alcibiades*

CUPID, AMAZONS — *in the mask*

NON-SPEAKING: *Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants*

SCENE: *Athens and the neighbouring woods*



ACT I

SCENE I *Athens A hall in Timon's house*

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, *and others, at several doors*

Poet Good day, sir
Pain I am glad you're well
Poet I have not seen you long How goes the world?
Pain It wears, sir, as it grows
Poet Ay, that's well known,
But what particular rarity? What strange
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend I know the merchant
Pain I know them both, th' other's a jeweller
Mer O, 'tis a worthy lord
Jew Nay, that's most fix'd
Mer A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness,
He passes
Jew I have a jewel here—
Mer O, pray, let's see't For the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew If he will touch the estimate but, for that—
Poet [*Reciting to himself*] "When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good"
Mer 'Tis a good form
Looking at the jewel
Jew And rich Here is a water, look ye
Pain You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord
Poet A thing slipp'd idly from me
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck, our gentle flame
Provokes itself and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes What have you there?
Pain A picture, sir When comes your book forth?
Poet Upon the heels of my presentment, sir
Let's see your piece
Pain 'Tis a good piece
Poet So 'tis, this comes off well and excellent
Pain Indifferent
Poet Admirable How this grace
Speaks his own standing! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret
Pain It is a pretty mocking of the life
Here is a touch, is't good?
Poet I will say of it,

It tutors nature Artificial strife
Lives in these touches livelier than life

Enter certain Senators and pass over

Pain How this lord is follow d!
Poet The senators of Athens happy man!
Pain Look more!
Poet You see this confluence this great flood of visitors
I have in this rough work shaped out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment My free drift
Halts not particularly but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax No levell d malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold
But flies an eagle flight bold and forth on
Leaving no tract behind
Pain How shall I understand you?
Poet *I will unbolt to you*
You see how all conditions how all minds
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality tender down
Their services to Lord Timon His large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts yea from the glass faced flatterer
To Apemantus that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself Even he drop down
The knee before him and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon s nod
Pain I saw them speak together
Poet *Sir I have upon a high and pleasant hill*
Feign d Fortune to be throned The base o the mount
Is rank d with all deserts all kind of natures
That labour on the bo om of this sphere
To propagate their states Amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this sovere gn lady fixed
One do I personate of Lord Timons frame
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals
Pain 'Tis conceived to scope
This throne this Fortune, and this hill methinks
With one man beckon d from the rest below
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness would be well express d
In our condition
Poet *Nay sir but hear me on*
All those which were his fellows but of l te
Some better than his value on the moment
Follow his strides his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear
Make sacred even his stirrup and through him
Drink the free air
Pain Ay marry what of these?
Poet When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved all his dependants
Which labour d after him to the mountain s top
Even on their knees and hands let him slip down
Not one accompanying his declining foot
Pain Tis common
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune s
More pregnantly than words Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head

Trumpets sound Enter LORD TIMON *addressing himself courteously to every suitor a* MESSENGER *from* VENTIDIUS *talking with him,* LUCILIUS *and other servants following*

Tim Imprison d is he, say you?
Mess Ay my good lord Five talents is his debt
His means most short his creditors most strait
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up which failing
Periods his comfort
Tim *Noble Ventidius! Well*
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help
Which he shall have I ll pay the debt and free him
Mess Your lordship ever binds him
Tim Commend me to him I will send his ransom
And being enfranchi ed bid him come to me
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up
But to support him after Fare you well
Mess All happiness to your honour! [*Exit*

Enter an old ATHENIAN

Old Ath Lord Timon hear me speak
Tim Freely good father
Old Ath Thou hast a servant named Lucilius
Tim I have so What of him?
Old Ath Mo t noble Timon call the man before thee
Tim Attends he here or no? Lucilius!
Luc Here at your lordship s service
Old Ath This fellow here *Lord Timon, this* thy creature

By night frequents my house I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher
Tim Well, what further?
Old Ath One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best This man of thine
Attempts her love I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort,
Myself have spoke in vain
Tim The man is honest
Old Ath Therefore he will be, Timon
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter
Tim Does she love him?
Old Ath She is young and apt
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth
Tim [*To* LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?
Luc Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it
Old Ath If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all
Tim How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath Three talents on the present, in future, all
Tim This gentleman of mine hath served me long
To build his fortune I will strain a little
For 'tis a bond in men Give him thy daughter
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her
Old Ath Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his
Tim My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise
Luc Humbly I thank your lordship Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!
[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* OLD ATHENIAN
Poet Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
Tim I thank you, you shall hear from me anon,
Go not away What have you there, my friend?
Pain A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept
Tim Painting is welcome
The painting is almost the natural man,
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside These pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out I like your work,
And you shall find I like it Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me
Pain The gods preserve ye!
Tim Well fare you, gentleman Give me your hand,
We must needs dine together Sir your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise
Jew What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim A mere satiety of commendations
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite
Jew My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give But you well know,
Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it
Tim Well mock'd
Mer No, my good lord, he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him
Tim Look, who comes here, will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS

Jew We'll bear, with your lordship
Mer He'll spare none
Tim Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow,
When thou art Timons' dog, and these knaves honest
Tim Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou know'st them not
Apem Are they not Athenians?
Tim Yes
Apem Then I repent not
Jew You know me, Apemantus?
Apem Thou know'st I do I call'd thee by thy name
Tim Thou art proud, Apemantus
Apem Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon
Tim Whither art going?
Apem To knock out an honest Athenian's brains
Tim That's a deed thou'lt die for
Apem Right, if doing nothing be death by the law
Tim How likest thou this picture Apemantus?
Apem The best, for the innocence
Tim Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem He wrought better that made the painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work

Pain You re a dog

Apem Thy mother s of my generation What s she if I be a dog?

Tim Wilt dine with me Apemantus?

Apem No I eat not lords

Tim An thou shouldst thou dst anger ladies

Apem O they eat lords so they come by great bellies

Tim That s a lascivious apprehension

Apem So thou apprehendest it take it for thy labour

Tim How dost thou like this jewel Apemantus?

Apem Not so well as plain-dealing which will not cost a man a doit

Tim What dost thou think tis worth?

Apem Not worth my thinking How now poet!

Poet How now philosopher!

Apem Thou liest

Poet Art not one?

Apem Yes

Poet Then I lie not

Apem Art not a poet?

Poet Yes

Apem Then thou liest Look in thy last work where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow

Poet That s not feigned he is so

Apem Yes he is worthy of thee and to pay thee for thy labour He that loves to be flattered is worthy o the flatterer Heavens that I were a lord!

Tim What wouldst do then Apemantus?

Apem E en as Apemantus does now hate a lord with my heart

Tim What thyself?

Apem Ay

Tim Wherefore?

Apem That I had no angry wit to be a lord
Art not thou a merchant?

Mer Ay Apemantus

Apem Traffic confound thee if the gods will not!

Mer If traffic do it the gods do it

Apem Traffic s thy god and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds Enter a MESSENGER

Tim What trumpet s that?

Mess 'Tis Alcibiades and some twenty horse
All of companionship

Tim Pray entertain them give them guide to us [*Exeunt some Attendants*
You must needs dine with me go not you hence
Till I have thank d you When dinner s done,
Show me this piece I am joyful of your sights

Enter ALCIBIADES *with the rest*

Most welcome, sir!

Apem So so there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love mongst these sweet knaves
And all this courtesy! The strain of man s bred out
Into baboon and monkey

Alcib Sir you have saved my longing and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight

Tim Right welcome sir!
Ere we depart we ll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures Pray you let us in
[*Exeunt all except* APEMANTUS

Enter TWO LORDS

1st Lord What time o day is t Apemantus?

Apem Time to be honest

1st Lord That time serves still

Apem The more accursed thou that still omitt st it

2nd Lord Thou art going to Lord Timon s feast?

Apem Ay to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools

2nd Lord Fare thee well fare thee well

Apem Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice

2nd Lord Why Apemantus?

Apem Shouldst have kept one to thyself for I mean to give thee none

1st Lord Hang thyself!

Apem No I will do nothing at thy bidding
Make thy requests to thy friend

2nd Lord Away unpeaceable dog or I ll spurn thee hence!

Apem I will fly like a dog the heels o the ass [*Exit*

1st Lord He s opposite to humanity
Come shall we in
And taste Lord Timon s bounty? He outgoes
The very heart of kindness

2nd Lord He pours it out Plutus the god of gold
Is but his steward No meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance

1st Lord The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern d man

2nd Lord Long may he live in fortunes!
Shall we in?

1st Lord I ll keep you company [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A banqueting-room in Timon's house Hautboys playing loud music A great banquet served in,* FLAVIUS *and others attending then enter* LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LORDS, SENATORS, *and* VENTIDIUS *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly, like himself*

Ven Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace
He is gone happy, and has left me rich
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty

Tim O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius, you mistake my love
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them, faults that are rich are fair

Ven A noble spirit!

Tim Nay, my lords,
They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON
Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown,
But where there is true friendship, there needs none
Pray, sit, more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me
They sit

1st Lord My lord, we always have confess'd it

Apem Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it, have you not?

Tim O, Apemantus, you are welcome

Apem No,
You shall not make me welcome
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors

Tim Fie, thou'rt a churl, ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame
They say, my lords, "*ira furor brevis est*", but yond man is ever angry Go, let him have a table by himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for't, indeed

Apem Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't

Tim I take no heed of thee, thou 'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome I myself would have no power, prithee, let my meat make thee silent

Apem I scorn thy meat, 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood, and all the madness is, he cheers them up too
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men
Methinks they should invite them without knives,
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives
There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him, 't has been proved If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes
Great men should drink with harness on their throats

Tim My lord, in heart, and let the health go round

2nd Lord Let it flow this way, my good lord

Apem Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire
This and my food are equals, there's no odds
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods

Apemantus' grace

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but myself
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot, for her weeping,
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em
Amen So fall to 't
Rich men sin, and I eat root

Eats and drinks
Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now

Alcib My heart is ever at your service, my lord

Tim You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends

Alcib So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em I could wish my best friend at such a feast

Apem Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

1st Lord Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect

Tim O no doubt my good friends but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf and thus far I confirm you O you gods think I what need we have any friends if we should ne er have need of em? They were the most need less creatures living should we ne er have use for em and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to them selves Why I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you We are born to do benefits and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O what a precious comfort tis to have so many like brothers commanding one another s for tunes! O joy e en made away ere t can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water methinks to forget their faults I drink to you

Apem Thou weepest to make them drink Timon

2nd Lord Joy had the like conception in our eyes
And at that instant like a babe sprung up

Apem Ho ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard

3rd Lord I promise you my lord you moved me much

Apem Much!

Tucket within

Tim What means that trump?

Enter a SERVANT

How now?

Serv Please you my lord there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance

Tim Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv There comes with them a forerunner my lord which bears that office to signify their pleasures

Tim I pray let them be admitted

Enter CUPID

Cup Hail to thee worthy Timon and to all
That of his bounties taste The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom Th ear
Taste touch and smell pleased from thy table rise
They only now come but to feast thine eyes

Tim They re welcome all let em have kind admittance
Music make their welcome! [*Exit* CUPID

1st Lord You see my lord how ample you re beloved

Music Re enter CUPID *with a mask of* LADIES *as Amazons with lutes in their hands dancing and playing*

Apem Hoy day what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women
Like madness is the glory of this life
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves
And spend our flatteries to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy
Who lives that s not depraved or depraves?
Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me T has been done
Men shut their doors against a setting sun

The LORDS *rise from table with much adoring of* TIMON *and to show their loves each singles out an* AMAZON *and all dance men with women a lofty strain or two to the hautboys and cease*

Tim You have done our pleasures much grace fair ladies
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment
Which was not half so beautiful and kind
You have added worth unto t and lustre
And entertain d me with mine own device
I am to thank you for t

1st Lady My lord you take us even at the best

Apem Faith for the worst is filthy and would not hold taking I doubt me

Tim Ladies there is an idle banquet attends you
Please you to dispose yourselves

All Ladies Most thankfully my lord
[*Exeunt* CUPID *and* LADIES

Tim Flavius

Flav My lord?

Tim The little casket bring me hither

Flav Yes my lord More jewels yet! [*Aside*]
There is no crossing him in s humour
Else I should tell him—well i faith I should
When all s spent he d be cross d then, an he could
Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind
That man might ne er be wretched for his mind
[*Exit*

1st Lord Where be our men?

Serv Here my lord in readiness

2nd Lord Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, *with the casket*

Tim O my friends,
I have one word to say to you Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel, accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord
1st Lord I am so far already in your gifts—
All So are we all

Enter a SERVANT

Serv My lord, there are certain nobles of the Senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you
Tim They are fairly welcome
Flav I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near
Tim Near! why then, another time I'll hear thee
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment
Flav [*Aside*] I scarce know how

Enter a SECOND SERVANT

2nd Serv May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver
Tim I shall accept them fairly, let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd

Enter a THIRD SERVANT

How now! what news?
3rd Serv Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds
Tim I'll hunt with him, and let them be received,
Not without fair reward
Flav [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word He is so kind that he now
Pays interest for't, his land's put to their books
Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forced out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed
I bleed inwardly for my lord *Exit*

Tim You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love
2nd Lord With more than common thanks I will receive it
3rd Lord O, he's the very soul of bounty!
Tim And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on It is yours, because you liked it
2nd Lord O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that
Tim You may take my word, my lord, I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own,
I'll tell you true I'll call to you
All Lords O, none so welcome
Tim I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give,
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee For all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field
Alcib Ay, defiled land, my lord
1st Lord We are so virtuously bound—
Tim And so
Am I to you
2nd Lord So infinitely endear'd—
Tim All to you Lights, more lights!
1st Lord The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!
Tim Ready for his friends
[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS *and* TIMON
Apem What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em Friendship's full of dregs
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies
Tim Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee
Apem No, I'll nothing For if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?
Tim Nay, an you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn not to give regard to you

Farewell and come with better music [*Exit*
Apem So
Thou wilt not hear me now thou shalt not then
I ll lock thy heaven from thee
O that men s ears should be
To counsel deaf but not to flattery! [*Exit*

ACT II

SCENE I *A Senator s house*

Enter SENATOR *with papers in his hand*

Sen And late five thousand to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand besides my former sum
Which makes it five and twenty Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold it will not
If I want gold steal but a beggar s dog
And give it Timon why the dog coins gold
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty more
Better than he why give my horse to Timon
Ask nothing give it him it foals me straight
And able horses No porter at his gate
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by It cannot hold no reason
Can found his state in safety Caphis ho!
Caphis I say!

Enter CAPHIS

Caph Here sir what is your pleasure?
Sen Get on your cloak and haste you to Lord Timon
Importune him for my moneys be not ceased
With slight denial nor then silenced when—
Commend me to your master and the cap
Plays in the right hand thus but tell him
My uses cry to me I must serve my turn
Out of mine own his days and times are past
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit I love and honour him
But must not break my back to heal his finger
Immediate are my needs and my relief
Must not be toss d and turn d to me in words
But find supply immediate Get you gone
Put on a most importunate aspect
A visage of demand for I do fear
When every feather sticks in his own wing
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull
Which flashes now a phœnix Get you gone
Caph I go sir
Sen I go sir! Take the bonds along with you
And have the dates in compt
Caph I will sir
Sen Go [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same a hall in Timon s house*

Enter FLAVIUS *with many bills in his hand*

Flavius No care no stop! so senseless of expense
That he will neither know how to maintain it
Nor cease his flow of riot takes no account
How things go from him nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue never mind
Was to be so unwise to be so kind
What shall be done? He will not hear till feel
I must be round with him now he comes from hunting
Fie fie fie fie!

Enter CAPHIS *and the* SERVANTS *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO

Caph Good even Varro What
You come for money?
Var Serv Is t not your business too?
Caph It is and yours too Isidore?
Isid Serv It is so
Caph Would we were all discharged!
Var Serv I fear it
Caph Here comes the lord

Enter TIMON ALCIBIADES *and* LORDS *&c*

Tim So soon as dinner s done we ll forth again
My Alcibiades With me? What is your will?
Caph My lord here is a note of certain dues
Tim Dues! Whence are you?
Caph Of Athens here my lord
Tim Go to my steward
Caph Please it your lordship he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you ll suit
In giving him his right
Tim Mine honest friend
I prithee but repair to me next morning
Caph Nay good my lord—
Tim Contain thyself good friend
Var Serv One Varro s servant my good lord—
Isid Serv From Isidore
He humbly prays your speedy payment
Caph If you did know my lord my master s wants—
Var Serv 'Twas due on forfeiture my lord six weeks
And past
Isid Serv Your steward puts me off my lord
And I am sent expressly to your lordship
Tim Give me breath

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on,
I'll wait upon you instantly

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and* LORDS

[*To* FLAVIUS] Come hither Pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid

Tim Do so, my friends See them well entertain'd [*Exit*

Flav Pray, draw near [*Exit*

Enter APEMANTUS *and* FOOL

Caph Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus Let's ha' some sport with 'em

Var Serv Hang him, he'll abuse us

Isid Serv A plague upon him, dog!

Var Serv How dost, Fool?

Apem Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var Serv I speak not to thee

Apem No, 'tis to thyself [*To the* FOOL] Come away

Isid Serv There's the Fool hangs on your back already

Apem No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet

Caph Where's the Fool now?

Apem He last asked the question Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv What are we, Apemantus?

Apem Asses

All Serv Why?

Apem That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves Speak to 'em, Fool

Fool How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv Gramercies, good Fool, how does your mistress?

Fool She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem Good! gramercy

Enter PAGE

Fool Look you, here comes my mistress' page

Page [*To the* FOOL] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably

Page Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters, I know not which is which

Apem Canst not read?

Page No

Apem There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou't die a bawd

Page Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death Answer not, I am gone [*Exit*

Apem E'en so thou outrunnest grace Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's

Fool Will you leave me there?

Apem If Timon stay at home You three serve three usurers?

All Serv Ay, would they served us!

Apem So would I—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief

Fool Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv Ay, Fool

Fool I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant, my mistress is one, and I am her fool When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry, but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly The reason of this?

Var Serv I could render one

Apem Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave, which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed

Var Serv What is a whoremaster, Fool?

Fool A fool in good clothes, and something like thee 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't appears like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one He is very often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in

Var Serv Thou art not altogether a fool

Fool Nor thou altogether a wise man As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest

Apem That answer might have become Apemantus

All Serv Aside, aside, here comes Lord Timon

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS

Apem Come with me, Fool, come

Fool I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman, sometime the philosopher

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* FOOL

Flav Pray you, walk near I'll speak with you anon [*Exeunt* SERVANTS

Tim You make me marvel Wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?
Flav You would not hear me
At many leisures I proposed
Tim Go to
Perchance some single vantages you took
When my indisposition put you back
And that unaptness made your minister
Thus to excuse yourself
Flav O my good lord
At many times I brought in my accounts
Laid them before you you would throw them off
And say you found them in mine honesty
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much I have shook my head and wept
Yea gainst the authority of manners pray d you
To hold your hand more close I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts My loved lord
Though you hear now too late—yet now s a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts
Tim Let all my land be sold
Flav Tis all engaged some forfeited and gone
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues The future comes apace
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?
Tim To Lacedæmon did my land extend
Flav O my good lord the world is but a word
Were it all yours to give it in a breath
How quickly were it gone!
Tim You tell me true
Flav If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof So the gods bless me
When all our offices have been oppress d
With riotous feeders when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray d with minstrelsy
I have retired me to a wasteful cock
And set mine eyes at flow
Tim Prithee no more
Flav Heavens have I said the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon s?
What heart head sword force means but is Lord Timon s?
Great Timon noble, worthy royal Timon!
Ah when the means are gone that buy this praise
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made
Feast won fast lost one cloud of winter showers
These flies are couch d
Tim Come sermon me no further
No villainous bounty yet hath pass d my heart
Unwisely not ignobly have I given
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart
If I would broach the vessels of my love
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing
Men and men s fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak
Flav Assurance bless your thoughts!
Tim And in some sort these wants of mine are crown d
That I account them blessings for by these
Shall I try friends You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes I am wealthy in my friends
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS SERVILIUS *and other* SERVANTS

Servants My lord? my lord?

Tim I will dispatch you severally you to Lord Lucius to Lord Lucullus you I hunted with his honour to-day you to Sempronius Commend me to their loves and I am proud say that my occasions have found time to use em toward a supply of money Let the request be fifty talents
Flam As you have said my lord
Flav [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!
Tim Go you sir to the senators—
Of whom even to the state s best health I have
Deserved this hearing—bid em send o the instant
A thousand talents to me
Flav I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name
But they do shake their heads and I am here
No richer in return
Tim Is t true? can t be?
Flav They answer in a joint and corporate voice
That now they are at fall want treasure cannot
Do what they would are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wish d—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—tis pity—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence

Tim You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy
[*To a* SERVANT] Go to Ventidius [*To* FLAVIUS]
Prithee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest, ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee [*To* SERVANT] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate When he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents [*Exit* SERVANT] [*To* FLAVIUS] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink

Flav I would I could not think it That thought is bounty's foe,
Being free itself, it thinks all others so [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *A room in Lucullus' house*

FLAMINIUS *waiting* *Enter a* SERVANT *to him*

Serv I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you

Flam I thank you, sir

Enter LUCULLUS

Serv Here's my lord

Lucul [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant Why, this hits right, I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir Fill me some wine [*Exit* SERVANT] And how does that honourable, complete free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam His health is well sir

Lucul I am right glad that his health is well, sir And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply, who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein

Lucul La, la, la, la! "nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming Every man has his fault, and honesty is his I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't

Re-enter SERVANT, *with wine*

Serv Please your lordship, here is the wine

Lucul Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise Here's to thee

Flam Your lordship speaks your pleasure

Lucul I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well, good parts in thee [*To* SERVANT] Get you gone, sirrah [*Exit* SERVANT] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security Here's three solidares for thee, good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not Fare thee well

Flam Is 't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!
Throwing the money back

Lucul Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master [*Exit*

Flam May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit*

SCENE II *A public place*

Enter LUCIUS *with* THREE STRANGERS

Luc Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an honourable gentleman

1st Stran We know him for no less though we are but strangers to him But I can tell you one thing my lord and which I hear from common rumours now Lord Timon s happy hours are done and past and his estate shrinks from him

Luc Fie no do not believe it he cannot want for money

2nd Stran But believe you this my lord that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents nay urged extremely for t and showed what necessity be longed to t and yet was denied

Luc How!

2nd Stran I tell you denied my lord

Luc What a strange case was that! now before the gods I am ashamed on t Denied that hon ourable man! there was very little honour showed in t For my own part I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him as money plate jewels and such like trifles nothing comparing to his yet had he mistook him and sent to me I should ne er have denied his occasion so many talents

Enter SERVILIUS

Ser See by good hap yonder s my lord I have sweat to see his honour My honoured lord— [*To* LUCIUS]

Luc Servilius! you are kindly met sir Fare thee well Commend me to thy honourable virtu ous lord my very exquisite friend

Ser May it please your honour my lord hath sent—

Luc Ha! what has he sent? I am so much en deared to that lord he s ever sending How shall I thank him thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser Has only sent his present occasion now my lord requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents

Luc I know his lordship is but merry with me
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents

Ser But in the mean time he wants less my lord
If his occasion were not virtuous
I should not urge it half so faithfully

Luc Dost thou speak seriously Servilius?

Ser Upon my soul tis true sir

Luc What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time when I might ha shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened that I should purchase the day before for a little part and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius now before the gods I am not able to do—the more beast I say I was sending to use Lord Timon myself these gentlemen can wit ness but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done t now Commend me bountifully to his good lordship and I hope his honour will con ceive the fairest of me because I have no power to be kind and tell him this from me I count it one of my greatest afflictions say that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman Good Servilius will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser Yes sir I shall

Luc I ll look you out a good turn Servilius [*Exit* SERVILIUS

True as you said Timon is shrunk indeed
And he that s once denied will hardly speed [*Exit*

1st Stran Do you observe this Hostilius?

2nd Stran Ay too well

1st Stran Why this is the world s soul and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer s spirit Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for in
My knowing Timon has been this lord s father
And kept his credit with his purse
Supported his estate nay Timon s money
Has paid his men their wages He ne er drinks
But Timon s silver treads upon his lip
And yet—O see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him in respect of his
What charitable men afford to beggars

3rd Stran Religion groans at it

1st Stran For mine own part
I never tasted Timon in my life
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend yet I protest
For his right noble mind illustrious virtue
And honourable carriage
Had his necessity made use of me
I would have put my wealth into donation
And the best half should have return d to him
So much I love his heart But I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense
For policy sits above conscience [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in Sempronius house*

Enter SEMPRONIUS *and a* SERVANT *of* TIMON S

Sem Must he needs trouble me in t—hum!—bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus
And now Ventidius is wealthy too
Whom he redeem d from prison All these
Owe their estates unto him

Serv My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him
Sem How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over, must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in 't, I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first,
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him,
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No!
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake,
I'd such a courage to do him good But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join,
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin
[*Exit*

Serv Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic, he crossed himself by 't, and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire,
Of such a nature is his politic love
This was my lord's best hope, now all are fled,
Save only the gods Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master
And this is all a liberal course allows,
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house
[*Exit*

SCENE IV *The same a hall in Timon's house*

Enter TWO SERVANTS *of* VARRO, *and the* SERVANT *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* SERVANTS *of* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out*

1st Var Serv Well met, good morrow, Titus and Hortensius
Tit The like to you, kind Varro
Hor Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
Luc Serv Ay, and I think
One business does command us all, for mine
Is money
Tit So is theirs and ours

Enter PHILOTUS

Luc Serv And Sir Philotus too!
Phi Good day at once
Luc Serv Welcome, good brother
What do you think the hour?
Phi Labouring for nine
Luc Serv So much?
Phi Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc Serv Not yet
Phi I wonder on 't, he was wont to shine at seven
Luc Serv Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's, but not, like his, recoverable
I fear tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse,
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little
Phi I am of your fear for that
Tit I'll show you how to observe a strange event
Your lord sends now for money
Hor Most true, he does
Tit And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money
Hor It is against my heart
Luc Serv Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes,
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em
Hor I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth
1st Var Serv Yes, mine's three thousand crowns What's yours?
Luc Serv Five thousand mine
1st Var Serv 'Tis much deep, and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine,
Else, surely, his had equall'd

Enter FLAMINIUS

Tit One of Lord Timon's men
Luc Serv Flaminius! Sir, a word Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam No, indeed, he is not
Tit We attend his lordship, pray, signify so much

Flam I need not tell him that he knows you are too diligent [*Exit*

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak muffled*

Luc Serv Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud Call him call him
Tit Do you hear sir?
2nd Var Serv By your leave sir—
Flav What do ye ask of me my friend?
Tit We wait for certain money here sir
Flav Ay
If money were as certain as your waiting
'Twere sure enough
Why then preferr d you not your sums and bills
When your false masters eat of my lord s meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up
Let me pass quietly
Believe t my lord and I have made an end
I have no more to reckon he to spend
Luc Serv Ay but this answer will not serve
Flav If twill not serve tis not so base as you
For you serve knaves [*Exit*

1st Var Serv How? what does his cashiered worship mutter?

2nd Var Serv No matter what he s poor and that s revenge enough Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings

Enter SERVILIUS

Tit O here s Servilius now we shall know some answer

Ser If I might beseech you gentlemen to repair some other hour I should derive much from t for take t of my soul my lord leans wondrously to discontent His comfortable temper has forsook him he s much out of health and keeps his chamber

Luc Serv Many do keep their chambers are not sick
And if it be so far beyond his health
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts
And make a clear way to the gods
Ser Good gods!
Tit We cannot take this for answer sir
Flam [*Within*] Servilius help! My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON *in a rage* FLAMINIUS *following*

Tim What are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy my gaol?
The place which I have feasted does it now
Like all mankind show me an iron heart?
Luc Serv Put in now Titus
Tit My lord here is my bill
Luc Serv Here s mine
Hor And mine my lord
Both Var Serv And ours my lord
Phi All our bills
Tim Knock me down with em! Cleave me to the girdle
Luc Serv Alas my lord—
Tim Cut my heart in sums
Tit Mine fifty talents
Tim Tell out my blood
Luc Serv Five thousand crowns my lord
Tim Five thousand drops pays that What yours? and yours?
1st Var Serv My lord—
2nd Var Serv My lord—
Tim Tear me take me and the god fall upon you! [*Exit*

Hor Faith I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money These debts may well be called desperate ones for a madman owes em [*Exeunt*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS

Tim They have e en put my breath from me the slaves
Creditors? devils!
Flav My dear lord—
Tim What if it should be so?
Flav My lord—
Tim I ll have it so My steward!
Flav Here my lord
Tim So fitly? Go bid all my friends again
Lucius Lucullus and Sempronius
All sirrah all
I ll once more feast the rascals
Flav O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table
Tim Be t not in thy care go
I charge thee invite them all Let in the tide
Of knaves once more my cook and I ll provide [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The same the Senate house*

The Senate sitting

1st Sen My lord you have my voice to it the fault s
Bloody tis necessary he should die
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy
2nd Sen Most true the law shall bruise him

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with Attendants*

Alcib Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate!
1st Sen Now, captain?
Alcib I am an humble suitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe,
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument
1st Sen You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour, which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
Alcib My lord—
1st Sen You cannot make gross sins look clear
To revenge is no valour, but to bear
Alcib My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just
To be in anger is impiety,
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this
2nd Sen You breathe in vain
Alcib In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life
1st Sen What's that?
Alcib I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
2nd Sen He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn rioter, he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions 'Tis inferr'd to us
His days are foul and his drink dangerous
1st Sen He dies
Alcib Hard fate! he might have died in war
My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both,
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore,
For law is strict, and war is nothing more
1st Sen We are for law He dies Urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another
Alcib Must it be so? it must not be My lords,
I do beseech you know me
2nd Sen How!
Alcib Call me to your remembrances
3rd Sen What!
Alcib I cannot think but your age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue and be denied such common grace
My wounds ache at you
1st Sen Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect
We banish thee for ever

Alcib Banish me!
Banish your dotage banish usury
That mal es the Senate ugly
1st Sen If after two days shine Athens contain thee
Attend our weightier judgement And not to swell our spirit
He shall be executed presently
[*Exeunt* SENATORS

Alcib Now the gods keep you old enough that you may live
Only in bone that none may look on you!
I m worse than mad I have kept bacl their foes
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest I myself
Rich only in large hurts All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate
Pours into captains wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill I hate not to be banish d
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury
That I may strike at Athens I ll cheer up
My discontented troops and lay for hearts
Tis honour with most lands to be at odds
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods
[*Exit*

SCENE VI *The same a banqueting room in Timon s house*

Music Tables set out Servants attending Enter divers LORDS SENATORS *and others at several doors*

1st Lord The good time of day to you sir

2nd Lord I also wish it to you I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day

1st Lord Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends

2nd Lord It should not be by the persuasion of his new feasting

1st Lord I should think so He hath sent me an earnest inviting which many my near occasions did urge me to put off but he hath conjured me beyond them and I must needs appear

2nd Lord In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business but he would not hear my excuse I am sorry when he sent to borrow of me that my provision was out

1st Lord I am sick of that grief too as I understand how all things go

2nd Lord Every man here s so What would he have borrowed of you?

1st Lord A thousand pieces

2nd Lord A thousand pieces!

1st Lord What of you?

2nd Lord He sent to me sir—Here he comes

Enter TIMON *and Attendants*

Tim With all my heart gentlemen both and how fare you?

1st Lord Ever at the best hearing well of your lordship

2nd Lord The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship

Tim [Aside] Nor more willingly leaves winter such summer birds are men Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay Feast your ears with the music awhile if they will fare so harshly o the trumpet s sound we shall to t presently

1st Lord I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger

Tim O sir let it not trouble you

2nd Lord My noble lord—

Tim Ah my good friend what cheer?

2nd Lord My most honourable lord I am e en sick of shame that when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar

Tim Think not on t sir

2nd Lord If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim Let it not cumber your better remembrance [*The banquet brought in*] Come bring in all together

2nd Lord All covered dishes!

1st Lord Royal cheer I warrant you

3rd Lord Doubt not that if money and the season can yield it

1st Lord How do you? What s the news?

3rd Lord Alcibiades is banished Hear you of it?

1st and 2nd Lord Alcibiades banished!

3rd Lord 'Tis so be sure of it

1st Lord How! how!

2nd Lord I pray you upon what?

Tim My worthy friends will you draw near?

3rd Lord I ll tell you more anon Here s a noble feast toward

2nd Lord This is the old man still

3rd Lord Will t hold? will t hold?

2nd Lord It does but time will—and so—

3rd Lord I do conceive

Tim Each man to his stool with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress your diet shall be in all places alike Make not a city feast of it to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place Sit sit The gods require our thanks

You great benefactors sprinkle our society with thankfulness For your own gifts make yourselves praised but reserve still to give, lest your

deities be despised Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another, for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are The rest of your foes, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome

Uncover, dogs, and lap
The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water
Some speak What does his lordship mean?
Some other I know not
Tim May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! Smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection This is Timon's last,
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany
Throwing the water in their faces
Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou,
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none
Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit*

Re-enter the LORDS, SENATORS, *&c*

1st Lord How now, my lords!
2nd Lord Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
3rd Lord Push! did you see my cap?
4th Lord I have lost my gown
1st Lord He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat Did you see my jewel?
3rd Lord Did you see my cap?
2nd Lord Here 'tis
4th Lord Here lies my gown
1st Lord Let's make no stay
2nd Lord Lord Timon's mad
3rd Lord I feel't upon my bones
4th Lord One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Without the walls of Athens*

Enter TIMON

Tim Let me look back upon thee O thou wall
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast,
Rather than render back, out with your knives
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law Maid, to thy master's bed,
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen [*Exit*

SCENE II *Athens a room in Timon s house*

Enter FLAVIUS *with two or three* SERVANTS

1st Serv Hear you master steward where s our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav Alack my fellows what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods
I am as poor as you

1st Serv Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm
And go along with him!

2nd Serv As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses pick d and his poor self
A dedicated beggar to the air
With his disease of all shunn d poverty
Walks like contempt alone More of our fellows

Enter other SERVANTS

Flav All broken implements of a ruin d house

3rd Serv Yet do our hearts wear Timon s livery
That see I by our faces we are fellows still
Serving alike in sorrow Leak d is our bark
And we poor mates stand on the dying deck
Hearing the surges threat We must all part
Into this sea of air

Flav Good fellows all
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you
Wherever we shall meet for Timon s sake
Let s yet be fellows let s shake our heads and say
As twere a knell unto our master s fortunes
We have seen better days Let each take some
Nay put out all your hands Not one word more
Thus we part rich in sorrow parting poor
[SERVANTS *embrace and part several ways*
O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock d with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted like his varnish d friends?
Poor honest lord brought low by his own heart
Undone by goodness! Strange unusual blood
When man s worst sin is he does too much good!
Who then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty that makes gods does still mar men
My dearest lord, bless d, to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions Alas kind lord!
He s flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends nor has he with him to
Supply his life or that which can command it
I'll follow and inquire him out
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still
[*Exit*

SCENE III *Woods and cave near the sea shore*

Enter TIMON *from the cave*

Tim O blessed breeding sun draw from the earth
Rotten humidity below thy sister s orb
Infect the air! Twinn d brothers of one womb
Whose procreation residence and birth
Scarce is dividant touch them with several fortunes
The greater scorns the lesser Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature
Raise me this beggar and deny t that lord
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary
The beggar native honour
It is the pasture lards the rother s sides
The want that makes him lean Who dares who dares
In purity of manhood stand upright
And say This man s a flatterer ? if one be,
So are they all for every grise of fortune
Is smooth d by that below The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool All is oblique
There s nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villainy Therefore be abhorr d
All feasts societies and throngs of men!
His semblable yea himself Timon disdains
Destruction fang mankind! Earth yield me roots! [*Digging*]
Who seeks for better of thee sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? Yellow glittering precious gold? No gods
I am no idle votarist roots you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white foul fair
Wrong right base noble old young coward valiant
Ha you gods! why this? what this you gods?
Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides
Pluck stout men s pillows from below their heads
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored place thieves

And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench This is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again,
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature [*March afar off*] Ha! a drum? Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand
Nay, stay thou out for earnest
Keeping some gold

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*, PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA

Alcib What art thou there? speak
Tim A beast, as thou art The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim I am Misanthropos and hate mankind
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something
Alcib I know thee well,
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange
Tim I know thee too, and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules!
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel,
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look
Phry Thy lips rot off!
Tim I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again
Alcib How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim As the moon does, by wanting light to give
But then renew I could not, like the moon,
There were no suns to borrow of
Alcib Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim None, but to
Maintain my opinion
Alcib What is it, Timon?
Tim Promise me friendship, but perform none If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib I have heard in some sort of thy miseries
Tim Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity
Alcib I see them now, then was a blessed time
Tim As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots
Timan Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?
Tim Art thou Timandra?
Timan Yes
Tim Be a whore still They love thee not that use thee,
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet
Timan Hang thee, monster!
Alcib Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—
Tim I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone
Alcib I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon
Tim How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone
Alcib Why, fare thee well
Here is some gold for thee
Tim Keep it, I cannot eat it
Alcib When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—
Tim Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib Ay, Timon, and have cause
Tim The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib Why me, Timon?
Tim That, by killing of villians,
Thou wast born to conquer my country
Put up thy gold Go on Here's gold Go on
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air Let not thy sword skip one
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer Strike me the counterfeit matron,

It is her habit only that is honest
Herself's a bawd Let not the virgin s cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword for those milk paps
That through the window bars bore at men s eyes
Are not within the leaf of pity writ
But set them down horrible traitors Spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy
Think it a bastard whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut
And mince it sans remorse Swear against objects
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes
Whose proof nor yells of mothers maids nor babes
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding
Shall pierce a jot There s gold to pay thy soldiers
Make large confusion and thy fury spent
Confounded be thyself! Speak not be gone

Alcib Hast thou gold yet? I ll take the gold thou givest me
Not all thy counsel

Tim Dost thou or dost thou not heaven s curse upon thee!

Phr and Timan Give us some gold, good Timon Hast thou more?

Tim Enough to make a whore forswear her trade
And to make whores a bawd Hold up you sluts
Your aprons mountant You are not oathable—
Although I know you ll swear terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you—spare your oaths
I ll trust to your conditions Be whores still
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you
Be strong in whore allure him burn him up
Let your close fire predominate his smoke
And be no turncoats Yet may your pains six months
Be quite contrary! And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead—some that were hang d
No matter!—Wear them betray with them Whore still
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr and Timan Well more gold What then?
Believe t that we ll do anything for gold

Tim Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man strike their sharp shins
And mar men s spurring Crack the lawyers voice
That he may never more false title plead
Nor sound his quillets shrilly Hoar the flamen
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself Down with the nose
Down with it flat take the bridge quite away
Of him that his particular to foresee
Smells from the general weal Make curl d pate ruffians bald
And let the unscarr d braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you Plague all
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection There s more gold
Do you damn others and let this damn you
And ditches grave you all!

Phr and Timan More counsel with more money bounteous Timon

Tim More whore more mischief first I have given you earnest

Alcib Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell Timon
If I thrive well I ll visit thee again

Tim If I hope well I ll never see thee more

Alcib I never did thee harm

Tim Yes thou spokest well of me

Alcib Call st thou that harm?

Tim Men daily find it Get thee away and take
Thy beagles with thee

Alcib We but offend him Strike!

[*Drum beats Exeunt* ALCIBIADES PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA

Tim That nature, being sick of man s unkindness
Should yet be hungry! Common mother thou
Digging
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all whose selfsame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child arrogant man is puff'd
Engenders the black toad and adder blue
The gilded newt and eyeless venom d worm
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion s quickening fire doth shine
Yield him who all thy human sons doth hate
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers dragons wolves and bears
Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O a root Dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows vines and plough torn leas
Whereof ingrateful man with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous greases his pure mind,

That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS

More man? plague, plague!
Apem I was directed hither Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them
Tim 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate Consumption catch thee!
Apem This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatters yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee Hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou lt observe,
Blow off thy cap, praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent Thou wast told thus,
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid welcome
To knaves and all approachers 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal, hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't Do not assume my likeness
Tim Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself
Apem Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature, bid them flatter thee,
O thou shalt find—
Tim A fool of thee Depart
Apem I love thee better now than e'er I did
Tim I hate thee worse
Apem Why?
Tim Thou flatter'st misery
Apem I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff
Tim Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem To vex thee
Tim Always a villain's office or a fool's
Dost please thyself in't?
Apem Ay
Tim What! a knave too?
Apem If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well, but thou
Dost it enforcedly, thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable
Tim Not by his breath that is more miserable
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open bare
For every storm that blows I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer
Apem Art thou proud yet?
Tim Ay, that I am not thee
Apem I, that I was
No prodigal
Tim I, that I am one now
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it Get thee gone
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it [*Eating a root*]

Apem Here I will mend thy feast
Offering him a root

Tim First mend my company take away thy self

Apem So I shall mend mine own by the lack of thine

Tim Tis not well mended so it is but botch d
If not I would it were

Apem What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim Thee thither in a whirlwind If thou wilt
Tell them there I have gold look so I have

Apem Here is no use for gold

Tim The best and truest
For here it sleeps and does no hired harm

Apem Where liest o nights Timon?

Tim Under that s above me
Where feed st thou o days Apemantus?

Apem Where my stomach finds meat or rather where I eat it

Tim *Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!*

Apem Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim To sauce thy dishes

Apem The middle of humanity thou never knewest but the extremity of both ends When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they mocked thee for too much curiosity in thy rags thou knowest none but art despised for the contrary There s a medlar for thee eat it

Tim On what I hate I feed not

Apem Dost hate a medlar?

Tim Ay though it look like thee

Apem An thou hadst hated medlers sooner thou shouldst have loved thyself better now What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim Who without those means thou talkest of didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem Myself

Tim I understand thee thou hadst some means to keep a dog

Apem What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim Women nearest but men men are the things themselves What wouldst thou do with the world Apemantus if it lay in thy power?

Apem Give it the beasts to be rid of the men

Tim Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem Ay Timon

Tim A beastly ambition which the gods grant thee t attain to! If thou wert the lion the fox would beguile thee If thou wert the lamb the fox would eat thee If thou wert the fox the lion would suspect thee when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass If thou wert the ass thy *dulness would torment thee and still thou livedst* but as a breakfast to the wolf If thou wert the wolf thy greediness would afflict thee and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner Wert thou the unicorn pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury Wert thou a bear thou wouldst be killed by the horse Wert thou a horse thou wouldst be seized by the leopard Wert thou a leopard thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life All thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a bea t art thou already that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem If thou couldst please me with speaking to me thou mightest have hit upon it here The *commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of* beasts

Tim How has the ass broke the wall that thou art out of the city?

Apem Yonder comes a poet and a painter the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it and give way When I know not what else to do I ll see thee again

Tim When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome I had rather be a beggar s dog than Apemantus

Apem Thou art the cap of all the fools alive

Tim Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem A plague on thee! Thou art too bad to curse

Tim All villains that do stand by thee are pure

Apem There is no leprosy but what thou speak st

Tim If I name thee
I ll beat thee but I should infect my hands

Apem I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim Away thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive
I swound to see thee

Apem Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim Away
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee [*Throws a stone at him*]

Apem Beast!

Tim Slave!

Apem Toad!

Tim Rogue rogue rogue!
I am sick of this false world and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon t
Then Timon presently prepare thy grave
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily, make thine epitaph
That death in me at others' lives may laugh
[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies in Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
Apem Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead I'll say thou'st gold
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly
Tim Throng'd to!
Apem Ay
Tim Thy back, I prithee
Apem Live, and love thy misery
Tim Long live so, and so die [*Exit* APEMANTUS] I am quit
Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them

Enter BANDITTI

1st Ban Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder The mere want of gold, and the falling from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy

2nd Ban It is noised he hath a mass of treasure

3rd Ban Let us make the assay upon him If he care not for't, he will supply us easily, if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2nd Ban True, for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid

1st Ban Is not this he?
Banditti Where?
2nd Ban 'Tis his description
3rd Ban He, I know him
Banditti Save thee, Timon
Tim Now, thieves?
Banditti Soldiers, not thieves
Tim Both too, and women's sons
Banditti We are not thieves, but men that much do want
Tim Your greatest want is, you want much of meat
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots,
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs,
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips,
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you Want! why want?
1st Ban We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes
Tim Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes,
You must eat men Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes for there is boundless theft
In limited professions Rascal thieves,
Here's gold Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging Trust not the physician,
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob Take wealth and lives together,
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't
Like workmen I'll example you with thievery
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea, the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun,
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears, the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement, each thing's a thief,
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft Love not yourselves Away,
Rob one another There's more gold Cut throats
All that you meet are thieves To Athens go,
Break open shops, nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it Steal no less for this
I give you, and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen

3rd Ban Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it

1st Ban 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery

2nd Ban I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade

1st Ban Let us first see peace in Athens There is no time so miserable but a man may be true [*Exeunt* BANDITTI

Enter FLAVIUS

Flav O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made'
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends'
How rarely does it meet with this time s guise
When man was wish d to love his enemies'
Grant I may ever love and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do'
Has caught me in his eye I will present
My honest grief unto him and as my lord
Still serve him with my life My dearest master'

Tim Away' what art thou?

Flav Have you forgot me sir?

Tim Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men
Then if thou grant st thou rt a man I have forgot thee

Flav An honest poor servant of yours

Tim Then I know thee not
I never had honest man about me I all
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains

Flav The gods are witness
Ne er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you

Tim What dost thou weep? Come nearer
Then I love thee
Because thou art a woman and disclaim st
Flinty mankind whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter Pity s sleeping
Strange times that weep with laughing not with weeping'

Flav I beg of you to know me good my lord
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still

Tim Had I a steward
So true so just and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild
Let me behold thy face Surely this man
Was born of woman
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness
You perpetual sober gods' I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one
No more I pray—and he s a steward
How fain would I have hated all mankind'
And thou redeem st thyself but all save thee
I fell with curses
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise
For by oppressing and betraying me
Thou mightst have sooner got another service
For many so arrive at second masters
Upon their first lord s neck But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt though ne er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle covetous
If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav No my most worthy master in whose breast
Doubt and suspect alas are placed too late
You should have fear d false times when you did feast
Suspect still comes where an estate is least
That which I show Heaven knows is merely love
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind
Care of your food and living and believe it
My most honour d lord
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope or present I d exchange
For this one wish that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself

Tim Look thee tis so' Thou singly honest man
Here take The gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure Go live rich and happy
But thus condition d thou shalt build from men
Hate all curse all show charity to none
But let the famish d flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar give to dogs
What thou deny st to men let prisons swallow em
Debts wither em to nothing be men like blasted woods
And may diseases lick up their false bloods'
And so farewell and thrive

Flav O let me stay
And comfort you my master

Tim If thou hatest curses
Stay not fly whilst thou art blest and free
Ne er see thou man and let me ne er see thee

[*Exit* FLAVIUS TIMON *retires to his cave*

ACT V

SCENE I *The woods Before Timon s cave*

Enter POET *and* PAINTER TIMON *watching them from his cave*

Pain As I took note of the place it cannot be far where he abides

Poet What s to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true that he s so full of gold?

Pain Certain Alcibiades reports it Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him He likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum

Poet Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends

Pain Nothing else You shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest Therefore tis not amiss we tender our loves to

him, in this supposed distress of his It will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having

Poet What have you now to present unto him?

Pain Nothing at this time but my visitation, only I will promise him an excellent piece

Poet I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him

Pain Good as the best Promising is the very air o' the time, it opens the eyes of expectation Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use To promise is most courtly and fashionable, performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it

TIMON *comes from his cave, behind*

Tim [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thy self

Poet I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him It must be a personating of himself, a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency

Tim [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee

Poet Nay, let's seek him
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late

Pain True,
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light
Come

Tim [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them [*Coming forward*]

Poet Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain Our late noble master!

Tim Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words

Tim Let it go naked, men may see't the better
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known

Pain He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it

Tim Ay, you are honest men

Pain We are hither come to offer you our service

Tim Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no

Both What we can do, we'll do, to do you service

Tim Ye're honest men Ye've heard that I have gold,
I am sure you have Speak truth, ye're honest men

Pain So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend nor I

Tim Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens Thou'rt, indeed, the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most lively

Pain So, so, my lord

Tim E'en so, sir, as I say And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend

Both Beseech your honour
To make it known to us

Tim You'll take it ill

Both Most thankfully, my lord

Tim Will you, indeed?

Both Doubt it not, worthy lord

Tim There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you

Both Do we, my lord?

Tim Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom Yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain

Pain I know none such, my lord

Poet Nor I

Tim Look you I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies

Hang them or stab them drown them in a draught
Confound them by some course and come to me
I'll give you gold enough
Both Name them my lord let's know them
Tim You that way and you this but two in company
Each man apart all single and alone
Yet an arch villain keeps him company
If where thou art two villains shall not be
Come not near him If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is then him abandon
Hence pack! there's gold you came for gold ye slaves!
[*To* PAINTER] You have work'd for me there's payment for you Hence!
[*To* POET] You are an alchemist make gold of that
Out rascal dogs!
Beats them out and then retires to his cave

Enter FLAVIUS *and* TWO SENATORS

Flav It is in vain that you would speak with Timon
For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him
1st Sen Bring us to his cave
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon
2nd Sen At all times alike
Men are not still the same 'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days
The former man may make him Bring us to him
And chance it as it may
Flav Here is his cave
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out and speak to friends The Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee
Speak to them noble Timon

TIMON *comes from his cave*

Tim Thou sun that comfort'st burn! Speak and be hang'd
For each true word a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue
Consuming it with speaking!
1st Sen Worthy Timon—
Tim Of none but such as you and you of Timon
1st Sen The senators of Athens greet thee Timon
Tim I thank them and would send them back the plague
Could I but catch it for them
1st Sen O forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens who have thought
On special dignities which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing
2nd Sen They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general gross
Which now the public body which doth seldom
Play the recanter feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid hath sense withal
Of it own fail restraining aid to Timon
And send forth us to make their sorrow'd render
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram
Ay even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
And write in thee the figures of their love
Ever to read them thine
Tim You witch me in it
Surprise me to the very brink of tears
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes
And I'll beweep these comforts worthy senators
1st Sen Therefore so please thee to return with us
And of our Athens thine and ours to take
The captainship thou shalt be met with thanks
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name
Live with authority so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild
Who like a boar too savage doth root up
His country's peace
2nd Sen And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens
1st Sen Therefore Timon—
Tim Well sir I will therefore I will sir thus
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon
That Timon cares not But if he sack fair Athens
And take our goodly aged men by the beards
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious beastly mad-brain'd war
Then let him know and tell him Timon speaks it
In pity of our aged and our youth
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not
And let him take't at worst for their knives care not
While you have throats to answer For myself
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods
As thieves to keepers
Flav Stay not all's in vain
Tim Why I was writing of my epitaph

It will be seen to-morrow My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things Go, live still,
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
1st Sen We speak in vain
Tim But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it
1st Sen That's well spoke
Tim Commend me to my loving countrymen—
1st Sen These words become your lips as they pass through them
2nd Sen And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates
Tim Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath
1st Sen I like this well, he will return again
Tim I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself I pray you, do my greeting
Flav Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him
Tim Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle
Lips, let sour words go by and language end
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign
[*Retires to his cave*
1st Sen His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature
2nd Sen Our hope in him is dead Let us return
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril
1st Sen It requires swift foot [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Before the walls of Athens*

Enter TWO SENATORS *and a* MESSENGER

1st Sen Thou hast painfully discover'd Are his files
As full as thy report?
Mess I have spoke the least
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach
2nd Sen We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon
Mess I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved
1st Sen Here come our brothers

Enter the SENATORS *from* TIMON

3rd Sen No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust In and prepare
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The woods Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen*

Enter a SOLDIER, *seeking* TIMON

Sold By all description this should be the place
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span
Some beast rear'd this, there does not live a man
Dead, sure, and this his grave What's on this tomb
I cannot read, the character I'll take with wax
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is [*Exit*

SCENE IV *Before the walls of Athens*

Trumpets sound Enter ALCIBIADES *with his powers*

Alcib Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach
A parley sounded

Enter SENATORS *on the walls*

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time

With all licentious measure making your wills
The scope of justice till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander d with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly Now the time is flush
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself No more Now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight

1st Sen Noble and young
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear
We sent to thee to give thy rages balm
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity

2nd Sen So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city s love
By humble message and by promised means
We were not all unkind nor all deserve
The common stroke of war

1st Sen These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs nor are they such
That these great towers trophies and schools should fall
For private faults in them

2nd Sen Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out
Shame that they wanted cunning in excess
Hath broke their hearts March noble lord
Into our city with thy banners spread
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted

1st Sen All have not offended
For those that were it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges crimes like lands
Are not inherited Then dear countryman
Bring in thy ranks but leave without thy rage
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth
But kill not all together

2nd Sen What thou wilt
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to t with thy sword

1st Sen Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates and they shall ope
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before
To say thou lt enter friendly

2nd Sen Throw thy glove
Or any token of thine honour else
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town till we
Have seal d thy full desire

Alcib Then there s my glove
Descend and open your uncharged ports
Those enemies of Timon s and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
Fall and no more And to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning not a man
Shall pass his quarter or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city s bounds
But shall be render d to your public laws
At heaviest answer

Both Tis most nobly spoken

Alcib Descend and keep your words

The SENATORS *descend and open the gates*
Enter SOLDIER

Sold My noble general Timon is dead
Entomb d upon the very hem o the sea
And on his grave stone this insculpture which
With wax I brought away whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance

Alcib [*Reads the epitaph*] Here lies a wretched corse of wretched soul bereft
Seek not my name A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon who alive all living men did hate
Pass by and curse thy fill but pass and stay not here thy gait
These well express in thee thy latter spirits
Though thou abhorr dst in us our human griefs
Scorn dst our brain s flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven Dead
Is noble Timon of whose memory
Hereafter more Bring me into your city
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace make peace stint war make each
Prescribe to other as each other s leech
Let our drums strike [*Exeunt*

PERICLES, Prince of Tyre

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GOWER, *as Chorus*
ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre*
HELICANUS, ESCANES | *two lords of Tyre*
SIMONIDES *King of Pentapolis*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza*
MARSHAL
A PANDAR
BOULT, *his servant*
A MESSENGER
THREE LORDS *of Tyre*
A LORD *of Tarsus*
THREE FISHERMEN
A KNIGHT, *attending on Simonides*
TWO SAILORS *of Pentapolis*
A SERVANT *to Cerimon*
THREE PIRATES
TWO GENTLEMEN *of Mytilene*
A SAILOR *of Tyre*
A SAILOR *of Mytilene*
FIVE KNIGHTS, *suitors to Thaisa*
THE DAUGHTER *of Antiochus*
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon*
THAISA *daughter to Simonides*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina*
A BAWD
DIANA
NON-SPEAKING *Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, and Attendants*

SCENE *Antioch, Tyre, Tarsus, Pentapolis and the sea-coast near it, Ephesus, Mytilene and the sea-coast near it, and at sea*



ACT I

Before the palace of Antioch

Enter GOWER

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales,
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives
The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius
If you, born in these latter times
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace,
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow,
Which to prevent he made a law
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify [*Exit*

SCENE I *Antioch a room in the palace*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, *and followers*

Ant Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake
Per I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise
Ant Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself,
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,

Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence
The senate house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections

Music Enter the DAUGHTER *of Antiochus*

Per See where she comes apparell d like the spring
Graces her subjects and her *thoughts the king*
Of every virtue gives renown to men'
Her face the book of praises where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion
You gods that made me man and sway in love
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in th adventure be my helps
As I am son and servant to your will
To compass such a boundless happiness'

Ant Prince Pericles—

Per That would be son to great Antiochus

Ant Before thee stands this fair Hesperides
With golden fruit but dangerous to be touch d
For death like dragon here affright thee hard
Her face like heaven enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory which desert must gain
And which without desert because thine eye
Presumes to reach all thy whole heap must die
Yon sometimes famous princes like thy self
Drawn by report adventurous by desire
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale
That without covering save yon field of stars
Here they stand martyrs slain in Cupid s wars
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death s net whom none resist

Per Antiochus I thank thee who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body like to them to what I must
For death remember d should be like a mirror
Who tells us life s but breath to trust it error
I ll make my will then and as sick men do
Who know the world see heaven but feeling woe
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men as every prince should do
My riches to the earth from whence they came
But my unspotted fire of love to you [*To the* DAUGHTER *of Antiochus*]
Thus ready for the way of life or death
I wait the sharpest blow Antiochus

Ant Scorning advice read the conclusion, then
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed

Daugh Of all say d yet mayst thou prove prosperous'
Of all say d yet I wish thee happiness'

Per Like a bold champion I assume the lists
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage

I am no viper yet I feed
On mother s flesh which did me breed
I sought a husband in which labour
I found that kindness in a father
He s father son and husband mild
I mother wife and yet his child
How they may be and yet in two
As you will live resolve it you

Sharp physic is the last but O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men s acts
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually
If this be true which makes me pale to read it'
Fair glass of light I loved you and could still

Takes hold of the hand of the PRINCESS

Were not this glorious casket stored wi h ill
But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt
For he s no man on whom perfections wait
That knowing sin within will touch the gate
You are a fair viol and your sense the strings
Who finger d to make man his lawful music
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken
But being play d upon before your time
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime
Good sooth I care not for you

Ant Prince Pericles touch not upon thy life
For that s an article within our law
As dangerous as the rest Your time s expired
Either expound now or receive your sentence

Per Great king
Few love to hear the sins they love to act
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it
Who has a book of all that monarchs do
He s more secure to keep it shut than shown
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind
Blows dust in others eyes to spread itself
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear
The breath is gone and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them The blind mole casts
Copp d hills towards heaven to tell the earth is throng d
By man s oppression and the poor worm doth die for t
Kings are earth s gods in vice their law s their will
And if Jove stray who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smother it
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head

Ant [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him —Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days,
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise
Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son,
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth

[*Exeunt all but* PERICLES

Per How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul,
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father,
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light
One sin, I know, another doth provoke,
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke,
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame,
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear [*Exit*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS

Ant He hath found the meaning, for which we mean
To have his head
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner,
And therefore instantly this prince must die,
For by his fall my honour must keep high
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD

Thal Doth your Highness call?

Ant Thaliard
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy,
And for your faithfulness we will advance you
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold,
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it Say, is it done?

Thal My lord,
'Tis done

Ant Enough

Enter a MESSENGER

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste

Mess My lord, Prince Pericles is fled [*Exit*

Ant As thou
Wilt live, fly after, and like an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say, "Prince Pericles is dead"

Thal My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough, so, farewell to your Highness

Ant Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit* THALIARD] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head [*Exit*

SCENE II *Tyre a room in the palace*

Enter PERICLES

Per [*To* LORDS *without*] Let none disturb us —
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me
Then it is thus the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care,
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done
And so with me The great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him,
And what may make him blush in being known,

He ll stop the course by which it might be known
With hostile forces he ll o erspread the land
And with the ostent of war will look so huge
Amazement shall drive courage from the state
Our men be vanquish d ere they do resist
And subjects punish d that ne er thought offence
Which care of them not pity of my self
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish
And punish that before that he would punish

Enter HELICANUS *with other* LORDS

1st Lord Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
2nd Lord And keep your mind till you return to us
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel Peace peace and give experience tongue
They do abuse the King that flatter him
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin
The thing the which is flatter d but a spark
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing
Whereas reproof obedient and in order
Fits kings as they are men for they may err
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace
He flatters you makes war upon your life
Prince pardon me or strike me if you please
I cannot be much lower than my knees
Per All leave us else but let your cares o er look
What shipping and what lading s in our haven
And then return to us [*Exeunt* LORDS] Helicanus thou
Hast moved us What seest thou in our looks?
Hel An angry brow dread lord
Per If there be such a dart in princes frowns
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel How dare the plants look up to heaven from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per Thou know st I have power
To take thy life from thee
Hel [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself
Do you but strike the blow
Per Rise, prithee rise
Sit down Thou art no flatterer
I thank thee for it and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself
Per Thou speak st like a physician, Helicanus
That minister st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself
Attend me, then I went to Antioch
Where as thou know st against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty
From whence an issue I might propagate
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest
Which by my knowledge found the sinful father
Seem d not to strike but smooth But thou know st this
Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss
Which fear so grew in me I hither fled
Under the covering of a careful night
Who seem d my good protector and being here
Bethought me what was past what might succeed
I knew him tyrannous and tyrants fears
Decrease not but grow faster than the years
And should he doubt it as no doubt he doth
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes bloods were shed
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope
To lop that doubt he ll fill this land with arms
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him
When all for mine if I may call offence
Must feel war s blow who spares not innocence
Which love to all of which thyself art one
Who now reprovest me for it—
Hel Alas sir!
Per Drew sleep out of mine eyes blood from my cheeks
Musings into my mind with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came
And finding little comfort to relieve them
I thought it princely charity to grieve them
Hel Well my lord since you have given me leave to speak
Freely will I speak Antiochus you fear
And justly too I think you fear the tyrant
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life
Therefore my lord go travel for a while
Till that his rage and anger be forgot
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life
Your rule direct to any if to me
Day serves not light more faithful than I ll be
Per I do not doubt thy faith
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?
Hel We ll mingle our bloods together in the earth
From whence we had our being and our birth

Per Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath,
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Tyre an ante-chamber in the palace*

Enter THALIARD

Thal So, this is Tyre, and this the court Here must I kill King Pericles, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home 'Tis dangerous Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion that, being bid to ask what he would of the King, desired he might know none of his secrets Now do I see he had some reason for 't, for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one Hush! here come the lords of Tyre

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES, *with other Lords of Tyre*

Hel You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he s gone to travel
Thal [*Aside*] How! the King gone!
Hel If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you
Being at Antioch—
Thal [*Aside*] What from Antioch?
Hel Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judged so,
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself,
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death
Thal [*Aside*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would,
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea
I'll present myself —Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome
Thal From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles,
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came
Hel We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Tarsus a room in the Governor's house*

Enter CLEON, *the governor of Tarsus, with* DIONYZA, *and others*

Cle My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are,
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise
Cle O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air, our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder,
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears
Dio I'll do my best, sir
Cle This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight,
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat
Dio O, 'tis too true
Cle But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,

Although they gave their creatures in abundance
As houses are defiled for want of use
They are now starved for want of exercise
Those palates who not yet two summers younger
Must have inventions to delight the taste
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it
Those mothers who to nousle up their babes
Thought nought too curious are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved
So sharp are hunger's teeth that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life
Here stands a lord and there a lady weeping
Here many sink yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial
Is not this true?
Dio Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it
Cle O let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste
With their superfluous riots hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs

Enter a LORD

Lord Where's the Lord Governor?
Cle Here
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste
For comfort is too far for us to expect
Lord We have descried upon our neighbouring shore
A portly sail of ships make hitherward
Cle I thought as much
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor
And so in ours Some neighbouring nation
Taking advantage of our misery
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power
To beat us down the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me
Whereas no glory's got to overcome
Lord That's the least fear for by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace
And come to us as favourers not as foes
Cle Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit
But bring they what they will and what they can
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest and we are half way there
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves
Lord I go my lord [*Exit*
Cle Welcome is peace if he on peace consist
If wars we are unable to resist

Enter PERICLES *with Attendants*

Per Lord Governor for so we hear you are
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre
And seen the desolation of your streets
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears
But to relieve them of their heavy load
And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead
All The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you
Per Arise I pray you rise
We do not look for reverence but for love
And harbourage for ourself our ships and men
Cle The which when any shall not gratify
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought
Be it our wives our children or ourselves
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your Grace is welcome to our town and us
Per Which welcome we'll accept feast here awhile
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

Enter GOWER

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child I wis to incest bring
A better prince and benign lord
That will prove awful both in deed and word
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite a mountain gain
The good in conversation
To whom I give my benison
Is still at Tarsus where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can
And to remember what he does
Build his statue to make him glorious
But tidings to the contrary

Are brought your eyes, what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW

Enter at one door PERICLES *talking with* CLEON, *all the train with them Enter at another door a* GENTLEMAN, *with a letter to* PERICLES, PERICLES *shows the letter to* CLEON, *gives the* MESSENGER *a reward, and knights him Exit* PERICLES *at one door, and* CLEON *at another*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours, for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive,
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him,
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease,
For now the wind begins to blow,
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split,
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself,
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad,
And here he comes What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower—this longs the text

[*Exit*

SCENE I *Pentapolis an open place by the sea-side*

Enter PERICLES, *wet*

Per Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you,
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave

Enter THREE FISHERMEN

1st Fish What, ho, Pilch!

2nd Fish Ha, come and bring away the nets!

1st Fish What, Patch-breech, I say!

3rd Fish What say you, master?

1st Fish Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion

3rd Fish 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now

1st Fish Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves

3rd Fish Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpoise how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh A plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea

1st Fish Why, as men do a-land, the great ones eat up the little ones I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale, a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all

Per [*Aside*] A pretty moral

3rd Fish But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry

2nd Fish Why, man?

3rd Fish Because he should have swallowed me too And when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

Per [*Aside*] Simonides!

3rd Fish We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey

Per [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen

2nd Fish Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, scratch 't out of the calendar, and nobody look after it

Per May see the sea hath cast upon your coast

2nd Fish What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him,
He asks of you, that never used to beg

1st Fish No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working

2nd Fish Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per I never practised it

2nd Fish Nay then thou wilt starve sure for here s nothing to be got now a-days unless thou canst fish for t

Per What I have been I have forgot to know
But what I am want teaches me to think on
A man throng d up with cold my veins are chill
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help
Which if you shall refuse when I am dead
For that I am a man pray see me buried

1st Fish Die quoth a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here come put it on keep thee warm Now afore me a handsome fellow! Come thou shalt go home and we ll have flesh for holidays fish for fasting-days and moreo er puddings and flap-jacks and thou shalt be welcome

Per I thank you sir

2nd Fish Hark you my friend you said you could not beg

Per I did but crave

2nd Fish But crave! Then I ll turn craver too and so I shall scape whipping

Per Why are all your beggars whipped then?

2nd Fish O not all my friend not all for if all your beggars were whipped I would wish no better office than to be beadle But master I ll go draw up the net

[*Exit with* THIRD FISHERMAN

Per [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1st Fish Hark you sir do you know where ye are?

Per Not well

1st Fish Why I ll tell you This is called Pentapolis and our king the good Simonides

Per The good King Simonides do you call him?

1st Fish Ay sir and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government

Per He is a happy king since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government How far is his court distant from this shore?

1st Fish Marry sir half a day s journey And I ll tell you he hath a fair daughter and tomorrow is her birthday and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love

Per Were my fortunes equal to my desires I could wish to make one there

1st Fish O sir things must be as they may and what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for —his wife s soul

Re-enter SECOND *and* THIRD FISHERMEN *drawing up a net*

2nd Fish Help, master help! here s a fish hangs in the net like a poor man s right in the law twill hardly come out Ha! bots on t tis come at last and 'tis turned to a rusty armour

Per An armour friends! I pray you let me see it
Thanks fortune yet that after all my crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself
And though it was mine own part of my heritage
Which my dead father did bequeath to me
With this strict charge even as he left his life
Keep it my Pericles it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death —and pointed to this brace
For that it saved me keep it in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee
It kept where I kept I so dearly loved it
Till the rough seas that spare not any man,
Took it in rage though calm d have given t again
I thank thee for t My shipwreck now s no ill
Since I have here my father s gift in s will

1st Fish What mean you sir?

Per To beg of you kind friends this coat of worth
For it was sometime target to a king
I know it by this mark He loved me dearly
And for his sake I wish the having of it
And that you d guide me to your sovereign s court
Where with it I may appear a gentleman
And if that ever my low fortune s better
I ll pay your bounties till then rest your debtor

1st Fish Why wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per I ll show the virtue I have borne in arms

1st Fish Why do e take it and the gods give thee good on t!

2nd Fish Ay but hark you my friend twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters There are certain condolements certain vails I hope sir if you thrive you ll remember from whence you had it

Per Believe t I will
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only my friend I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases

2nd Fish We ll sure provide Thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair and I ll bring thee to the court myself

Per Then honour be but a goal to my will,

This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same a public way or platform leading to the lists A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, LORDS, *and Attendants*

Sim Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
1st Lord They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves
Sim Return them, we are ready, and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see and, seeing, wonder at
[*Exit a* LORD
Thai It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less
Sim It's fit it should be so, for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device
Thai Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform

Enter FIRST KNIGHT, *he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the* PRINCESS

Sim Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thai A knight of Sparta, my renowned father,
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun,
The word, "*Lux tua vita mihi* "
Sim He loves you well that holds his life of you

The SECOND KNIGHT *passes over*

Who is the second that presents himself?
Thai A prince of Macedon, my royal father,
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady,
The motto thus, in Spanish, "*Piu por dulzura que por fuerza* "

The THIRD KNIGHT *passes over*

Sim And what's the third?
Thai The third of Antioch,
And his device, a wreath of chivalry,
The word, "*Me pompæ provexit apex* "

The FOURTH KNIGHT *passes over*

Sim What is the fourth?
Thai A burning torch that's turned upside down,
The word, "*Quod me alit, me extinguit* "
Sim Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill

The FIFTH KNIGHT *passes over*

Thai The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried,
The motto thus, "*Sic spectanda fides* "

The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over

Sim And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thai He seems to be a stranger, but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top,
The motto, "*In hac spe vivo* "
Sim A pretty moral,
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish
1st Lord He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend,
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance
2nd Lord He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished
3rd Lord And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust
Sim Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man
But stay, the knights are coming We will withdraw
Into the gallery [*Exeunt*
Great shouts within, and all cry, "The mean knight!"

SCENE III *The same a hall of state, a banquet prepared*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, LORDS, *Attendants, and* KNIGHTS, *from tilting*

Sim Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast
You are princes and my guests
Thai But you my knight and guest,
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness
Per 'Tis more by fortune, lady than by merit
Sim Call it by what you will, the day is yours,

And here I hope is none that envies it
In framing an artist Art hath thus decreed
To make some good but others to exceed
And you are her labour d scholar Come queen o the feast—
For daughter so you are—here take your place
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace
Knights We are honour d much by good Simonides
Sim Your presence glads our days Honour we love
For who hates honour hates the gods above
Marshal Sir yonder is your place
Per Some other is more fit
1st Knight Contend not sir for we are gentle men
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise
Per You are right courteous knights
Sim Sit sir sit
[*Aside*] By Jove I wonder that is king of thoughts
These cates resist me she but thought upon
Thai [*Aside*] By Juno that is queen of marriage
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury
Wishing him my meat —Sure he s a gallant gentleman
Sim [*Aside*] He s but a country gentleman
Has done no more than other knights have done
Has broken a staff or so so let it pass
Thai [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass
Per [*Aside*] Yon king s to me like to my father s picture
Which tells me in that glory once he was
Had princes sit like stars about his throne
And he the sun for them to reverence
None that beheld him but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy
Where now his son s like a glow worm in the night
The which hath fire in darkness none in light
Whereby I see that Time s the king of men
He s both their parent and he is their grave
And gives them what he will not what they crave
Sim What are you merry knights?
Knights Who can be other in this royal presence?
Sim Here, with a cup that s stored unto the brim—
As you do love fill to your mistress lip —
We drink this health to you
Knights We thank your Grace
Sim Yet pause awhile
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth
Note it not you Thaisa?
Thai What is it
To me my father?
Sim O attend my daughter
Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them
And princes not doing so are like to gnats
Which make a sound but kill d are wonder d at
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet
Here say we drink this standing bowl of wine to him
Thai Alas my father it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold
He may my proffer take for an offence
Since men take women s gifts for impudence
Sim How!
Do as I bid you or you ll move me else
Thai [*Aside*] Now by the gods he could not please me better
Sim And furthermore tell him we desire to know of him
Of whence he is his name and parentage
Thai The King my father sir has drunk to you
Per I thank him
Thai Wishing it so much blood unto your life
Per I thank both him and you and pledge him freely
Thai And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are your name and parentage
Per A gentleman of Tyre my name Pericles
My education been in arts and arms
Who looking for adventures in the world
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore
Thai He thanks your Grace names himself Pericles
A gentleman of Tyre
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men cast on this shore
Sim Now by the gods I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy
Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles
And waste the time which looks for other revels
Even in your armours as you are address d,
Will very well become a soldier s dance
I will not have excuse with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads
Since they love men in arms as well as beds
The KNIGHTS *dance*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd
Come, sir,
Here is a lady that wants breathing too,
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent

Per In those that practise them they are, my lord

Sim O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy

The KNIGHTS *and Ladies dance*

Unclasp, unclasp
Thanks, gentlemen, to all, all have done well,
[*To* PERICLES] But you the best Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! [*To* PERICLES] Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own

Per I am at your Grace's pleasure

Sim Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To-morrow all for speeding do their best

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Tyre a room in the Governor's house*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES

Hel No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free,
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial

Esca 'Twas very strange

Hel And yet but justice, for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward

Esca 'Tis very true

Enter THREE LORDS

1st Lord See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he

2nd Lord It shall no longer grieve without reproof

3rd Lord And cursed be he that will not second it

1st Lord Follow me, then Lord Helicane, a word

Hel With me? and welcome Happy day, my lords

1st Lord Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks

Hel Your griefs! for what? Wrong not your prince you love

1st Lord Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane,
But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out,
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there,
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or, dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election

2nd Lord Whose death indeed's the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this kingdom is without a head—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto—our sovereign

All Live, noble Helicane!

Hel For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to
Forbear the absence of your king,
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth,
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown

1st Lord To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield,
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour us

Hel Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Pentapolis a room in the palace*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter, at one door, the* KNIGHTS *meet him*

1st Knight Good morrow to the good Simonides

Sim Knights from my daughter this I let you know
That for this twelvemonth she ll not undertake
A married life
Her reason to herself is only known
Which yet from her by no means can I get
2nd Knight May we not get access to her my lord?
Sim Faith by no means she hath so strictly tied
Her to her chamber that tis impossible
One twelve moons more she ll wear Diana s livery
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow d
And on her virgin honour will not break it
3rd Knight Loath to bid farewell we take our leaves [*Exeunt* KNIGHTS
Sim So
They are well dispatch d now to my daughter s letter
She tells me here she ll wed the stranger knight
Or never more to view nor day nor light
Tis well mistress your choice agrees with mine
I like that well Nay how absolute she s in t
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well I do commend her choice
And will no longer have it be delay d
Soft! here he comes I must dissemble it

Enter PERICLES

Per All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim To you as much sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony
Per It is your Grace s pleasure to commend
Not my desert
Sim Sir you are music s master
Per The worst of all her scholars my good lord
Sim Let me ask you one thing
What do you think of my daughter sir?
Per A most virtuous princess
Sim And she is fair too is she not?
Per As a fair day in summer wondrous fair
Sim Sir my daughter thinks very well of you
Ay so well that you must be her master
And she will be your scholar therefore look to it
Per I am unworthy for her schoolmaster
Sim She thinks not so peruse this writing else
Per [*Aside*] What s h re?
A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the King s subtilty to have my life
O seek not to entrap me gracious lord
A stranger and distressed gentleman
That never aim d so high to love your daughter
But bent all offices to honour her
Sim Thou hast bewitch d my daughter and thou art
A villain
Per By the gods I have not
Never did thought of mine levy offence
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure
Sim Traitor thou liest
Per Traitor!
Sim Ay traitor
Per Even in his throat—unless it be the King—
That calls me traitor I return the lie
Sim [*Aside*] *Now by the gods I do applaud his courage*
Per My actions are as noble as my thoughts
That never relish d of a base descent
I came unto your court for honour s cause
And not to be a rebel to her state
And he that otherwise accounts of me
This sword shall prove he s honour s enemy
Sim No?
Here comes my daughter she can witness it

Enter THAISA

Per Then as you are as virtuous as fair
Resolve your angry father if my tongue
Did e er solicit or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you
Thai Why sir say if you had
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim Yea mistress are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on t with all my heart —
I ll tame you I ll bring you in subjection
Will you not having my consent
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who for aught I know
May be nor can I think the contrary
As great in blood as I myself —
Therefore hear you mistress either frame
Your will to mine—and you sir hear you
Either be ruled by me or I will make you—
Man and wife
Nay come your hands and lips *must seal it too*
And being join d I ll thus your hopes destroy
And for a further grief—God give you joy!—
What are you both pleased?
Thai Yes if you love me sir
Per Even as my life my blood that fosters it
Sim What are you both agreed?
Both Yes if it please your Majesty
Sim It pleaseth me so well that I will see you wed
And then with what haste you can get you to bed [*Exeunt*

ACT III

Enter GOWER

Gow Now sleep y-slakèd hath the rout,
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole,
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech

DUMB SHOW

Enter, PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES, *at one door, with Attendants, a* MESSENGER *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter* PERICLES *shows it* SIMONIDES, *the* LORDS *kneel to him Then enter* THAISA *with child, with* LYCHORIDA *a nurse The* KING *shows her the letter, she rejoices She and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and their Attendants Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest*

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress,
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms
Will take the crown The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go
Omit we all their dole and woe
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow, half the flood
Hath their keel cut But fortune's mood
Varies again, the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak [*Exit*

SCENE I

Enter PERICLES, *on shipboard*

Per Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat, make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an infant*

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen

Per How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter For the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort

Per O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below

Recall not what we give and therein may
Use honour with you

Lyc Patience good sir
Even for this charge

Per Now mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince s child Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire air water earth and heaven can make
To herald thee from the womb Even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit
With all thou canst find here Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon t!

Enter TWO SAILORS

1st Sail What courage sir? God save you!

Per Courage enough I do not fear the flaw
It hath done to me the worst Yet for the love
Of this poor infant this fresh new sea farer
I would it would be quiet

1st Sail Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not wilt thou? Blow and split thyself

2nd Sail But sea room an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon I care not

1st Sail Sir your queen must overboard The sea works high the wind is loud and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead

Per That s your superstition

1st Sail Pardon us sir with us at sea it hath been still observed and we are strong in custom Therefore briefly yield her for she must overboard straight

Per As you think meet Most wretched queen!

Lyc Here she lies sir

Per A terrible childbed hast thou had my dear
No light no fire the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly nor have I time
To give thee hallow d to thy grave but straight
Must cast thee scarcely coffin d in the ooze
Where for a monument upon thy bones
And e er remaining lamps the belching whale
And humming water must o erwhelm thy corpse
Lying with simple shells O Lychorida
Bid Nestor bring me spices ink and paper
My casket and my jewels and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer Lay the babe
Upon the pillow Hie thee whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her Suddenly woman

[*Exit* LYCHORIDA

2nd Sail Sir we have a chest beneath the hatches caulked and bitumed ready

Per I thank thee Mariner say what coast is this?

2nd Sail We are near Tarsus

Per Thither gentle mariner
Alter thy course for Tyre When canst thou reach it?

2nd Sail By break of day if the wind cease

Per O make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus There I ll leave it
At careful nursing Go thy ways good mariner
I ll bring the body presently [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Ephesus a room in Cerimon s house*

Enter CERIMON *with a* SERVANT *and some Persons who have been shipwrecked*

Cer Philemon ho!

Enter PHILEMON

Phil Doth my lord call?

Cer Get fire and meat for these poor men
T has been a turbulent and stormy night

Serv I have been in many but such a night as this
Till now I ne er endured

Cer Your master will be dead ere you return
There s nothing can be minister d to nature
That can recover him [*To* PHILEMON] Give this to the pothecary
And tell me how it works

[*Exeunt all but* CERIMON

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN

1st Gent Good morrow

2nd Gent Good morrow to your lordship

Cer Gentlemen
Why do you stir so early?

1st Gent Sir
Our lodgings standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake
The very principals did seem to rend
And all to topple Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house

2nd Gent That is the cause we trouble you so early
Tis not our husbandry

Cer O you say well

1st Gent But I much marvel that your lordship having
Rich tire about you should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose
'Tis most strange
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell d

Cer I hold it ever
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches Careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones,
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures, which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and Death

2nd Gent Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay

Enter two or three SERVANTS *with a chest*

1st Serv So, lift there

Cer What is that?

1st Serv Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest
'Tis of some wreck

Cer Set't down, let's look upon't

2nd Gent 'Tis like a coffin, sir

Cer Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy Wrench it open straight
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us

2nd Gent 'Tis so, my lord

Cer How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?

1st Serv I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore

Cer Wrench it open,
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense

2nd Gent A delicate odour

Cer As ever hit my nostril So, up with it
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

1st Gent Most strange!

Cer Shrouded in cloth of state, balm'd and entreasured
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

Reads from a scroll

"Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced tonight

2nd Gent Most likely, sir

Cer Nay, certainly to-night,
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea Make a fire within
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet

[*Exit a Servant*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire

Well said, well said, the fire and cloths
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you
The viol once more How thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air
Gentlemen,
This queen will live Nature awakes, a warmth
Breathes out of her She hath not been entranced
Above five hours See how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1st Gent The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever

Cer She is alive, behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be [*She moves*]

Thai O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2nd Gent Is not this strange?

1st Gent Most rare

Cer Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands, to the next chamber bear her
Get linen Now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal Come, come,

And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt carrying her away*

SCENE III *Tarsus a room in Cleon s house*

Enter PERICLES CLEON DIONYZA *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms*

Per Most honour d Cleon I must needs be gone
My twelve months are expired and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle Your shafts of fortune though they hurt you mortally
Yet glance full wanderingly on us

Dion O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither
To have bless d mine eyes with her!

Per We cannot but obey
The powers above us Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in yet the end
Must be as tis My gentle babe Marina whom
For she was born at sea I have named so here
I charge your charity withal leaving her
The infant of your care beseeching you
To give her princely training that she may be
Manner d as she is born

Cle Fear not my lord but think
Your Grace that fed my country with your corn
For which the people s prayers still fall upon you
Must in your child be thought on If neglection
Should therein make me vile the common body
By you relieved would force me to my duty
But if to that my nature need a spur
The gods revenge it upon me and mine
To the end of generation!

Per I believe you
Your honour and your goodness teach me to t
Without your vows Till she be married madam
By bright Diana whom we honour all
Unscissar d shall this hair of mine remain
Though I show ill in t So I take my leave
Good madam make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child

Dion I have one myself
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours my lord

Per Madam my thanks and prayers

Cle We ll bring your Grace e en to the edge o the shore
Then give you up to the mask d Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven

Per I will embrace
Your offer Come dearest madam O no tears
Lychorida, no tears
Look to your little mistress on whose grace
You may depend hereafter Come my lord

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Ephesus a room in Cerimon s house*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA

Cer Madam this letter and some certain jewels
Lay with you in your coffer which are now
At your command Know you the character?

Thai It is my lord s
That I was shipp d at sea I well remember
Even on my eaning time but whether there
Deliver d by the holy gods
I cannot rightly say But since King Pericles
My wedded lord I ne er shall see again
A vestal livery will I take me to
And never more have joy

Cer Madam if this you purpose as ye speak
Diana s temple is not distant far
Where you may abide till your date expire
Moreover if you please a niece of mine
Shall there attend you

Thai My recompense is thanks that s all
Yet my good will is great though the gift small

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

Enter GOWER

Gow Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre
Welcomed and settled to his own desire
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus
Unto Diana there a votaress
Now to Marina bend your mind
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus and by Cleon train d
In music letters who hath gain d
Of education all the grace
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder But alack
That monster envy oft the wrack
Of earned praise Marina s life
Seeks to take off by treason s knife
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter and a wench full grown
Even ripe for marriage rite this maid
Hight Philoten and it is said
For certain in our story she
Would ever with Marina be
Be t when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long small white as milk
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric which she made more sound
By hurting it or when to the lute
She sung and made the night bird mute
That still records with moan or when

She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian, still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Mariana, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow The unborn event
I do commend to your content,
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme,
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer [*Exit*

SCENE I *Tarsus an open place near the sea-shore*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE

Dion Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do't
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely, nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose

Leon I will do't, but yet she is a goodly creature

Dion The fitter, then, the gods should have her
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death Thou art resolved?

Leon I am resolved

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers*

Mar No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers The yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends

Dion How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing, you have
A nurse of me Lord, how your favour's changed
With this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it
Walk with Leonine, the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her

Mar No, I pray you,
I'll not bereave you of your servant

Dion Come, come,
I love the King your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart We every day
Expect him here When he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again, reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old Care not for me,
I can go home alone

Mar Well, I will go,
But yet I have no desire to it

Dion Come, come, I know 'tis good for you
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least
Remember what I have said

Leon I warrant you, madam

Dion I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood
What! I must have a care of you

Mar My thanks, sweet madam [*Exit* DIONYZA
Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon South-west

Mar When I was born, the wind was north

Leon Was't so?

Mar My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes,
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck

Leon When was this?

Mar When I was born
Never was waves nor wind more violent,
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern The boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion

Leon Come, say your prayers

Mar What mean you?

Leon If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it Pray, but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am

To do my work with haste
Mar Why will you kill me?
Leon To satisfy my lady
Mar Why would she have me kill d?
Now as I can remember by my troth
I never did her hurt in all my life
I never spake bad word nor did ill turn
To any living creature Believe me la
I never kill d a mouse nor hurt a fly
I trod upon a worm against my will
But I wept for it How have I offended
Wherein my death might yield her any profit
Or my life imply her any danger?
Leon My commission
Is not to reason of the deed but do it
Mar You will not do t for all the world I hope
You are well favour d and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart I saw you lately
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought
Good sooth it show d well in you Do so now
Your lady seeks *my* life come you between,
And save poor me the weaker
Leon I am sworn
And will dispatch
He seizes her

Enter PIRATES

1st Pirate Hold villain!
[LEONINE *runs away*
2nd Pirate A prize! a prize!
3rd Pirate Half part mates half part
Come let s have her aboard suddenly
[*Exeunt* PIRATES *with* MARINA

Re-enter LEONINE

Leon These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes
And they have seized *Marina* Let her go
There s no hope she will return I ll swear she s dead
And thrown into the sea But I ll *see* further
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her
Not carry her aboard If she remain
Whom they have ravish d must by me be slain
[*Exit*

SCENE II *Mytilene a room in a brothel*

Enter PANDAR BAWD *and* BOULT

Pand Boult!
Boult Sir?
Pand Search the market narrowly Mytilene is full of gallants We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless
Bawd We were never so much out of creatures We have but poor three and they can do no more than they can do and they with continual action are even as good as rotten
Pand Therefore let s have fresh ones what e er we pay for them If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade we shall never prosper
Bawd Thou sayest true *'Tis* not our bringing up of poor bastards—as I think I have brought *up some eleven*—
Boult Ay to eleven and brought them down again But shall I search the market?
Bawd What else man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces they are so pitifully sodden
Pand Thou sayest true they re too unwholesome o conscience The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage
Boult Ay she quickly pooped him she made him roast meat for worms But I ll go search the market [*Exit*
Pand Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly and so give over
Bawd Why to give over I pray you? *Is it a* shame to get when we are old?
Pand O our credit comes not in like the commodity nor the commodity wages not with the danger therefore if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate twere not amiss to keep our door hatched Besides the sore *terms* we stand upon with the gods will be strong with *us for giving over*
Bawd Come other sorts offend as well as we
Pand As well as we! Ay and better too we offend worse Neither is our profession any trade it s no calling But here comes Boult

Re-enter BOULT *with the* PIRATES *and* MARINA

Boult [*To* MARINA] *Come your ways* My masters you say she s a virgin?
1st Pirate O sir we doubt it not
Boult Master I have gone through for *this* piece you see If you like her so if not I have lost my earnest
Bawd Boult has she any qualities?
Boult She has a good face speaks well and has excellent good clothes There s no *further* necessity of qualities can make her be refused
Bawd What s her price Boult?
Boult I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces
Pand Well follow me my masters you sh'll have your money presently Wife take her in instruct her what she has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment
[*Exeunt* PANDAR *and* PIRATES
Bawd Boult take you the marks of her the

colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first" Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been Get this done as I command you

Boult Performance shall follow [*Exit*

Mar Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke, or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar That I am pretty

Bawd Come, the gods have done their part in you

Mar I accuse them not

Bawd You are light into my hands, where you are like to live

Mar The more my fault
To scape his hands where I was like to die

Bawd Ay, and you shall live in pleasure

Mar No

Bawd Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions You shall fare well, you shall have the difference of all complexions What! do you stop your ears?

Mar Are you a woman?

Bawd What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar An honest woman, or not a woman

Bawd Marry, whip thee, gosling I think I shall have something to do with you Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you

Mar The gods defend me!

Bawd If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up Boult's returned

Re-enter BOULT

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice

Bawd And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description

Bawd We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on

Boult To-night, to-night But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult Ay, he He offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow

Bawd Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither Here he does but repair it I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun

Boult Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign

Bawd [*To* MARINA] Pray you, come hither awhile You have fortunes coming upon you Mark me you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers, seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit

Mar I understand you not

Boult O, take her home, mistress, take her home These blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice

Bawd Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must, for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant

Boult 'Faith, some do, and some do not But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint—

Bawd Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit

Boult I may so

Bawd Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well

Boult Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet

Bawd Boult, spend thou that in the town, report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custom When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn, therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report

Boult I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined I'll bring home some to-night

Bawd Come your ways, follow me

Mar If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Tarsus a room in Cleon's house*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA

Dion Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle O Dionyza such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne er look d upon!
Dion I think
You ll turn a child again
Cle Were I chief lord of all this spacious world
I d give it to undo the deed O lady
Much less in blood than virtue yet a princess
To equal any single crown o the earth
I the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison d too
If thou hadst drunk to him t had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact What canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
Dion That she is dead Nurses are not the fates
To foster it nor ever to preserve
She died at night I ll say so Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play
Cle O go to Well well
Of all the faults beneath the heavens the gods
Do like this worst
Dion Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit
Cle To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added
Though not his prime consent he did not flow
From honourable sources
Dion Be it so then
Yet none does know but you how she came
dead
Nor none can know Leonine being gone
She did distain my child and stood between
Her and her fortunes None would look on her
But cast their gazes on Marina s face
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a Malkin
Not worth the time of day It pierced me
thorough
And though you call my course unnatural
You not your child well loving yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform d to your sole daughter
Cle Heavens forgive it!
Dion And as for Pericles
What should he say? We wept after her hearse
And yet we mourn Her monument
Is almost finish d and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her and care in us
At whose expense tis done
Cle Thou art like the harpy
Which to betray dost with thine angel s face,
Seize with thine eagle s talons
Dion You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies
But yet I know you ll do as I advise [*Exeunt*

Scene iv

Enter GOWER *before the monument of Marina at Tarsus*

Gow Thus time we waste and longest leagues
make short
Sail seas in cockles have an wish but for t
Making to take your imagination
From bourn to bourn region to region
By you being pardon d we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live I do beseech
you
To learn of me who stand i the gaps to teach
you
The stages of our story Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas
Attended on by many a lord and knight
To see his daughter all his life s delight
Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate
Is left to govern Bear you it in mind
Old Helicanus goes along behind
Well sailing ships and bounteous winds have
brought
This king to Tarsus—think his pilot thought
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
on—
To fetch his daughter home who first is gone
Like motes and shadows see them move
awhile
Your ears unto your eyes I ll reconcile

DUMB SHOW

Enter PERICLES *at one door with all his train,* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation puts on sackcloth and in a mighty passion departs Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow d passion stands for true old woe
And Pericles in sorrow all devour d
With sighs shot through and biggest tears
o ershower d
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks He swears
Never to wash his face nor cut his hairs
He puts on sackcloth and to sea He bears
A tempest which his mortal vessel tears
And yet he rides it out Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza
Reads the inscription on Marina s monument
"The fairest sweet st and best lies here

Who wither'd in her spring of year
She was of Tyrus the King's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter,
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd,
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint"

No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene [*Exit*

SCENE V *Mytilene a street before the brothel*

Enter, from the brothel, TWO GENTLEMAN

1st Gent Did you ever hear the like?

2nd Gent No, nor ever shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone

1st Gent But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2nd Gent No, no Come, I am for no more bawdy houses Shall's go hear the vestals sing?

1st Gent I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *The same a room in the brothel*

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, *and* BOULT

Pand Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come her

Bawd Fie, fie upon her! she s able to freeze the god Priapus and undo a whole generation We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her

Boult 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests

Pand Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised

Boult We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers

Enter LYSIMACHUS

Lys How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd Now, the gods to bless your honour!

Boult I am glad to see your honour in good health

Lys You may so, 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs How now! Wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene

Lys If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say

Bawd Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough

Lys Well, call forth, call forth

Boult For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys What, prithee?

Boult O, sir, I can be modest

Lys That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste [*Exit* BOULT

Bawd Here comes that which grows to the stalk, never plucked yet, I can assure you

Re-enter BOULT *with* MARINA

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys 'Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea Well, there's for you Leave us

Bawd I beseech your honour, give me leave A word, and I'll have done presently

Lys I beseech you, do

Bawd [*To* MARINA] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man

Mar I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him

Bawd Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to

Mar If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not

Bawd Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold

Mar What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive

Lys Ha' you done?

Bawd My lord, she's not paced yet You must take some pains to work her to your manage Come, we will leave his honour and her together Go thy ways

[*Exeunt* BAWD PANDAR *and* BOULT

Lys Now pretty one how long have you been at this trade?

Mar What trade sir?

Lys Why I cannot name t but I shall offend

Mar I cannot be offended with my trade Please you to name it

Lys How long have you been of this profession?

Mar E er since I can remember

Lys Did you go to t so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar Earlier too sir if now I be one

Lys Why the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale

Mar Do you know this house to be a place of such resort and will come into t? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place

Lys Why hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar Who is my principal?

Lys Why your herb-woman she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity O you have heard something of my power and so stand aloof for more serious wooing But I protest to thee pretty one my authority shall not see thee or else look friendly upon thee Come bring me to some private place Come, come

Mar If you were born to honour show it now
If put upon you make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it

Lys How s this? how s this? Some more be sage

Mar For me
That am a maid though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty where since I came
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic
O that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow d place
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i the purer air!

Lys I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well ne er dream d thou couldst
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind
Thy speech had alter d it Hold here s gold for thee
Persever in that clear way thou goest
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar The good gods preserve you!

Lys For me be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely
Fare thee well Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble
Hold here s more gold for thee
A curse upon him die he like a thief
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me it shall be for thy good

Re-enter BOULT

Boult I beseech your honour one piece for me

Lys Avaunt thou damned door keeper!
Your house but for this virgin that doth prop it
Would sink and overwhelm you Away! [*Exit*

Boult How s this? We must take another course with you If your peevish chastity which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope shall undo a whole household let me be gelded like a spaniel Come your ways

Mar Whither would you have me?

Boult I must have your maidenhead taken off or the common hangman shall execute it Come your ways We ll have no more gentlemen driven away Come your ways I say

Re-enter BAWD

Bawd How now! what s the matter?

Boult Worse and worse mistress she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus

Bawd O abominable!

Boult She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods

Bawd Marry hang her up for ever!

Boult The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman and she sent him away as cold as a snowball saying his prayers too

Bawd Boult take her away use her at thy pleasure Crack the glass of her virginity and make the rest malleable

Boult An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is she shall be ploughed

Mar Hark hark you gods!

Bawd She conjures Away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She s born to undo us Will you not go the way of women kind? Marry come up my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit*

Boult Come mistress come your ways with me

Mar Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult To take from you the jewel you hold so dear

Mar Prithee tell me one thing first

Boult Come now your one thing

Mar What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult Why I could wish him to be my master or rather my mistress

Mar Neither of these are so bad as thou art
Since they do better thee in their command

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib,
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable, thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs

Boult What would you have me do? go to the wars would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar Do anything but this thou doest Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth,
Serve by indenture to the common hangman
Any of these ways are yet better than this,
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast,
And I will undertake all these to teach
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars

Boult But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house

Boult Well, I will see what I can do for thee If I can place thee, I will

Mar But amongst honest women

Boult 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them But since my master and mistress have bought you, there s no going but by their consent, therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough Come, I'll do for thee what I can, come your ways

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

Enter GOWER

Gow Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess like to her admired lays,
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her neeld composes
Nature s own shape of bud, bird branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses,
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry,
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea We there him lost,
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells, and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep, from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense,
And to him in his barge with fervour hies
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles, think this his bark
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover d, please you, sit and hark

[*Exit*

SCENE I *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it, Pericles within it reclined on a couch A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel*

Enter TWO SAILORS *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge, to them* HELICANUS

Tyr Sail [*To the* SAILOR *of Mytilene*]
Where is lord Helicanus? He can resolve you
O, here he is
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard What is your will?

Hel That he have his Call up some gentlemen

Tyr Sail Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls

Enter two or three GENTLEMEN

1st Gent Doth your lordship call?

Hel Gentlemen there's some of worth would come aboard
I pray ye, greet them fairly

[*The* GENTLEMEN *and the* TWO SAILORS *descend and go on board the barge*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* LORDS, *with the* GENTLEMEN *and the* TWO SAILORS

Tyr Sail Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you

Lys Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel And you sir, to outlive the age I am
And die as I would do

Lys You wish me well
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune s triumphs
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are

Hel First, what is your place?

Lys I am the governor of this place you lie before
Hel Sir
Our vessel is of Tyre in it the King
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief
Lys Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel 'Twould be too tedious to repeat
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife
Lys May we not see him?
Hel You may
But bootless is your sight He will not speak
To any
Lys Yet let me obtain my wish
Hel Behold him [PERICLES *discovered*] This was a goodly person
Till the disaster that one mortal night
Drove him to this
Lys Sir king all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail royal sir!
Hel It is in vain he will not speak to you
1st Lord Sir
We have a maid in Mytilene I durst wager
Would win some words of him
Lys 'Tis well bethought
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions would allure
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts
Which now are midway stopp'd
She is all happy as the fairest of all
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side
[*Whispers a* LORD *who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus*
Hel Sure all's effectless yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name But since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have
Wherein we are not destitute for want
But weary for the staleness
Lys O sir a courtesy
Which if we should deny the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar
And so afflict our province Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow
Hel Sit sir I will recount it to you
But see I am prevented

Re-enter from the barge LORD *with* MARINA *and a young Lady*

Lys O here is
The lady that I sent for Welcome fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?
Hel She's a gallant lady
Lys She's such a one that were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock
I'd wish no better choice and think me rarely wed
Fair one all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here where is a kingly patient
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish
Mar Sir I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him
Lys Come let us leave her
And the gods make her prosperous!
Marina sings
Lys Mark'd he your music?
Mar No nor look'd on us
Lys See she will speak to him
Mar Hail sir! my lord lend ear
Per Hum ha! [*Pushing her back*]
Mar I am a maid
My lord that ne'er before invited eyes
But have been gazed on like a comet She speaks
My lord that may be hath endured a grief
Might equal yours if both were justly weigh'd
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings
But time hath rooted out my parentage
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude [*Aside*] I will desist
But there is something glows upon my cheek
And whispers in mine ear Go not till he speak
Per My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar I said my lord if you did know my parentage
You would not do me violence
Per I do think so Pray you turn your eyes upon me
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar No nor of any shores
Yet I was mortally brought forth and am
No other than I appear
Per I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been My queen's square brows,
Her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced, her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly, in pace another Juno,
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech Where do you live?

Mar Where I am but a stranger From the deck
You may discern the place

Per Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting

Per Prithee, speak
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible, for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?

Mar So indeed I did

Per Report thy parentage I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd

Mar Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely

Per Tell thy story,
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl Yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee Come, sit by me

Mar My name is Marina

Per O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me

Mar Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease

Per Nay, I'll be patient
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina

Mar The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king

Per How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar You said you would believe me,
But, not to be troubler of your peace,
I will end here

Per But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well, speak on Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea

Per At sea! what mother?

Mar My mother was the daughter of a king,
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping

Per O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal This cannot be,
My daughter's buried Well, where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you

Mar You scorn Believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er

Per I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver Yet, give me leave
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar The King my father did in Tarsus leave me
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me, and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me,
Brought me to Mytilene But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor No, good faith,
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be

Per Ho, Helicanus!

Hel Calls my lord?

Per Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel I know not but
Here is the regent sir of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her
Lys She would never tell
Her parentage being demanded that
She would sit still and weep
Per O Helicanus strike me honour d sir
Give me a gash, put me to present pain
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O erbear the shores of my mortality
And drown me with their sweetness O come hither
Thou that beget st him that did thee beget
Thou that wast born at sea buried at Tarsus
And found at sea again! O Helicanus
Down on thy knees thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us This is Marina
What was thy mother s name? tell me but that
For truth can never be confirm d enough
Though doubts did ever sleep
Mar First sir I pray
What is your title?
Per I am Pericles of Tyre but tell me now
My drown d queen s name as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect
The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father
Mar Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother s name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother who did end
The minute I began
Per Now blessing on thee! Rise thou art my child
Give me fresh garments Mine own Helicanus
She is not dead at Tarsus as she should have been,
By savage Cleon She shall tell thee all
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess Who is this?
Hel Sir tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who hearing of your melancholy state
Did come to see you
Per I embrace you
Give me my robes I am wild in my beholding
O heavens bless my girl! But hark what music?
Tell Helicanus my Marina tell him
O er point by point for yet he seems to doubt
How sure you are my daughter But what music?
Hel My lord I hear none
Per None!
The music of the spheres! List my Marina
Lys It is not good to cross him give him way
Per Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys My lord I hear
Music
Per Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes Let me rest [*Sleeps*]
Lys A pillow for his head
So leave him all Well my companion friends
If this but answer to my just belief
I ll well remember you
[*Exeunt all but* PERICLES

DIANA *appears to* PERICLES *as in a vision*

Dia My temple stands in Ephesus Hie thee thither
And do upon mine altar sacrifice
There when my maiden priests are met together
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife
To mourn thy crosses with thy daughter s call
And give them repetition to the life
Or perform my bidding or thou livest in woe
Do it and happy by my silver bow!
Awake and tell thy dream [*Disappears*
Per Celestial Dian goddess argentine
I will obey thee Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS LYSIMACHUS *and* MARINA

Hel Sir?
Per My purpose was for Tarsus there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon but I am
For other service first Toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails eftsoons I ll tell thee why
[*To* LYSIMACHUS] Shall we refresh us sir upon your shore
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys Sir
With all my heart and when you come ashore,
I have another suit
Per You shall prevail
Were it to woo my daughter for it seems
You have been noble towards her
Lys Sir lend me your arm
Per Come, my Marina [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Enter* GOWER *before the temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run
More a little and then dumb
This my last boon, give me
For such kindness must relieve me
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry what feats what shows
What minstrelsy and pretty din
The regent made in Mytilene
To greet the King So he thrived,

That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina, but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade, whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom [*Exit*

SCENE III *The temple of Diana at Ephesus*, THAISA *standing near the altar, as high priestess, a number of Virgins on each side*, CERIMON *and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending*

Enter PERICLES, *with his train*, LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a Lady*

Per Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre,
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid child call'd Marina, who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon, who at fourteen years
He sought to murder, but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene, 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter
Thai Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles! [*Faints*]
Per What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!
Cer Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife
Per Reverend appearer, no,
I threw her overboard with these very arms
Cer Upon this coast, I warrant you
Per 'Tis most certain
Cer Look to the lady, O, she's but o'erjoy'd
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels, recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple
Per May we see them?
Cer Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you Look, Thaisa is
Recovered
Thai O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd
Per Immortal Dian!
Thai Now I know you better
When we with tears parted Pantapolis,
The King my father gave you such a ring
Shows a ring
Per This, this No more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms
Mar My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom
Kneels to THAISA
Per Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa,
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there
Thai Blest, and mine own!
Hel Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai I know you not
Per You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft
Thai 'Twas Helicanus then
Per Still confirmation
Embrace him, dear Thaisa, this is he
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserved, and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle
Thai Lord Cerimon, my lord, this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
From first to last resolve you
Per Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer I will, my lord
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her,
How she came placed here in the temple,
No needful thing omitted
Per Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I

Will offer night-oblations to thee Thaisa,
This prince, the fair betrothed of your daughter
Shall marry her at Pentapolis And now
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form
And what this fourteen years no razor touch d
To grace thy marriage-day I ll beautify
Thai Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit sir
My father s dead
Per Heavens make a star of him! Yet there my queen
We ll celebrate their nuptials and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign
Lord Cerimon we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold Sir lead s the way
[*Exeunt*

Enter GOWER

Gow In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward
In Pericles his queen and daughter seen
Although assail d with fortune fierce and keen
Virtue preserved from fell destruction s blast
Led on by heaven and crown d with joy at last
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth of faith of loyalty
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears
For wicked Cleon and his wife when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour d name
Of Pericles to rage the city turn
That him and his they in his palace burn
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them although not done, but meant
So on your patience evermore attending
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending
[*Exit*

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain*
CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen*
BELARIUS *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*
GUIDERIUS | ARVIRAGUS | *sons to Cymbeline disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan*
PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus* | IACHIMO, *friend to Philario* | *Italians*
CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces*
PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus*
CORNELIUS *a physician*
A ROMAN CAPTAIN
TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS
A FRENCHMAN | A SPANIARD | A DUTCHMAN | *friends to Philario*
TWO LORDS *of Cymbeline's court*
TWO GENTLEMEN *of Cymbeline's court*
TWO GAOLERS
A SOOTHSAYER
A TRIBUNE
TWO SENATORS
AN ATTENDANT *on Cymbeline*
TWO MESSENGERS

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline*
IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen*
HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen*
A LADY *attending on the Queen*

SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to Posthumus* | TWO LEONATI *brothers to Posthumus* | MOTHER *to Posthumus* | JUPITER | *Apparitions*

NON-SPEAKING *Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators and Tribunes Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, and Attendants*

SCENE *Britain, and Rome*



ACT I

SCENE I *Britain the garden of Cymbeline's palace*

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN

1st Gent You do not meet a man but frowns
Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the King
2nd Gent But what's the matter?
1st Gent His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman She's wedded,
Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd All
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart
2nd Gent None but the King?
1st Gent He that hath lost her too, so is the Queen,
That most desired the match, but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at
2nd Gent And why so?
1st Gent He that hath miss'd the Princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report And he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he
2nd Gent You speak him far
1st Gent I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly
2nd Gent What's his name and birth?
1st Gent I cannot delve him to the root His father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus,
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand, for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born The King he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of which he took
As we do air fast as twas minister d
And in s spring became a harvest lived in
court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised most
loved
A sample to the youngest to the more mature
A glass that feated them and to the graver
A child that guided dotards to his mistress
For whom he now is banish d her own price
Proclaims how she esteem d him and his virtue
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is

2nd Gent I honour him
Even out of your report But pray you tell me
Is she sole child to the King?

1st Gent His only child
He had two sons If this be worth your hearing
Mark it the eldest of them at three years old
I the swathing clothes the other from their nur
sery
Were stol n and to this hour no guess in knowl
edge
Which way they went

2nd Gent How long is this ago?

1st Gent Some twenty years

2nd Gent That a king s children should be so
convey d
So slackly guarded and the search so slow
That could not trace them!

1st Gent Howsoe er tis strange
Or that the negligence may well be laugh d at
Yet it is true sir

2nd Gent I do well believe you

1st Gent We must forbear here comes the
gentleman
The Queen and Princess [*Exeunt*

Enter the QUEEN POSTHUMUS *and* IMOGEN

Queen No be assured you shall not find me
daughter
After the slander of most stepmothers
Evil-eyed unto you You re my prisoner but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint For you Posthumus
So soon as I can win the offended King
I will be known your advocate Marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and twere good
You lean d unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you

Post Please your Highness
I will from hence to-day

Queen You know the peril
I ll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr d affections though the
king
Hath charged you should not speak together
[*Exit*

Imo O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest hus
band
I something fear my father s wrath but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me You must be gone
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again

Post My queen! my mistress!
O lady weep no more lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man I will remain
The loyal st husband that did e er plight troth
My residence in Rome at one Philario s
Who to my father was a friend to me
Known but by letter Thither write my queen,
And with mine eyes I ll drink the words you send
Though ink be made of gall

Re-enter QUEEN

Queen Be brief I pray you
If the king come I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure [*Aside*] Yet I ll
move him
To walk this way I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries to be friends
Pays dear for my offences [*Exit*

Post Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live
The loathness to depart would grow Adieu!

Imo Nay stay a little
Were you but riding forth to air yourself
Such parting were too petty Look here love
This diamond was my mother s Take it heart
But keep it till you woo another wife
When Imogen is dead

Post How how! another?
You gentle gods give me but this I have
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring*]
Remain remain thou here
While sense can keep it on And sweetest
fairest
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss so in our trifles
I still win of you For my sake wear this
It is a manacle of love I ll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner

Putting a bracelet upon her arm

Imo O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and Lords*

Post Alack, the King!
Cym Thou basest thing, avoid! Hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood
Post The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone [*Exit*
Imo There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is
Cym O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me
Imo I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation
I am senseless of your wrath, a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears
Cym Past grace? obedience?
Imo Past hope, and in despair, that way, past grace
Cym That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock
Cym Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness
Imo No, I rather added
A lustre to it
Cym O thou vile one!
Imo Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays
Cym What, art thou mad?
Imo Almost sir, heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cym Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter QUEEN

They were again together You have done
Not after our command Away with her,
And pen her up
Queen Beseech your patience Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice
Cym Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt* CYMBELINE *and Lords*
Queen Fie! you must give way

Enter PISANIO

Here is your servant How now, sir! What news?
Pis My lord your son drew on my master
Queen Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger They were parted
By gentlemen at hand
Queen I am very glad on't
Imo Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back Why came you from your master?
Pis On his command He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven, left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me
Queen This hath been
Your faithful servant I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so
Pis I humbly thank your Highness
Queen Pray, walk awhile
Imo About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me You shall at least
Go see my lord aboard For this time leave me
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same a public place*

Enter CLOTEN *and* TWO LORDS

1st Lord Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt, the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice Where air comes out, air comes in There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent

Clo If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it Have I hurt him?

2nd Lord [*Aside*] No, 'faith, not so much as his patience

1st Lord Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt It is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt

2nd Lord [*Aside*] His steel was in debt, it went o' the backside the town

Clo The villain would not stand me

2nd Lord [*Aside*] No, but he fled forward still, toward your face

1st Lord Stand you! You have land enough of your own, but he added to your having, gave you some ground

2nd Lord [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans Puppies!

Clo I would they had not come between us

2nd Lord [*Aside*] So would I till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground

Clo And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

2nd Lord [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election she is damned

1st Lord Sir as I told you always her beauty and her brain go not together She s a good sign but I have seen small reflection of her wit

2nd Lord [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools lest the reflection should hurt her

Clo Come I ll to my chamber Would there had been some hurt done!

2nd Lord [*Aside*] I wish not so unless it had been the fall of an ass which is no great hurt

Clo You ll go with us?

1st Lord I ll attend your lordship

Clo Nay come let s go together

2nd Lord Well my lord [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in Cymbeline s palace*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO

Imo I would thou grew st unto the shores o the haven,
And question dst every sail If he should write,
And I not have it twere a paper lost
As offer d mercy is What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis It was his queen, his queen!

Imo Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis And kiss d it madam

Imo Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis No madam for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others he did keep
The deck with glove or hat or handkerchief
Still waving as the fits and stirs of s mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail d on
How swift his ship

Imo Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow or less ere left
To after-eye him

Pis Madam so I did

Imo I would have broke mine eye strings crack d them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle
Nay follow d him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air and then
Have turn d mine eye and wept But good Pisanio
When shall we hear from him?

Pis Be assured madam
With his next vantage

Imo I did not take my leave of him but had
Most pretty things to say Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn at noon at midnight
To encounter me with orisons for then
I am in heaven for him or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing

Enter a LADY

Lady The Queen madam
Desires your Highness company

Imo Those things I bid you do get them dispatch d
I will attend the Queen

Pis Madam I shall [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Rome Philario s house*

Enter PHILARIO IACHIMO *a* FRENCHMAN *a* DUTCHMAN *and a* SPANIARD

Iach Believe it sir I have seen him in Britain He was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items

Phi You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within

French I have seen him in France We had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he

Iach This matter of marrying his king s daughter wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own words him, I doubt not a great deal from the matter

French And then his banishment

Iach Ay and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him be it but to fortify her judgement which else an easy battery might lay flat for taking a beggar without less quality But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life Here comes the Briton Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality

Enter POSTHUMUS

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing

French Sir, we have known together in Orleans

Post Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still

French Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness I was glad I did atone my countryman and you, it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature

Post By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller, rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences But upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight

French 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both

Iach Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French Safely, I think 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses, this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France

Iach That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out

Post She holds her virtue still and I my mind

Iach You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy

Post Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend

Iach As fair and as good—a kind of hand in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain If she went before others I have seen as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many But I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady

Post I praised her as I rated her So do I my stone

Iach What do you esteem it at?

Post More than the world enjoys

Iach Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she s outprized by a trifle

Post You are mistaken The one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods

Iach Which the gods have given you?

Post Which, by their graces I will keep

Iach You may wear her in title yours, but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds Your ring may be stolen too, so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual, a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last

Post Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding, I fear not my ring

Phi Let us leave here, gentlemen

Post Sir, with all my heart This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first

Iach With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend

Post No, no

Iach I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation And, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world

Post You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you re worthy of by your attempt

Iach What's that?

Post A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, a punishment too

Phi Gentlemen enough of this It came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted

Iach Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach Yours, whom in constancy you think

stands so safe I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring that commend me to the court where your lady is with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved

Post I will wage against your gold gold to it My ring I hold dear as my finger tis part of it

Iach You are afraid and therein the wiser If you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram you cannot preserve it from tainting But I see you have some religion in you that you fear

Post This is but a custom in your tongue you bear a graver purpose I hope

Iach I am the master of my speeches and would undergo what s spoken I swear

Post Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return Let there be covenants drawn between s My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking I dare you to this match here s my ring

Phi I will have it no lay

Iach By the gods it is one If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress my ten thousand ducats are yours so is your diamond too If I come off and leave her in such honour as you have trust in she your jewel this your jewel and my gold are yours provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment

Post I embrace these conditions let us have articles betwixt us Only thus far you shall answer If you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed I am no further your enemy she is not worth our debate If she remain unseduced you not making it appear otherwise for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword

Iach Your hand a covenant We will have these things set down by lawful counsel and straight away for Britain lest the bargain should catch cold and starve I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded

Post Agreed

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO

French Will this hold think you?

Phi Signior Iachimo will not from it Pray let us follow em [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Britain a room in Cymbeline s palace*

Enter QUEEN LADIES *and* CORNELIUS

Queen Whiles yet the dew s on ground gather those flowers
Make haste Who has the note of them?

1st Lady I madam

Queen Dispatch [*Exeunt* LADIES
Now master doctor have you brought those drugs?

Cor Pleaseth your highness ay Here they are, madam [*Presenting a small box*]
But I beseech your Grace without offence—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds
Which are the movers of a languishing death
But though slow deadly?

Queen I wonder doctor
Thou ask st me such a question Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn d me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded—
Unless thou think st me devilish—is t not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging but none human
To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects

Cor Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart
Besides the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious

Queen O content thee

Enter PISANIO

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal upon him
Will I first work He s for his master
And enemy to my son How now Pisanio!
Doctor your service for this time is ended
Take your own way

Cor [*Aside*] I do suspect you madam
But you shall do no harm

Queen [*To* PISANIO] Hark thee a word

Cor [*Aside*] I do not like her She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons I do know her spirit
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn d nature Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile
Which first perchance she ll prove on cats and dogs
Then afterward up higher But there is
No danger in what show of death it makes
More than the locking-up the spirits a time
To be more fresh reviving She is fool d

With a most false effect, and I the truer,
So to be false with her
Queen No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee
Cor I humbly take my leave [*Exit*
Queen Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master, greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is To shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? [*The* QUEEN *drops the box* PISANIO *takes it up*] Thou takest up
Thou know'st not what, but take it for thy labour
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death I do not know
What is more cordial Nay, I prithee, take it,
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her, do't as from thyself
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee I'll move the King
To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou'lt desire, and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly Call my women
Think on my words [*Exit* PISANIO
A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaked, the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand fast to her lord I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too

Re-enter PISANIO *and* LADIES

So, so, well done, well done
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet Fare thee well, Pisanio
Think on my words [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* LADIES
Pis And shall do
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself, there's all I'll do for you
[*Exit*

SCENE VI *The same another room in the palace*

Enter IMOGEN

Imo A father cruel, and a step-dame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious Blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO

Pis Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters
Iach Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your Highness dearly
Presents a letter
Imo Thanks, good sir,
You're kindly welcome
Iach [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight,
Rather, directly fly
Imo [*Reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust— Leonatus"
So far I read aloud,
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do
Iach Thanks, fairest lady
What are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imo What makes your admiration?
Iach It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and

Contemn with mows the other nor i the judgement
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite nor i the appetite
Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed
Should make desire vomit emptiness
Not so allured to feed
Imo What is the matter trow?
Iach The cloyed will
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire that tub
Both fill d and running ravening first the lamb
Longs after for the garbage
Imo What dear sir
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach Thanks madam well [*To* PISANIO] Beseech you sir desire
My man s abode where I did leave him He
Is strange and peevish
Pis I was going sir
To give him welcome [*Exit*
Imo Continues well my lord? His health beseech you?
Iach Well madam
Imo Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is
Iach Exceeding pleasant none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome He is call d
The Briton reveller
Imo When he was here
He did incline to sadness and oft times
Not knowing why
Iach I never saw him sad
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur that it seems much loves
A Gallian girl at home he furnaces
The thick sighs from him whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord I mean—laughs from s free lungs cries O
Can my sides hold to think that man who knows
By history report or his own proof
What woman is yea what she cannot choose
But must be will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?
Imo Will my lord say so?
Iach Ay madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman But heavens know
Some men are much to *blame*
Imo Not he I hope
Iach Not he but yet heaven s bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully In himself tis much
In you which I account his beyond all talents
Whilst I am bound to wonder I am bound
To pity too
Imo What do you pity sir?
Iach Two creatures heartily
Imo Am I one sir?
You look on me What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo I pray you sir
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands Why do you pity me?
Iach That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it
Not mine to speak on t
Imo You do seem to know
Something of me or what concerns me Pray you—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do for certainties
Either are past remedies or timely knowing
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop
Iach Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon this hand whose touch
Whose every touch would force the feeler s soul
To the oath of loyalty this object which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye
Fixing it only here should I damn d then
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood as
With labour then by peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That s fed with stinking tallow it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt
Imo My lord I fear
Has forgot Britain
Iach And himself Not I
Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change but tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out
Imo Let me hear no more
Iach O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity that doth make me sick A lady
So fair and fasten d to an empery
Would make the great st king double—to be partner d
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock
Imo Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?
Iach Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure
Imo What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach Let me my service tender on your lips
Imo Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st—as base as strange
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike What ho, Pisanio!
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault If he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach O happy Leonatus! I may say
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er, and he is one
The truest manner'd such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him,
Half all men's hearts are his
Imo You make amends
Iach He sits 'mongst men like a descended god
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless Pray, your pardon
Imo All's well, sir Take my power i' the court for yours
Iach My humble thanks I had almost forgot
To entreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business
Imo Pray, what is 't?
Iach Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor,
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France 'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage May it please you
To take them in protection?
Imo Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber
Iach They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night,
I must aboard to-morrow
Imo O, no, no
Iach Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace
Imo I thank you for your pains,
But not away to-morrow!
Iach O, I must, madam,
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing do 't to-night
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present
Imo I will write
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you You're very welcome
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Britain before Cymbeline s palace*

Enter CLOTEN *and* TWO LORDS

Clo Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on t and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure

1st Lord What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl

2nd Lord [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it it would have run all out

Clo When a gentleman is disposed to swear it is not for any standers by to curtail his oaths ha?

2nd Lord No my lord [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them

Clo Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2nd Lord [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool

Clo I am not vexed more at anything in the earth a pox on t! I had rather not be so noble as I am they dare not fight with me because of the Queen my mother Every Jack slave hath his bellyful of fighting and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match

2nd Lord [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too and you crow cock with your comb on

Clo Sayest thou?

2nd Lord It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to

Clo No I know that But it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors

2nd Lord Ay it is fit for your lordship only

Clo Why so I say

1st Lord Did you hear of a stranger that s come to court to-night?

Clo A stranger and I not know on t!

2nd Lord [*Aside*] He s a strange fellow himself and knows it not

1st Lord There s an Italian come and tis thought one of Leonatus friends

Clo Leonatus! a banished rascal and he s another whatsoever he be Who told you of this stranger?

1st Lord One of your lordship s pages

Clo Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in t?

2nd Lord You cannot derogate my lord

Clo Not easily I think

2nd Lord [*Aside*] You are a fool granted therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate

Clo Come, I ll go see this Italian What I have lost to-day at bowls I ll win to-night of him Come go

2nd Lord I ll attend your lordship

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and* FIRST LORD

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen Alas poor princess
Thou divine Imogen what thou endurest
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern d
A mother hourly coining plots a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband than that horrid act
Of the divorce he d make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour keep unshaked
That temple thy fair mind that thou mayst
stand
To enjoy thy banish d lord and this great land!

[*Exit*

SCENE II *Imogen s bedchamber in Cymbeline s palace a trunk in one corner of it*

IMOGEN *in bed reading* HELEN *a Lady attending*

Imo Who s there? my woman Helen?

Hel Please you madam

Imo What hour is it?

Hel Almost midnight madam

Imo I have read three hours then Mine eyes are
weak
Fold down the leaf where I have left To bed
Take not away the taper leave it burning
And if thou canst awake by four o the clock
I prithee call me Sleep hath seized me wholly

[*Exit* HELEN

To your protection I commend me gods
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me beseech ye

[*Sleeps* IACHIMO *comes from the trunk*

Iach The crickets sing and man s o er labour d
sense
Repairs itself by rest Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken d
The chastity he wounded Cytherea
How bravely thou becomest thy bed fresh lily
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss one kiss! Rubies unparagon d
How dearly they do t! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus The flame o' the
taper
Bows toward her and would under peep her lids
To see the enclosed lights now canopied
Under these windows white and azure laced
With blue of heaven s own tinct But my design,
To note the chamber I will write all down
Such and such pictures there the window such

The adornment of her bed, the arras, figures,
Why, such and such, and the contents o' the story
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off
Taking off her bracelet
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make This secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour No more To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up I have enough
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear,
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here
Clock strikes
One, two, three, time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk The scene closes*

SCENE III *An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments*

Enter CLOTEN *and* LORDS

1st Lord Your lordship is the most patient man in loss the most coldest that ever turned up ace

Clo It would make any man cold to lose

1st Lord But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship You are most hot and furious when you win

Clo Winning will put any man into courage If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough It's almost morning, is 't not?

1st Lord Day, my lord

Clo I would this music would come I am advised to give her music o' mornings, they say it will penetrate

Enter Musicians

Come on, tune If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so, we'll try with tongue too If none will do, let her remain, but I'll never give o'er First, a very excellent good-conceited thing, after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider

SONG

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies,
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise

Clo So, get you gone If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better, if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend [*Exeunt Musicians*

2nd Lord Here comes the King

Clo I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early He cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN

Good morrow to your Majesty and to my gracious mother

Cym Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice

Cym The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him Some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours

Queen You are most bound to the King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season, make denials
Increase your services, so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her, that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless

Clo Senseless! not so

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius

Cym A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now,
But that's no fault of his We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender,

And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice Our dear son
When you have given good morning to your mistress
Attend the Queen and us we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman Come our queen [*Exeunt all but* CLOTEN
Clo If she be up I ll speak with her if not
Let her lie still and dream [*Knocks*] By your leave ho!
I know her women are about her What
If I do line one of their hands? Tis gold
Which buys admittance oft it doth yea and makes
Diana s rangers false themselves yield up
Their deer to the stand o the stealer and tis gold
Which makes the true man kill d and saves the thief
Nay sometime hangs both thief and true man What
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me for
I yet not understand the case myself
[*Knocks*] By your leave

Enter HELEN

Hel Who s there that knocks?
Clo A gentleman
Hel No more?
Clo Yes and a gentlewoman s son
Hel That s more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of What s your lordship s pleasure?
Clo Your lady s person Is she ready?
Hel Ay
To keep her chamber
Clo There is gold for you
Sell me your good report
Hel How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The Princess!

Enter IMOGEN

Clo Good morrow fairest Sister your sweet hand [*Exit* HELEN
Imo Good morrow sir You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble The thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them
Clo Still, I swear I love you
Imo If you but said so twere as deep with me
If you swear still your recompense is still
That I regard it not
Clo This is no answer
Imo But that you shall not say I yield being silent
I would not speak I pray you spare me Faith
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness One of your great knowing
Should learn being taught forbearance
Clo To leave you in your madness twere my sin
I will not
Imo Fools are not mad folks
Clo Do you call me fool?
Imo As I am mad I do
If you ll be patient I ll no more be mad
That cures us both I am much sorry sir
You put me to forget a lady s manners
By being so verbal And learn now for all
That I which know my heart do here pronounce
By the very truth of it I care not for you
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you which I had rather
You felt than make t my boast
Clo You sin against
Obedience which you owe your father For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
One bred of alms and foster d with cold dishes
With scraps o the court it is no contract none
And though it be allow d in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary in self figured knot
Yet you are curb d from that enlargement by
The consequence o the crown and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave
A hilding for a livery a squire s cloth
A pantler not so eminent
Imo Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides thou wert too base
To be his groom Thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy if twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom and hated
For being preferr d so well
Clo The south fog rot him!
Imo He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipp d his body is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee
Were they all made such men How now Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO

Clo "His garment!" Now the devil—
Imo To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—
Clo "His garment!"
Imo I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm It was thy master's, 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe I do think
I saw't this morning Confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm, I kiss'd it
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he
Pis 'Twill not be lost
Imo I hope so Go and search
[*Exit* PISANIO
Clo You have abused me
"His meanest garment!"
Imo Ay, I said so, sir
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't
Clo I will inform your father
Imo Your mother too
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent [*Exit*
Clo I'll be revenged
"His meanest garment!" Well [*Exit*

SCENE IV *Rome Philario's house*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO

Post Fear it not, sir I would I were so sure
To win the King as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers
Phi What means do you make to him?
Post Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state and wish
That warmer days would come In these sear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love, they failing,
I must die much your debtor
Phi Your very goodness and your company
O erpays all I can do By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly, and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Româns, whôse remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief
Post I do believe,
Statist though I am none nor like to be
That this will prove a war, and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world

Enter IACHIMO

Phi See! Iachimo!
Post The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble
Phi Welcome, sir
Post I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return
Iach Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon
Post And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them
Iach Here are letters for you
Post Their tenour good, I trust
Iach 'Tis very like
Phi Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
Iach He was expected then,
But not approach'd
Post All is well yet
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won
Post The stone's too hard to come by
Iach Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy
Post Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends
Iach Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further, but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills
Post If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours, if not, the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them
Iach Sir my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them
Must first induce you to believe whose strength
I will confirm with oath which I doubt not
You ll give me leave to spare when you shall
find
You need it not
Post Proceed
Iach First her bedchamber—
Where I confess I slept not but profess
Had that was well worth watching—it was
hang d
With tapestry of silk and silver the story
Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman
And Cydnus swell d above the banks or for
The press of boats or pride a piece of work
So bravely done so rich that it did strive
In workmanship and value which I wonder d
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought
Since the true life on t was—
Post This is true
And this you might have heard of here by me
Or by some other
Iach More particulars
Must justify my knowledge
Post So they must
Or do your honour injury
Iach The chimney
Is south the chamber and the chimney piece
Chaste Dian bathing Never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves The cutter
Was as another Nature dumb outwent her
Motion and breath left out
Post This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap
Being as it is much spoke of
Iach The roof o the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted Her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver each on one foot standing nicely
Depending on their brands
Post This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and
praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid
Iach Then, if you can
Showing the bracelet
Be pale I beg but leave to air this jewel see!
And now tis up again It must be married
To that your diamond I ll keep them
Post Jove!
Once more let me behold it Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach Sir—I thank her—that
She stripp d it from her arm I see her yet
Her pretty action did outsell her gift
And yet enrich d it too She gave it me and said
She prized it once
Post May be she pluck d it off
To send it me
Iach She writes so to you doth she?
Post O no no no! tis true Here take this
too [*Gives the ring*]
It is a basilisk unto mine eye
Kills me to look on t Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty truth where semblance
love
Where there s another man The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues which is nothing
O above measure false!
Phi Have patience, sir
And take your ring again tis not yet won
It may be probable she lost it or
Who knows if one of her women being cor
rupted
Hath stol n it from her?
Post Very true
And so I hope he came by t Back my ring
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this for this was stolen
Iach By Jupiter I had it from her arm
Post Hark you he swears by Jupiter he swears
Tis true—nay keep the ring— tis true I am
sure
She would not lose it Her attendants are
All sworn and honourable They induced to
steal it!
And by a stranger! No he hath enjoy d her
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly
There take thy hire and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi Sir be patient
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—
Post Never talk on t
She hath been colted by him
Iach If you seek
For further satisfying under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole right proud
Of that most delicate lodging By my life,
I kiss d it and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post Ay and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it
Iach Will you hear more?
Post Spare your arithmetic, never count the turns,
Once, and a million!
Iach I'll be sworn—
Post No swearing
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie,
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold
Iach I'll deny nothing
Post O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father I'll do something— [*Exit*
Phi Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won
Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself
Iach With all my heart [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another room in Philario's house*

Enter POSTHUMUS

Post Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half workers? We are all bastards,
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd, some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time, so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance, did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn, that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour—was 't not?—
Or less—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried "O!" and mounted, found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part be it lying, note it,
The woman's, flattering hers, deceiving, hers,
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers, revenges, hers,
Ambitions, covetings change of prides disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all, but rather, all,
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will,
The very devils cannot plague them better
[*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *Britain a hall in Cymbeline's palace*

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* LORDS *at one door, and at another*, CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants*

Cym Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
Luc When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd
Queen And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever
Clo There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses
Queen That opportunity
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies boats,
But suck them up to the topmast A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of "Came and saw and overcame" With shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten, and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks, for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright

And Britons strut with courage

Clo Come there s no more tribute to be paid Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time and as I said there is no moe such Cæsars Other of them may have crook d noses but to owe such straight arms none

Cym Son let your mother end

Clo We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan I do not say I am one but I have a hand Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket or put the moon in his pocket we will pay him tribute for light, else sir no more tribute pray you now

Cym You must know
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us we were free Cæsar s ambition
Which swell d so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o the world against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon s which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people whom we reckon
Ourselves to be

Clo and Lords We do

Cym Say then to Cæsar
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain d our laws whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled whose repair and franchise
Shall by the power we hold be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry Mulmutius made our laws
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown and call d
Himself a king

Luc I am sorry Cymbeline
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy
Receive it from me then war and confusion
In Cæsar s name pronounce I gainst thee Look
For fury not to be resisted Thus defied
I thank thee for myself

Cym Thou art welcome Caius
Thy Cæsar knighted me my youth I spent
Much under him of him I gather d honour
Which he to seek of me again perforce
Behoves me keep at utterance I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold
So Cæsar shall not find them

Luc Let proof speak

Clo His Majesty bids you welcome Make pastime with us a day or two or longer If you seek us afterwards in other terms you shall find us in our salt water girdle If you beat us out of it it is yours if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you and there s an end

Luc So sir

Cym I know your master s pleasure and he mine
All the remain is Welcome! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Another room in the palace*

Enter PISANIO *with a letter*

Pis How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster s her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall n into thy ear! What false Italian
As poisonous tongued as handed hath prevail d
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No
She s punish d for her truth and undergoes
More goddess like than wife like such assaults
As would take in some virtue O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service never
Let me be counted serviceable How look I
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] Do t the letter
That I have sent her by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity O damn d paper!
Black as the ink that s on thee! Senseless bauble
Art thou a fedary for this act and look st
So virgin like without? Lo here she comes
I am ignorant in what I am commanded

Enter IMOGEN

Imo How now Pisanio!

Pis Madam here is a letter from my lord

Imo Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!
O learn d indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters
He d lay the future open You good gods
Let what is here contain d relish of love,
Of my lord s health of his content yet not
That we two are asunder let that grieve him
Some griefs are med cinable that is one of them
For it doth physic love of his content
All but in that! Good wax thy leave Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike
Though forfeiters you cast in prison yet
You clasp young Cupid s tables Good news gods!

[*Reads*] "Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven, what your own love will out of this advise you, follow So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus"

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord, who long'st—
O, let me bate—but not like me—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind —O, not like me,
For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick,
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford, and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven, but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse But first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
Pis One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, [*Aside*] and too much too
Imo Why, one that rode to's execution man,
Could never go so slow I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf But this is foolery
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father, and provide me presently
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife
Pis Madam, you're best consider
Imo I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through Away, I prithee,
Do as I bid thee There's no more to say,
Accessible is none but Milford way [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Wales a mountainous country with a cave*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS *following*

Bel A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys, this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you
To a morning's holy office The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As proud livers do
Gui Hail, heaven!
Arv Hail, heaven!
Bel Now for our mountain sport Up to yond hill,
Your legs are young, I'll tread these flats Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd To apprehend thus
Draws us a profit from all things we see,
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd No life to ours
Gui Out of your proof you speak We, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air's from home Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age But unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit
Arv What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing,
We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,

Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat
Our valour is to chase what flies our cage
We make a quire as doth the prison d bird
And sing our bondage freely
Bel How you speak!
Did you but know the city s usuries
And felt them knowingly the art o the court
As hard to leave as keep whose top to climb
Is certain falling or so slippery that
The fear s as bad as falling the toil o the war
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I the name of fame and honour which dies i the search
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act nay many times
Doth ill deserve by doing well what s worse
Must court sy at the censure O boys this story
The world may read in me My body s mark d
With Roman swords and my report was once
First with the best of note Cymbeline loved me
And when a soldier was the theme my name
Was not far off Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit But in one night
A storm or robbery call it what you will
Shook down my mellow hangings nay my leaves
And left me bare to weather
Gui Uncertain favour!
Bel My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—
But that two villains whose false oaths prevail d
Before my perfect honour swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans So
Follow d my banishment and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world
Where I have lived at honest freedom paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters language He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o the feast
To him the other two shall minister
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place of greater state I ll meet you in the valleys [*Exeunt* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the King
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive
They think they are mine and though train d up thus meanly
I the cave wherein they bow their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain who
The King his father call d Guiderius—Jove!
When on my three foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done his spirits fly out
Into my story say Thus mine enemy fell
And thus I set my foot on s neck even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek he sweats
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture
That acts my words The younger brother Cadwal
Once Arviragus in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving —Hark the game is roused!—
O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me whereon,
At three and two years old I stole these babes
Thinking to bar thee of succession as
Thou reft st me of my lands Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse they took thee for their mother
And every day do honour to her grave
Myself Belarius that am Morgan call d
They take for natural father —The game is up
[*Exit*

SCENE IV *Country near Milford Haven*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN

Imo Thou told st me when we came from horse the place
Was near at hand ne er long d my mother so
To see me first as I have now Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex d
Beyond self-explication Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses What s the matter?
Why tender st thou that paper to me with
A look untender? If t be summer news
Smile to t before if winterly thou need st
But keep that countenance still My husband s hand!
That drug-damn d Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he s at some hard point Speak man Thy tongue
May take off some extremity which to read
Would be even mortal to me
Pis Please you read
And you shall find me wretched man, a thing
The most disdain d of fortune
Imo [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress Pisanio hath played the strumpet in my bed the testimonies whereof

lie bleeding in me I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers Let thine own hands take away her life *I shall give thee opportunity* at Milford Haven She hath my letter for the purpose, where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal "

Pis What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world Kings, queens and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters What cheer, madam?

Imo False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis Alas, good lady!

Imo I false! Thy conscience witness Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a villain, now methinks
Thy favour's good enough Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd—To pieces with me! O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy, not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies

Pis Good madam, hear me

Imo True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness So thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men,
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail Come, fellow, be thou honest
Do thou thy master's bidding When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience Look!
I draw the sword myself Take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it Do his bidding, strike
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward

Pis Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand

Imo Why, I must die,
And if I do not by thy hand thou art
No servant of thy master's Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand Come, here's my heart
Something's afore't Soft, soft! we'll no defence,
Obedient as the scabbard What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the King my father
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness, and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me Prithee, dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher, where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too

Pis O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink

Imo Do't, and to bed then

Pis I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first

Imo Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which

I have consider d of a course Good lady
Hear me with patience
Imo Talk thy tongue weary speak
I have heard I am a strumpet and mine ear
Therein false struck can take no greater wound
Nor tent to bottom that But speak
Pis Then madam
I thought you would not back again
Imo Most like
Bringing me here to kill me
Pis Not so neither
But if I were as wise as honest then
My purpose would prove well It cannot be
But that my master is abused
Some villain ay and singular in his art
Hath done you both this cursed injury
Imo Some Roman courtezan
Pis No on my life
I ll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it for tis commanded
I should do so You shall be miss d at court
And that will well confirm it
Imo Why good fellow
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis If you ll back to the court—
Imo No court no father nor no more ado
With that harsh noble simple nothing
That Cloten whose love suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege
Pis If not at court
Then not in Britain must you bide
Imo Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day night
Are they not but in Britain? I the world s volume
Our Britain seems as of it but not in t
In a great pool a swan s nest Prithee, think
There s livers out of Britain
Pis I am most glad
You think of other place The ambassador
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford Haven
To-morrow Now if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is and but disguise
That which, to appear itself must not yet be
But by self-danger you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view yea, haply near
The residence of Posthumus so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves
Imo O for such means!
Though peril to my modesty not death on t
I would adventure
Pis Well then here s the point
You must forget to be a woman change
Command into obedience fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women or more truly
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage
Ready in gibes quick answer d saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel nay you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek
Exposing it—but O the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common kissing Titan and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims wherein
You made great Juno angry
Imo Nay be brief
I see into thy end and am almost
A man already
Pis First make yourself but like one
Fore thinking this I have already fit—
Tis in my cloak bag—doublet hat hose all
That answer to them Would you in their serving
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season fore noble Lucius
Present yourself desire his service tell him
Wherein you re happy—which you ll make him know
If that his head have ear in music—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you for he s honourable
And doubling that most holy Your means abroad
You have me rich and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment
Imo Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with Prithee away
There s more to be consider d but we ll even
All that good time will give us This attempt
I am soldier to and will abide it with
A prince s courage Away I prithee
Pis Well madam we must take a short farewell
Lest being miss d I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court My noble mistress
Here is a box I had it from the Queen
What s in t is precious if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm d at land a dram of this
Will drive away distemper To some shade
And fit you to your manhood May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo Amen! I thank thee [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE V *A room in Cymbeline s palace*

Enter CYMBELINE QUEEN CLOTEN LUCIUS, LORDS *and* ATTENDANTS

Cym Thus far and so farewell
Luc Thanks royal sir
My emperor hath wrote I must from hence
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master s enemy

Cym Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke, and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike
Luc So, sir I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven
Madam, all joy befal your Grace!
Queen And you!
Cym My lords, you are appointed for that office,
The due of honour in no point omit
So farewell, noble Lucius
Luc Your hand, my lord
Clo Receive it friendly, but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy
Luc Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner Fare you well
Cym Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn Happiness!
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* LORDS
Queen He goes hence frowning, but it honours us
That we have given him cause
Clo 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it
Cym Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain
Queen 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly
Cym Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty,
We have noted it Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance
[*Exit an* ATTENDANT
Queen Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been, the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her She's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her

Re-enter ATTENDANT

Cym Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make
Queen My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer This
She wish'd me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory
Cym Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit*
Queen Son, I say, follow the King
Clo That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days
Queen Go, look after [*Exit* CLOTEN
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine, I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her,
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus Gone she is
To death or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son!
Clo 'Tis certain she is fled
Go in and cheer the King He rages, none
Dare come about him
Queen [*Aside*] All the better May
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit*
Clo I love and hate her, for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
That what's else rare is choked, and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her For when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? What, are you packing sirrah?
Come hither Ah you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else

Thou art straightway with the fiends

Pis O good my lord!

Clo Where is thy lady? or by Jupiter
I will not ask again Close villain
I ll have this secret from thy heart or rip
Thy heart to find it Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn

Pis Alas my lord
How can she be with him? When was she miss d?
He is in Rome

Clo Where is she sir? Come nearer
No further halting Satisfy me home
What is become of her

Pis O my all worthy lord!

Clo All worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once
At the next word No more of worthy lord!
Speak or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death

Pis Then, sir
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight [*Presenting a letter*]

Clo Let s see t I will pursue her
Even to Augustus throne

Pis [*Aside*] Or this or perish
She s far enough and what he learns by this
May prove his travel not her danger

Clo Hum!

Pis [*Aside*] I ll write to my lord she s dead
O Imogen,
Safe may st thou wander safe return again!

Clo Sirrah is this letter true?

Pis Sir as I think

Clo It is Posthumus hand I know t Sirrah if thou wouldst not be a villain but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry that is what villainy soe er I bid thee do to perform it directly and truly I would think thee an honest man Thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment

Pis Well my good lord

Clo Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine Wilt thou serve me?

Pis Sir I will

Clo Give me thy hand here s my purse Hast any of thy late master s garments in thy possession?

Pis I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress

Clo The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither Let it be thy first service go

Pis I shall my lord [*Exit*

Clo Meet thee at Milford Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing I ll remember t anon—even there thou villain Posthumus will I kill thee I would these garments were come She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person together with the adornment of my qualities With that suit upon my back will I ravish her first kill him and in her eyes there shall she see my valour which will then be a torment to her contempt He on the ground my speech of insultment ended on his dead body and when my lust hath dined—which as I say to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the court I ll knock her back foot her home again She hath despised me rejoicingly and I ll be merry in my revenge

Re-enter PISANIO *with the clothes*

Be those the garments?

Pis Ay my noble lord

Clo How long is t since she went to Milford Haven?

Pis She can scarce be there yet

Clo Bring this apparel to my chamber that is the second thing that I have commanded thee The third is that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design Be but duteous and true preferment shall tender itself to thee My revenge is now at Milford Would I had wings to follow it! Come and be true [*Exit*

Pis Thou bid st me to my loss for true to thee
Were to prove false which I will never be
To him that is most true To Milford go
And find not her whom thou pursuest Flow flow
You heavenly blessings on her! This fool s speed
Be cross d with slowness labour be his meed! [*Exit*

SCENE VI *Wales before the cave of Belarius*

Enter IMOGEN *in boy s clothes*

Imo I see a man s life is a tedious one
I have tired myself and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed I should be sick
But that my resolution helps me Milford
When from the mountain top Pisanio show d thee
Thou wast within a ken O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched such I mean,

Where they should be relieved Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes, no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone, but even before, I was
At point to sink for food But what is this?
Here is a path to't 'Tis some savage hold
I were best not call, I dare not call, yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother Ho! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak, if savage,
Take or lend Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter
Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS

Bel You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant, 'tis our match
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
Gui I am throughly weary
Arv I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite
Gui There is cold meat i' the cave, we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd
Bel [*Looking into the cave*] Stay, come not in
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy
Gui What's the matter, sir?
Bel By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN

Imo Good masters, harm me not
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took Good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor Here's money for my meat
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider
Gui Money, youth?
Arv All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods
Imo I see you're angry
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it
Bel Whither bound?
Imo To Milford-Haven
Bel What's your name?
Imo Fidele, sir I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy, he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence
Bel Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it
Boys, bid him welcome
Gui Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom In honesty,
I bid for you as I'd buy
Arv I'll make 't my comfort
He is a man, I'll love him as my brother,
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends
Imo 'Mongst friends,
If brothers [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus
Bel He wrings at some distress
Gui Would I could free 't!
Arv Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger Gods!
Bel Hark, boys
Whispering
Imo [*Aside*] Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out peer these twain Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false

Bel It shall be so
Boys we ll go dress our hunt Fair youth come in
Discourse is heavy fasting when we have supp d
We ll mannerly demand thee of thy story
So far as thou wilt speak it
Gui Pray draw near
Arv The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome
Imo Thanks sir
Arv I pray draw near [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Rome a public place*

Enter TWO SENATORS *and* TRIBUNES

1st Sen This is the tenour of the Emperor s writ
That since the common men are now in action
Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall n-off Britons that we do incite
The gentry to this business He creates
Lucius proconsul and to you the tribunes
For this immediate levy he commends
His absolute commission Long live Cæsar!
1st Tri Is Lucius general of the forces?
2nd Sen Ay
1st Tri Remaining now in Gallia?
1st Sen With those legions
Which I have spoke of whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch
1st Tri We will discharge our duty
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Wales near the cave of Belarius*

Enter CLOTEN

Clo I am near to the place where they should meet if Pisanio have mapped it truly How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress who was made by him that made the tailor not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits Therein I must play the workman I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his no less young more strong not beneath him in fortunes beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite What mortality is! Posthumus thy head which now is growing upon thy shoulders shall within this hour be off thy mistress enforced thy garments cut to pieces before thy face and all this done spurn her home to her father who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage but my mother having power of his testiness shall turn all into my commendations My horse is tied up safe Out sword and to a sore purpose! Fortune put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting place and the fellow dares not deceive me [*Exit*

SCENE II *Before the cave of Belarius*

Enter from the cave BELARIUS GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS *and* IMOGEN

Bel [*To* IMOGEN] You are not well Remain here in the cave
We ll come to you after hunting
Arv [*To* IMOGEN] Brother stay here
Are we not brothers?
Imo So man and man should be
But clay and clay differs in dignity
Whose dust is both alike I am very sick
Gui Go you to hunting I ll abide with him
Imo So sick I am not yet I am not well
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick So please you leave me
Stick to your journal course The breach of custom
Is breach of all I am ill but your being by me
Cannot amend me society is no comfort
To one not sociable I am not very sick
Since I can reason of it Pray you trust me here
I ll rob none but myself and let me die
Stealing so poorly
Gui I love thee I have spoke it
How much the quantity the weight as much
As I do love my father
Bel What! how! how!
Arv If it be sin to say so sir I yoke me
In my good brother s fault I know not why
I love this youth and I have heard you say
Love s reason s without reason The bier at door
And a demand who is t shall die I d say
My father not this youth
Bel [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base
Nature hath meal and bran contempt and grace
I m not their father yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself loved before me
'Tis the ninth hour o the morn

Arv Brother, farewell
Imo I wish ye sport
Arv You health So please you, sir
Imo [*Aside*] These are kind creatures Gods,
what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish
I am sick still, heart-sick Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug [*Swallows some*]
Gui I could not stir him
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate,
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest
Arv Thus did he answer me, yet said, hereafter
I might know more
Bel To the field, to the field!
We'll leave you for this time Go in and rest
Arv We'll not be long away
Bel Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife
Imo Well or ill,
I am bound to you
Bel And shalt be ever
[*Exit* IMOGEN, *to the cave*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors
Arv How angel-like he sings!
Gui But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter
Arv Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile,
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at
Gui I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together
Arv Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel It is great morning Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN

Clo I cannot find those runagates, that villain
Hath mock'd me I am faint
Bel "Those runagates!"
Means he not us? I partly know him 'Tis
Cloten, the son o' the Queen I fear some ambush
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he We are held as outlaws, hence!
Gui He is but one You and my brother search
What companies are near Pray you, away,
Let me alone with him
[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS
Clo Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such What slave art thou?
Gui A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock
Clo Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain Yield thee, thief
Gui To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather He made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee
Clo Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not
Gui Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee Thou art some fool,
I am loath to beat thee
Clo Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble
Gui What's thy name?
Clo Cloten, thou villain
Gui Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it Were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner
Clo To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the Queen
Gui I am sorry for't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth
Clo Art not afeard?
Gui Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise
At fools I laugh, not fear them
Clo Die the death!
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads
Yield, rustic mountaineer [*Exeunt, fighting*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS

Bel No companies abroad?

Arv None in the world You did mistake him sure

Bel I cannot tell Long is it since I saw him
But time hath nothing blurr d those lines of favour
Which then he wore the snatches in his voice
And burst of speaking were as his I am absolute
Twa very Cloten

Arv In this place we left them
I wish my brother make good time with him
You say he is so fell

Bel Being scarce made up
I mean to man he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors for the effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear But see thy brother

Re-enter GUIDERIUS *with Cloten s head*

Gui This Cloten was a fool an empty purse
There was no money in t Not Hercules
Could have knock d out his brains for he had none
Yet I not doing this the fool had borne
My head as I do his

Bel What hast thou done?

Gui I am perfect what cut off one Cloten s head
Son to the Queen after his own report
Who call d me traitor mountaineer and swore
With his own single hand he d take us in
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow
And set them on Lud s town

Bel We are all undone

Gui Why worthy father what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take our lives? The law
Protects not us Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us
Play judge and executioner all him elf
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel No single soul
Can we set eye on but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation ay and that
From one bad thing to worse not frenzy not
Absolu e madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws and in time
May make some stronger head the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out and swear
He d fetch us in yet is t not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking
Or they so suffering Then on good ground we fear
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head

Arv Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it Howsoe er
My brother hath done well

Bel I had no mind
To hunt this day The boy Fidele s sickness
Did make my way long forth

Gui With his own sword
Which he did wave against my throat I have ta en
His head from him I ll throw t into the creek
Behind our rock and let it to the sea
And tell the fishes he s the Queen s son Cloten
That s all I reck [*Exit*

Bel I fear twill be revenged
Would Polydore thou hadst not done t! though valour
Becomes thee well enough

Arv Would I had done t
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore
I love thee brotherly but envy much
Thou hast robb d me of this deed I would revenges
That possible strength might meet would seek us through
And put us to our answer

Bel Well, tis done
We ll hunt no more to-day nor seek for danger
Where there s no profit I prithee to our rock
You and Fidele play the cooks I ll stay
Till hasty Polydore return and bring him
To dinner presently

Arv Poor sick Fidele!
I ll willingly to him To gain his colour
I d let a parish of such Clotens blood
And praise myself for charity [*Exit*

Bel O thou goddess
Thou divine Nature how thyself thou blazon st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet
Not wagging his sweet head and yet as rough
Their royal blood enchafed as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn d honour untaught
Civility not seen from other valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow d Yet still it s strange
What Cloten s being here to us portends
Or what his death will bring us

Re-enter GUIDERIUS

Gui Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother His body's hostage
For his return

Solemn music

Bel My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui Is he at home?

Bel He went hence even now

Gui What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *with* IMOGEN, *as dead, bearing her in his arms*

Arv The bird is dead
That we have made so much on I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this

Gui O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself

Bel O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made, but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy
How found you him?

Arv Stark, as you see
Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at, his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion

Gui Where?

Arv O' the floor,
His arms thus leagued I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud

Gui Why, he but sleeps
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed,
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee

Arv With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath The ruddock would,
With charitable bill—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse

Gui Prithee, have done,
And do not play in wench like words with that
Which is so serious Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt To the grave!

Arv Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui By good Euriphile, our mother

Arv Be 't so
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother, use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele

Gui Cadwal,
I cannot sing I'll weep, and word it with thee,
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie

Arv We'll speak it, then

Bel Great griefs, I see, medicine the less, for Cloten
Is quite forgot He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince

Gui Pray you fetch him hither
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive

Arv If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst Brother, begin

[*Exit* BELARIUS

Gui Nay, Cadwal we must lay his head to the east,
My father hath a reason for 't

Arv 'Tis true

Gui Come on then, and remove him
Arv So Begin

SONG

Gui Fear no more the heat o the sun
Nor the furious winter s rages
Thou thy worldly task hast done
Home art gone and ta en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust

Arv Fear no more the frown o the great
Thou art past the tyrant s stroke
Care no more to clothe and eat
To thee the reed is as the oak
The sceptre learning physic must
All follow this and come to dust

Gui Fear no more the lightning flash
Arv Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone
Gui Fear not slander censure rash
Arv Thou hast finish d joy and moan
Both All lovers young all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust

Gui No exorciser harm thee!
Arv Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv Nothing ill come near thee!
Both Quiet consummation have
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN

Gui We have done our obsequies Come lay him down
Bel Here s a few flowers but bout midnight more
The herbs that have on them cold dew o the night
Are strewings fitt st for graves Upon their faces
You were as flowers now wither d even so
These herblets shall which we upon you strew
Come on away apart upon our knees
The ground that gave them first has them again
Their pleasures here are past so is their pain
[*Exeunt* BELARIUS GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS
Imo [*Awaking*] Yes sir to Milford Haven which is the way?
I thank you —By yond bush?—Pray how far thither?
Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?
I have gone all night Faith, I ll lie down and sleep
But soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!
Seeing the body of CLOTEN
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world
This bloody man the care on 't I hope I dream
For so I thought I was a cave keeper
And cook to honest creatures But tis not so
'Twas but a bolt of nothing shot at nothing
Which the brain makes of fumes Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements blind Good faith
I tremble still with fear but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren s eye fear d gods a part of it!
The dream s here still even when I wake it is
Without me as within me not imagined felt
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of's leg This is his hand
His foot Mercurial his Martial thigh
The brawns of Hercules but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—Tis gone Pisanio
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks
And mine to boot be darted on thee! Thou
Conspired with that irregulous devil Cloten
Hast here cut off my lord To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn d Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn d Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main top! O Posthumus! alas
Where is thy head? where s that? Ay me! where s that?
Pisanio might have kill d thee at the heart
And left this head on How should this be? Pisanio?
Tis he and Cloten Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here O, tis pregnant pregnant!
The drug he gave me which he said was precious
And cordial to me have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home
This is Pisanio s deed and Cloten s O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us O my lord my lord!
Falls on the body

Enter LUCIUS *a* CAPTAIN *and other Officers and a* SOOTHSAYER

Cap To them the legions garrison d in Gallia,
After your will have cross d the sea attending
You here at Milford Haven with your ships
They are in readiness
Luc But what from Rome?
Cap The Senate hath stirr d up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy most willing spirits
That promise noble service and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo
Syenna s brother
Luc When expect you them?
Cap With the next benefit o the wind

Luc This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair Command our present numbers
Be muster'd, bid the captains look to 't Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
Sooth Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams, which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host
Luc Dream often so,
And never false Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather,
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead
Let's see the boy's face
Cap He's alive, my lord
Luc He'll then instruct us of this body Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo I am nothing or if not,
Nothing to be were better This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain Alas!
There is no more such masters I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master
Luc 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding Say his name, good friend
Imo Richard du Champ [*Aside*] If I do lie and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it —Say you, sir?
Luc Thy name?
Imo Fidele sir
Lu Thou dost approve thyself the very same,
Thy name well fits thy faith thy faith thy name
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee Go with me
Imo I'll follow, sir But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig, and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me
Luc Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave Come, arm him Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes
Some falls are means the happier to arise
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in Cymbeline's palace*

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, PISANIO, *and Attendants*

Cym Again, and bring me word how 'tis with her [*Exit an Attendant*
A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone, my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me, her son gone,
So needful for this present It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture
Pis Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will, but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant
1st Lord Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found
Cym The time is troublesome

[*To* PISANIO] We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Does yet depend.
1st Lord So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the Senate sent.
Cym Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.
1st Lord Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cym I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
[*Exeunt all but* PISANIO
Pis I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the King, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.
[*Exit*

SCENE IV *Wales, before the cave of Belarius*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS

Gui The noise is round about us.
Bel Let us from it.
Arv What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have lived, and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel O, I am known
Of many in the army. Many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arv By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!
Arv So say I. Amen.
Bel No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Britain the Roman camp*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief*

Post Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands,
No bond but to do just ones Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this So had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults, that's love,
To have them fall no more You some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift
But Imogen is your own, do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress, peace!
I'll give no wound to thee Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant, so I'll fight
Against the part I come with, so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death, and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within [*Exit*

SCENE II *Field of battle between the British and Roman camps*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS IACHIMO, *and the Roman Army, from the other side, the British Army,* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier They march over and go out Then enter again, in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS, *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him*

Iach The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods [*Exit*

The battle continues, the Britons fly, CYMBELINE *is taken then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS

Bel Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground,
The lane is guarded Nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears
Gui } *Arv* } Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons, they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt Then re-enter* LUCIUS, *and* IACHIMO, *with* IMOGEN

Luc Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself,
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd
Iach 'Tis their fresh supplies
Luc It is a day turn'd strangely Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Another part of the field*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* BRITISH LORD

Lord Camest thou from where they made the stand?
Post I did,
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers
Lord I did
Post No blame be to you, sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen d shame
Lord Where was this lane?
Post Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall d with turf,

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier
An honest one I warrant who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to
In doing this for s country Athwart the lane
He with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter
With faces fit for masks or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased or shame—
Made good the passage cried to those that fled
Our Britain s harts die flying not our men
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards Stand
Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly and may save
But to look back in frown Stand stand These three
Three thousand confident in act as many—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing—with this word Stand stand
Accommodated by the place more charming
With their own nobleness which could have turn d
A distaff to a lance gilded pale looks
Part shame, part spirit renew d that some turn d coward
But by example—O a sin in war
Damn d in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o the hunters Then began
A stop i the chaser a retire, anon
A rout confusion thick forthwith they fly
Chickens the way which they stoop d eagles slaves
The strides they victors made And now our cowards
Like fragments in hard voyages became
The life o the need Having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts heavens how they wound!
Some slain before some dying some their friends
O er borne i the former wave Ten chased by one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o the field

Lord This was strange chance
A narrow lane an old man and two boys

Post Nay do not wonder at it You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any Will you rhyme upon t
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one
'Two boys an old man twice a boy a lane,
Preserved the Britons was the Romans bane

Lord Nay be not angry sir

Post Lack to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe I ll be his friend
For if he ll do as he is made to do
I know he ll quickly fly my friendship too
You have put me into rhyme

Lord Farewell you re angry

Post Still going? [*Exit* LORD] This is a lord! O noble misery
To be i the field and ask what news? of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcases! took heel to do t
And yet died too! I in mine own woe charm d
Could not find death where I did hear him groan
Nor feel him where he struck Being an ugly monster
Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups soft beds
Sweet words or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i the war Well I will find him
For being now a favourer to the Briton
No more a Briton I have resumed again
The part I came in Fight I will no more
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman great the answer be
Britons must take For me my ransom s death
On either side I come to spend my breath
Which neither here I ll keep nor bear again
But end it by some means for Imogen

Enter TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS *and Soldiers*

1st Cap Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels

2nd Cap There was a fourth man in a silly habit
That gave the affront with them

1st Cap So tis reported
But none of em can be found Stand! who s there?

Post A Roman
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer d him

2nd Cap Lay hands on him a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck d them here He brags *his service*
As if he were of note Bring him to the King

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman Captives The* CAPTAINS *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler, then exeunt omnes*

SCENE IV *A British prison*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* TWO GAOLERS

1st Gaol You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you,
So graze as you find pasture
2nd Gaol Ay, or a stomach
[*Exeunt* GAOLERS
Post Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, Death, who is the key
To unbar these locks My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease,
Gods are more full of mercy Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd, to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement That's not my desire
For Imogen's dear life take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life, you coin'd it
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake,
You rather mine, being yours, and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence [*Sleeps*]

Solemn music Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS *father to Posthumus an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping*

Sici No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law,
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart
Moth Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes,
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir
1st Bro When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?
Moth With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?
Sici Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villainy?
2nd Bro For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain
1st Bro Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici Thy crystal window ope, look out,
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries
Moth Since, Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries
Sici Peep through thy marble mansion help
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity
Both Bro Help Jupiter or we appeal
And from thy justice fly

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning sitting upon an eagle he throws a thunderbolt The Ghosts fall on their knees*

Jup No more you petty spirits of region low
Offend our hearing hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer whose bolt you know
Sky planted batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium hence and rest
Upon your never withering banks of flowers
Be not with mortal accidents opprest
No care of yours it is you know tis ours
Whom best I love I cross to make my gift
The more delay'd delighted Be content
Your low laid son our godhead will uplift
His comforts thrive *his trials well are spent*
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth and in
Our temple was he married Rise and fade
He shall be *lord of lady Imogen*
And happier much by his affliction made
This tablet lay upon his breast wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine
And so away! No further with your din
Express impatience lest you stir up mine
Mount eagle to my palace crystalline
[*Ascends*
Sici He came in thunder his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell The holy eagle
Stoop'd as to foot us His ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak
As when his god is pleased
All Thanks Jupiter!
Sici The marble pavement closes he is enter'd
His radiant roof Away! and, to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest
[*The Ghosts vanish*
Post [*Waking*] Sleep thou hast been a grandsire and begot
A father to me and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers but O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born
And so I am awake Poor wretches that depend
On greatness favour dream as I have done
Wake and find nothing But alas I swerve
Many dream not to find neither deserve
And yet are steep'd in favours so am I
That have this golden chance and know not why
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not as is our fangled world a garment
Nobler than that it covers! Let thy effects
So follow to be most unlike our courtiers
As good as promise
[*Reads*] When as a lion's whelp shall to him*self unknown without seeking find and be em*braced by a piece of tender air and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches which being dead many years shall after revive be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow then shall Posthumus end his miseries Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty
Tis still a dream or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not either both or nothing
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie Be what it is
The action of my life is like it which
I'll keep if but for sympathy

Re-enter GAOLERS

1st Gaol Come sir are you ready for death?
Post Over roasted rather ready long ago
1st Gaol *Hanging is the word sir* If you be ready for that you are well cooked
Post So if I prove a good repast to the spectators the dish pays the shot
1st Gaol A heavy reckoning for you sir But the comfort is you shall be called to no more payments fear no more tavern bills which are often the sadness of *parting* as the procuring of mirth You come in faint for want of meat depart reeling with too much drink sorry that you have *paid too much and sorry that you are paid too* much purse and brain both empty the brain the heavier for being too light the purse too light *being drawn of heaviness Of this contradiction* you shall now be quit O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice You have *no true debitor and creditor but it of what's* past is and to come the discharge Your neck sir is pen, book and counters so the acquittance follows
Post I am merrier to die than thou art to live
1st Gaol Indeed sir he that sleeps feels not the tooth ache but a man that were to sleep *your sleep* and a hangman to help him to bed I think he would change places with his officer for look you sir you know not which way you *shall go*
Post Yes indeed do I fellow
1st Gaol Your death has eyes in 's head then *I have not seen him so pictured You must either* be directed by some that take upon them to

know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril And how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one

Post I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them

1st Gaol What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King

Post Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free

1st Gaol I'll be hang'd then

Post Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler, no bolts for the dead

[*Exeunt all but the* FIRST GAOLER

1st Gaol Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman, and there be some of them too that die against their wills, so should I, if I were one I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good, O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't [*Exit*

SCENE V *Cymbeline's tent*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, LORDS, OFFICERS, *and Attendants*

Cym Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so

Bel I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing,
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks

Cym No tidings of him?

Pis He hath been search'd among the dead and living
But no trace of him

Cym To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, [*To* BELARIUS GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are Report it

Bel Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest

Cym Bow your knees
Arise my knights o' the battle I create you
Companions to our person and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates

Enter CORNELIUS *and* LADIES

There's business in these faces Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain

Cor Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead

Cym Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too How ended she?

Cor With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself What she confess'd
I will report, so please you These her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd

Cym Prithee, say

Cor First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you,
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person

Cym She alone knew this,
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it Proceed

Cor Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison

Cym O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor More, sir, and worse She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you, in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you w[illegible] craft, to

Her son into the adoption of the crown
But failing of her end by this strange absence
Grew shameless-desperate open d in despite
Of heaven and men her purposes repented
The evils she hatch d were not effected so
Despairing died
Cym Heard you all this her women?
1st Lady We did so please your Highness
Cym Mine eyes
Were not in fault for she was beautiful
Mine ears that heard her flattery nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her yet O my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou may st say
And prove it in thy feeling Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS IACHIMO *the* SOOTHSAYER *and other Roman Prisoners guarded* POSTHUMUS *behind and* IMOGEN

Thou comest not Caius now for tribute that
The Britons have razed out though with the loss
Of many a bold one whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives which ourself have granted
So think of your estate
Luc Consider sir the chance of war The day
Was yours by accident had it gone with us
We should not when the blood was cool have threaten d
Our prisoners with the sword But since the gods
Will have it thus that nothing but our lives
May be call d ransom let it come Sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman s heart can suffer
Augustus lives to think on t and so much
For my peculiar care This one thing only
I will entreat my boy a Briton born
Let him be ransom d Never master had
A page so kind so duteous diligent
So tender over his occasions true
So feat so nurse-like Let his virtue join
With my request which I ll make bold your Highness
Cannot deny he hath done no Briton harm
Though he have served a Roman Save him sir
And spare no blood beside
Cym I have surely seen him
His favour is familiar to me Boy
Thou hast look d thyself into my grace
And art mine own I know not why wherefore
To say live boy Ne er thank thy master live
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I ll give it
Yea though thou do demand a prisoner
The noblest ta en
Imo I humbly thank your Highness
Luc I do not bid thee beg my life good lad
And yet I know thou wilt
Imo No no alack
There s other work in hand I see a thing
Bitter to me as death Your life good master
Must shuffle for itself
Luc The boy disdains me
He leaves me scorns me Briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys
Why stands he so perplexed?
Cym What wouldst thou boy?
I love thee more and more Think more and more
What s best to ask Know st him thou look st on? speak
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo He is a Roman no more kin to me
Than I to your Highness who being born your vassal
Am something nearer
Cym Wherefore eyest him so?
Imo I ll tell you sir in private if you please
To give me hearing
Cym Ay, with all my heart
And lend my best attention What's thy name?
Imo Fidele sir
Cym Thou rt my good youth my page
I ll be thy master Walk with me speak freely

CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *converse apart*

Bel Is not this boy revived from death?
Arv One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died and was Fidele What think you?
Gui The same dead thing alive
Bel Peace peace! see further he eyes us not forbear
Creatures may be alike Were t he I am sure
He would have spoke to us
Gui But we saw him dead
Bel Be silent let s see further
Pis [*Aside*] It is my mistress
Since she is living let the time run on
To good or bad

CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *come forward*

Cym Come stand thou by our side
Make thy demand aloud [*To* IACHIMO] Sir step you forth
Give answer to this boy and do it freely
Or by our greatness and the grace of it
Which is our honour bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood On speak to him
Imo My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring

Post [*Aside*] What's that to him?
Cym That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee
Cym How! me?
Iach I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal By villainy
I got this ring 'Twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish, and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym All that belongs to this
Iach That paragon, thy daughter—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave, I faint
Cym My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more Strive, man, and speak
Iach Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome—accursed
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthumus—
What should I say? He was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—
Cym I stand on fire
Come to the matter
Iach All too soon I shall
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint,
And not dispraising whom we praised—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture, which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots
Cym Nay, nay, to the purpose
Iach Your daughter's chastity—there it begins
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold Whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car Away to Britain
Post I in this design Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely, for my vantage, excellent,
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus, averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—
Post [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenious It is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter—villain-like, I lie—
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't The temple
Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me Every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo Peace, my lord hear, hear—
Post Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part [*Striking her she falls*]
Pis O gentlemen, help!

Mine and your mistress! O my lord Posthumus!
You ne er kill d Imogen till now Help help!
Mine honour d lady!
Cym Does the world go round?
Post How come these staggers on me?
Pis Wake my mistress!
Cym If this be so the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy
Pis How fares my mistress?
Imo O get thee from my sight
Thou gavest me poison Dangerous fellow hence!
Breathe not where princes are
Cym The tune of Imogen!
Pis Lady
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing I had it from the Queen
Cym New matter still?
Imo It poison d me
Cor O gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confess d
Which must approve thee honest If Pisanio
Have said she given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial she is served
As I would serve a rat
Cym What s this Cornelius?
Cor The Queen sir very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile as cats and dogs
Of no esteem I dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger did compound for her
A certain stuff which being ta en would cease
The present power of life but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions Have you ta en of it?
Imo Most like I did for I was dead
Bel My boys
There was our error
Gui This is sure Fidele
Imo Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock and now
Throw me again [*Embracing him*]
Post Hang there like fruit my soul
Till the tree die!
Cym How now my flesh, my child!
What makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo [*Kneeling*] Your blessing sir
Bel [*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS] Though you did love this youth I blame ye not
You had a motive for t
Cym My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen
Thy mother's dead
Imo I am sorry for t my lord
Cym O she was naught and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely But her son
Is gone we know not how nor where
Pis My lord,
Now fear is from me I ll speak troth Lord Cloten
Upon my lady s missing came to me
With his sword drawn foam d at the mouth, and swore
If I discover d not which way she was gone
It was my instant death By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master s
Then in my pocket which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford
Where in a frenzy in my master s garments
Which he enforced from me away he posts
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady s honour What became of him
I further know not
Gui Let me end the story
I slew him there
Cym Marry the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence Prithee valiant youth
Deny t again
Gui I have spoke it and I did it
Cym He was a prince
Gui A most incivil one The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince like for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me I cut off's head
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine
Cym I am sorry for thee
By thine own tongue thou art condemn d and must
Endure our law Thou rt dead
Imo That headless man
I thought had been my lord
Cym Bind the offender
And take him from our presence
Bel Stay sir king
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone
They were not born for bondage
Cym Why old soldier
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv In that he spake too far
Cym And thou shalt die for't
Bel We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you
Arv Your danger's ours
Gui And our good his
Bel Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadst, great King, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius
Cym What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor
Bel He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how a traitor
Cym Take him hence
The whole world shall not save him
Bel Not too hot
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it
Cym Nursing of my sons!
Bel I am too blunt and saucy, here's my knee
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
Then spare not the old father Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine,
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting
Cym How! my issue!
Bel So sure as you your father's I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason, that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up Those arts they have as I
Could put into them, my breeding was, sir, as
Your Highness knows Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment I moved her to't,
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again, and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars
Cym Thou weep'st, and speak'st
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st I lost my children
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons
Bel Be pleased awhile
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son, he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce
Cym Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star,
It was a mark of wonder
Bel This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now
Cym O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom
Imo No, my lord,
I have got two worlds by't O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister, I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed
Cym Did you e'er meet?
Arv Ay, my good lord
Gui And at first meeting loved,
Continued so, until we thought he died
Cor By the Queen's dram she swallow'd
Cym O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance, but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master hitting
Each object with a joy, the counterchange

Is severally in all Let s quit this ground
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices
[*To* BELARIUS] Thou art my brother so we ll hold thee ever
Imo You are my father too and did relieve me
To see this gracious season
Cym All o erjoy d,
Save these in bonds Let them be joyful too
For they shall taste our comfort
Imo My good master
I will yet do you service
Luc Happy be you!
Cym The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought
He would have well becomed this place and graced
The thankings of a king
Post I am sir
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow d That I was he
Speak Iachimo I had you down and might
Have made you finish
Iach [*Kneeling*] I am down again
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did Take that life beseech you
Which I so often owe but your ring first
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith
Post Kneel not to me
The power that I have on you is to spare you
The malice towards you to forgive you Live
And deal with others better
Cym Nobly doom d!
We ll learn our freeness of a son in law
Pardon s the word to all
Arv You holp us sir
As you did mean indeed to be our brother
Joy d are we that you are
Post Your servant Princes Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer As I slept methought
Great Jupiter upon his eagle back d,
Appear d to me with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred When I waked I found
This label on my bosom whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of it Let him show
His skill in the construction
Luc Philarmonus!
Sooth Here, my good lord
Luc Read and declare the meaning
Sooth [*Reads*] When as a lion s whelp shall to himself unknown, without seeking find and be embraced by a piece of tender air and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches which being dead many years shall after revive be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow then shall Posthumus end his miseries Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty
Thou Leonatus art the lion s whelp
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *leo-natus* doth import so much
[*To* CYMBELINE] The piece of tender air thy virtuous daughter
Which we call *mollis aer* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*, which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife who even now
Answering the letter of the oracle
Unknown to you, unsought were clipp d about
With this most tender air
Cym This hath some seeming
Sooth The lofty cedar royal Cymbeline
Personates thee and thy lopp d branches point
Thy two sons forth who by Belarius stol n,
For many years thought dead are now reviv ed
To the majestic cedar join d whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty
Cym Well
My peace we will begin And Caius Lucius
Although the victor we submit to Cæsar
And to the Roman empire promising
To pay our wonted tribute from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand
Sooth The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace The vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle at this instant
Is full accomplish d for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft
Lessen d herself and in the beams o the sun
So vanish d which foreshow d our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline
Which shines here in the west
Cym Laud we the gods
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars Publish we this peace
To all our subjects Set we forward Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together So through Lud s town march
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we ll ratify seal it with feasts
Set on there! Never was a war did cease
Ere bloody hands were wash d with such a peace
[*Exeunt*

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIME, *as Chorus*

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia*
MAMILLIUS *young Prince of Sicilia*
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION — *four Lords of Sicilia*
POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia*
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia*
OLD SHEPHERD *reputed father of Perdita*
CLOWN, *his son*
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue*
A MARINER
A GAOLER
THREE GENTLEMEN

A LORD *attending on Leontes*
THREE SERVANTS *to Leontes*
AN OFFICER
A SERVANT *to the Old Shepherd*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione*
PAULINA *wife to Antigonus*
EMILIA *a lady attending on Hermione*
MOPSA, DORCAS — *shepherdesses*
TWO LADIES *attending on Hermione*

NON-SPEAKING *Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen Officers Servants, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants*

SCENE *Sicilia and Bohemia*

ACT I

SCENE I *Antechamber in Leontes' palace*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS

Arch If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia

Cam I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him

Arch Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves, for indeed—

Cam Beseech you,—

Arch Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge We cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us

Cam You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely

Arch Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance

Cam Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia They were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds The heavens continue their loves!

Arch I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius It is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note

Cam I very well agree with you in the hopes of him It is a gallant child, one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man

Arch Would they else be content to die?

Cam Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live

Arch If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A room of state in the same*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES CAMILLO *and Attendants*

Pol Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen, time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we should for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt, and therefore like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply

With one We thank you many thousands moe
That go before it
Leon Stay your thanks a while
And pay them when you part
Pol Sir that s to-morrow
I am question d by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence that may blow
No sneaping winds at home to make us say
This is put forth too truly Besides I have stay d
To tire your royalty
Leon We are tougher brother
Than you can put us to t
Pol No longer stay
Leon One seven night longer
Pol Very sooth to morrow
Leon We ll part the time between s then and in that
I ll no gainsaying
Pol Press me not beseech you so
There is no tongue that moves none none i the world
So soon as yours could win me So it should now
Were there necessity in your request although
Twere needful I denied it My affairs
Do even drag me homeward which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me my stay
To you a charge and trouble To save both
Farewell our brother
Leon Tongue tied our Queen? speak you
Her I had thought sir to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay You sir
Charge him too coldly Tell him you are sure
All in Bohemia s well this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim d Say this to him
He s beat from his best ward
Leon Well said Hermione
Her To tell he longs to see his son were strong
But let him say so then, and let him go
But let him swear so and he shall not stay
We ll thwack him hence with distaffs
Yet of your royal presence I ll adventure
The borrow of a week When at Bohemia
You take my lord I ll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix d for s parting yet good deed Leontes
I love thee not a jar o the clock behind
What lady she her lord You ll stay?
Pol No madam
Her Nay but you will?
Pol I may not verily
Her Verily!
You put me off with limber vows but I
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths
Should yet say Sir no going Verily
You shall not go a lady s Verily s
As potent as a lord s Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner
Not like a guest so you shall pay your fees
When you depart and save your thanks How say you?
My prisoner or my guest? by your dread Verily
One of them you shall be
Pol Your guest then madam
To be your prisoner should import offending
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish
Her Not your gaoler then
But your kind hostess Come I ll question you
Of my lord s tricks and yours when you were boys
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol We were fair Queen
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day
And to be boy eternal
Her Was not my lord
The verier wag o the two?
Pol We were as twinn d lambs that did frisk i the sun
And bleat the one at the other What we changed
Was innocence for innocence we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing nor dream d
That any did Had we pursued that life
And our weak spirits ne er been higher rear d
With stronger blood we should have answer d heaven
Boldly Not guilty the imposition clear d
Hereditary ours
Her By this we gather
You have tripp d since
Pol O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to s for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl
Your precious self had then not cross d the eyes
Of my young play fellow
Her Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion lest you say
Your Queen and I are devils Yet go on
The offences we have made you do we ll answer
If you first sinn d with us and that with us
You did continue fault and that you slipp d not
With any but with us
Leon Is he won yet?
Her He ll stay my lord
Leon At my request he would not

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose
Her Never?
Leon Never, but once
Her What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prithee tell me, cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that
Our praises are our wages You may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre But to the goal
My last good deed was to entreat his stay,
What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose, when?
Nay, let me have't, I long
Leon Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love Then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever"
Her 'Tis grace indeed
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
The other for some while a friend
Leon [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods
I have *tremor cordis* on me, my heart dances,
But not for joy, not joy This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent, 't may, I grant,
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer, O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam Ay, my good lord
Leon I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine Come, captain,
We must be neat, not neat, but cleanly, captain
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat —Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam Yes, if you will, my lord
Leon Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me, yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs, women say so,
That will say any thing But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams—how can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing Then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows
Pol What means Sicilia?
Her He something seems unsettled
Pol How, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Her You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction
Are you moved, my lord?
Leon No, in good earnest
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam No, my lord, I'll fight
Leon You will! why, happy man be's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol If at home sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite my soldier, statesman all
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood
Leon So stands this squire
Officed with me We two will walk my lord
And leave you to your graver steps

How thou lovest us show in our brother s wel
come
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap
Next to thy self and my young rover he s
Apparent to my heart
Her If you would seek us
We are yours i the garden Shall s attend you
there?
Leon To your own bents dispose you you ll
be found
Be you beneath the sky [*Aside*] I am angling
now
Though you perceive me not how I give line
Go to go to!
How she holds up the neb the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES HERMIONE *and Attendants*
Gone already!
Inch thick knee-deep o er head and ears a fork d
one!
Go play boy play Thy mother plays and I
Play too but so disgraced a part whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave contempt and clamour
Will be my knell Go play boy play There
have been
Or I am much deceived cuckolds ere now
And many a man there is even at this present
Now while I speak this holds his wife by the arm
That little thinks she has been sluiced in s
absence
And his pond fish d by his next neighbour by
Sir Smile, his neighbour Nay there s comfort
in t
Whiles other men have gates and those gates
open d
As mine against their will Should all despair
That have revolted wives the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves Physic for t there is
none
It is a bawdy planet that will strike
Where tis predominant and tis powerful
think it
From east west north and south Be it concluded
No barricado for a belly know t
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage Many thousand on s
Have the disease, and feel t not How now boy!
Mam I am like you, they say
Leon Why that's some comfort
What Camillo there?
Cam Ay my good lord
Leon Go play Mamillius thou rt an honest
man [*Exit* MAMILLIUS
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer
Cam You had much ado to make his anchor
hold
When you cast out it still came home
Leon Didst note it?
Cam He would not stay at your petitions
made
His business more material
Leon Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They re here with me already whisper
ing rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth 'Tis far gone
When I shall gust it last How came t Camillo
That he did stay?
Cam At the good Queen s entreaty
Leon At the Queen s be t good should be
pertinent
But so it is it is not Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking will draw in
More than the common blocks Not noted is t
But of the finer natures? By some severals
Of head piece extraordinary? Lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? Say
Cam Business my lord! I think most under
stand
Bohemia stays here longer
Leon Ha!
Cam Stays here longer
Leon Ay but why?
Cam To satisfy your Highness and the en
treaties
Of our most gracious mistress
Leon Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! Satisfy!
Let that suffice I have trusted thee Camillo
With all the nearest things to my heart as well
My chamber-councils wherein priest like thou
Hast cleansed my bosom I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform d but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity deceived
In that which seems so
Cam Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon To bide upon t thou art not honest or
If thou inclinest that way thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind restraining
From course required or else thou must be
counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent or else a fool
That seest a game play d home the rich stake
drawn
And takest it all for jest
Cam My gracious lord
I may be negligent foolish and fearful
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence his folly fear

Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly, if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end, if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of But, beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By its own visage If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine

Leon Ha' not you seen, Camillo—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth plight, say't and justify't

Cam I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true

Leon Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing,
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing

Cam Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous

Leon Say it be, 'tis true

Cam No, no, my lord

Leon It is, you lie, you lie
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass

Cam Who does infect her?

Leon Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia, who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing, ay, and thou,
His cupbearer—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial

Cam Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison, but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable
I have loved thee—

Leon Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam I must believe you, sir,
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for 't,
Provided that, when he's removed, your Highness
Will take again your Queen as yours at first,
Even for your son s sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours

Leon Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none

Cam My lord,
Go then, and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your Queen I am his cupbearer
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant
Leon This is all
Do t and thou hast the one half of my heart
Do t not thou split st thine own
Cam I ll do t my lord
Leon I will seem friendly as thou hast advised me [*Exit*
Cam O miserable lady ! But for me
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes and my ground to do t
Is the obedience to a master one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too To do this deed
Promotion follows If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish d after I d not do t but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one
Let villainy itself forswear t I must
Forsake the court To do t or no is certain
To me a break neck Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia

Re-enter POLIXENES

Pol This is strange methinks
My favour here begins to warp Not speak?
Good day Camillo
Cam Hail most royal sir!
Pol What is the news i the court?
Cam None rare my lord
Pol The King hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself Even now I met him
With customary compliment when he
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners
Cam I dare not know my lord
Pol How! dare not! Do not Do you know and dare not?
Be intelligent to me tis thereabouts
For to yourself what you do know you must
And cannot say you dare not Good Camillo
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too for I must be
A party in this alteration finding
Myself thus alter d with t
Cam There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper but
I cannot name the disease and it is caught
Of you that yet are well
Pol How ! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk
I have look d on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard but kill d none so Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman thereto
Clerk like experienced which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents noble names
In whose success we are gentle—I beseech you
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform d imprison t not
In ignorant concealment
Cam I may not answer
Pol A sickness caught of me and yet I well!
I must be answer d Dost thou hear Camillo?
I conjure thee by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me how far off how near
Which way to be prevented if to be
If not how best to bear it
Cam Sir I will tell you
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable therefore mark my counsel
Which must be even as swiftly follow d as
I mean to utter it or both yourself and me
Cry lost and so good night!
Pol On good Camillo
Cam I am appointed him to murder you
Pol By whom Camillo?
Cam By the King
Pol For what?
Cam He thinks nay with all confidence he swears
As he had seen t or been an instrument
To vice you to t that you have touch d his Queen
Forbiddenly
Pol O then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive and my approach be shunn d
Nay hated too worse than the great st infection
That e er was heard or read!
Cam Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body
Pol How should this grow?
Cam I know not but I am sure tis safer to

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost Be not uncertain,
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by, nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn

Pol I do believe thee,
I saw his heart in's face Give me thy hand
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago This jealousy
Is for a precious creature As she's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter Fear o'ershades me
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence Let us avoid

Cam It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns Please your Highness
To take the urgent hour Come, sir, away
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *A room in Leontes' palace*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* LADIES

Her Take the boy to you, he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring

1st Lady Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam No, I'll none of you

1st Lady Why, my sweet lord?

Mam You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if
I were a baby still I love you better

2nd Lady And why so, my lord?

Mam Not for because
Your brows are blacker, yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen

2nd Lady Who taught you this?

Mam I learnt it out of women's faces Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

1st Lady Blue, my lord

Mam Nay, that's a mock I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows

1st Lady Hark ye,
The Queen your mother rounds apace We shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you

2nd Lady She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk Good time encounter her!

Her What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale

Mam Merry or sad shall't be?

Her As merry as you will

Mam A sad tale's best for winter I have one
Of sprites and goblins

Her Let's have that, good sir
Come on, sit down, come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites, you're powerful at it

Mam There was a man—

Her Nay, come, sit down, then on

Mam Dwelt by a churchyard I will tell it softly,
Yond crickets shall not hear it

Her Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear

Enter LEONTES, *with* ANTIGONUS, LORDS, *and others*

Leon Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1st Lord Behind the tuft of pines I met them, never
Saw I men scour so on their way I eyed them
Even to their ships

Leon How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected, but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

With violent hefts I have drunk and seen the spider
Camillo was his help in this his pandar
There is a plot against my life, my crown
All s true that is mistrusted That false villain
Whom I employ d was pre-employ d by him
He has discover d my design and I
Remain a pinch d thing yea a very trick
For them to play at will How came the posterns
So easily open?
1st Lord By his great authority
Which often hath no less prevail d than so
On your command
Leon I know t too well
Give me the boy I am glad you did not nurse him
Though he does bear some signs of me yet you
Have too much blood in him
Her What is this? sport?
Leon Bear the boy hence he shall not come about her
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she s big with for tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus
Her But I d say he had not
And I ll be sworn you would believe my saying
Howe er you lean to the nayward
Leon You my lords
Look on her mark her well be but about
To say she is a goodly lady and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
Tis pity she s not honest honourable
Praise her but for this her without-door form
Which on my faith deserves high speech and straight
The shrug the hum or ha these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O I am out—
That mercy does for calumny will sear
Virtue itself these shrugs these hums and ha s
When you have said She s goodly come between
Ere you can say 'She s honest But be t known
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be
She s an adulteress
Her Should a villain say so
The most replenish d villain in the world,
He were as much more villain You my lord,
Do but mistake
Leon *You have mistook my lady*
Polixenes for Leontes O thou thing!
Which I ll not call a creature of thy place
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent
Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar I have said
She s an adulteress I have said with whom
More she s a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal that she s
A bed swerver even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold st titles ay and privy
To this their late escape
Her No by my life
Privy to none of this How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish d me! Gentle my lord
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake
Leon No if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school boy s top Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks
Her There s some ill planet reigns
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable Good my lords
I am not prone to weeping as our sex
Commonly are the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown Beseech you all my lords
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you measure me and so
The King s will be perform d!
Leon Shall I be heard?
Her Who is t that goes with me? Beseech your Highness
My women may be with me for you see
My plight requires it Do not weep good fools
There is no cause When you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison then abound in tears
As I come out This action I now go on
Is for my better grace Adieu my lord
I never wish d to see you sorry now
I trust I shall My women come you have leave
Leon Go do our bidding hence!
[*Exit* QUEEN *guarded with* LADIES
1st Lord Beseech your Highness call the Queen again
Ant Be certain what you do sir lest your justice
Prove violence in the which three great ones suffer
Yourself your queen your son
1st Lord For her my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do t sir
Please you to accept it that the Queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you, I mean,
In this which you accuse her
Ant If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her,
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her,
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be
Leon Hold your peaces
1st Lord Good my lord—
Ant It is for you we speak, not for ourselves
You are abused and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't, would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters, the eldest is eleven,
The second and the third, nine, and some five,
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all, fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations They are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue
Leon Cease, no more
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose, but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel
Ant If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth
Leon What! lack I credit?
1st Lord I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground, and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for 't how you might
Leon Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this, which if you or stupified
Or seeming so in skill cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice The matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours
Ant And I wish my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture
Leon How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age
Or thou wert born a fool Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency Now from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me Have I done well?
1st Lord Well done, my lord
Leon Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform Come, follow us,
We are to speak in public, for this business
Will raise us all
Ant [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A prison*

Enter PAULINA, *a Gentleman, and Attendants*

Paul The keeper of the prison, call to him,
Let him have knowledge who I am
[*Exit Gentleman*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the GAOLER

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gaol For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour
Paul Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen
Gaol I may not, madam
To the contrary I have express commandment
Paul Here's ado
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gaol So please you madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth
Paul I pray now, call her
Withdraw yourselves
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants*

Gaol And madam
I must be present at your conference
Paul Well be't so prithee [*Exit* GAOLER
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring

Re enter GAOLER *with* EMILIA

Dear gentlewoman
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together On her frights and griefs
Which never tender lady hath borne greater
She is something before her time deliver'd
Paul A boy?
Emil A daughter and a goodly babe
Lusty and like to live The queen receives
Much comfort in't says My poor prisoner
I am innocent as you
Paul I dare be sworn
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the King be
shrew them!
He must be told on't and he shall The office
Becomes a woman best I'll take't upon me
If I prove honey mouth'd let my tongue blister
And never to my red look'd anger be
The trumpet any more Pray you Emilia
Commend my best obedience to the queen
If she dares trust me with her little babe
I'll show't the King and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails
Emil Most worthy madam
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue There is no lady living
So meet for this great errand Please your lady
ship
To visit the next room I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Lest she should be denied
Paul Tell her Emilia
I'll use that tongue I have If wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good
Emil Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen Please you come something
nearer
Gaol Madam, if't please the Queen to send the
babe
I know not what I shall incur to pass it
Having no warrant
Paul You need not fear it sir
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised not a party to
The anger of the King nor guilty of
If any be the trespass of the Queen
Gaol I do believe it
Paul Do not you fear Upon mine honour I
Will stand betwixt you and danger [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in Leontes' palace*

Enter LEONTES ANTIGONUS LORDS *and* SERVANTS

Leon Nor night nor day no rest It is but weak
ness
To bear the matter thus mere weakness If
The cause were not in being—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm out of the blank
And level of my brain plot proof but she
I can hook to me Say that she were gone
Given to the fire a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again Who's there?
1st Serv My lord?
Leon How does the boy?
1st Serv He took good rest to-night
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged
Leon To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother
He straight declined droop'd took it deeply
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself
Threw off his spirit his appetite his sleep
And downright languish'd Leave me solely Go
See how he fares [*Exit* SERVANT] Fie fie! no
thought of him
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me In himself too mighty
And in his parties his alliance let him be
Until a time may serve For present vengeance
Take it on her Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me make their pastime at my sorrow
They should not laugh if I could reach them nor
Shall she within my power

Enter PAULINA *with a child*

1st Lord You must not enter
Paul Nay rather good my lords be second to
me
Fear you his tyrannous passion more alas
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul
More free than he is jealous
Ant That's enough
2nd Serv Madam he hath not slept to-night
commanded
None should come at him
Paul Not so hot good sir
I come to bring him sleep 'Tis such as you,

That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your Highness.
Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me.
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can. In this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now, you hear.
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
Laying down the child
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one that's here, and that's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul I care not
It is an heretic that makes the fire
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—something
savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove
send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit*
Leon Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.
Ant I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
Lords We can: My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon You're liars all.
1st Lord Beseech your Highness, give us better
credit:
We have always truly served you, and beseech
you
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this pur-
pose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.
Leon I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey—what will you ad-
venture
To save this brat's life?
Ant Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: Anything possible.
Leon It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant I will, my lord!
Leon Mark and perform it, see'st thou? for the
fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child*
Leon No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a SERVANT

Serv. Please your Highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1st Lord So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; fore-
tells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have

A just and open trial While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me Leave me,
And think upon my bidding [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *A sea-port in Sicilia*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION

Cleo The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears
Dion I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense
That I was nothing
Dion If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the Queen—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't
Cleo Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like
Dion The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business When the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge Go, fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A court of Justice*

Enter LEONTES, LORDS, *and* OFFICERS

Leon This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife and one
Of us too much beloved Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation
Produce the prisoner
Officer It is his Highness' pleasure that the Queen
Appear in person here in court Silence!

Enter HERMIONE *guarded*, PAULINA *and* LADIES *attending*

Leon Read the indictment
Off [*Reads*] "Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night"
Her Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say "Not guilty" Mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received But thus if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy, which is more
Than history can pattern though devised
And play'd to take spectators For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare, for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine
And only that I stand for I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so, since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!
Leon I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first
Her That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me
Leon You will not own it
Her More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge For Polixenes,

With whom I am accused I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me with a love even such
So and no other as yourself commanded
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend whose love had spoke
Even since it could speak from an infant freely
That it was yours Now for conspiracy
I know not how it tastes though it be dish d
For me to try how All I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man
And why he left your court the gods themselves
Wotting no more than I are ignorant
Leon You knew of his departure as you know
What you have underta en to do in s absence
Her Sir
You speak a language that I understand not
My life stands in the level of your dreams
Which I ll lay down
Leon Your actions are my dreams
You had a bastard by Polixenes
And I but dream d it As you were past all shame—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth
Which to deny concerns more than avails for as
Thy brat hath been cast out like to itself
No father owning it—which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it—so thou
Shalt feel our justice in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death
Her Sir spare your threats
The bug which you would fright me with I seek
To me can life be no commodity
The crown and comfort of my life your favour
I do give lost for I do feel it gone
But know not how it went My second joy
And first fruits of my body from his presence
I am barr d like one infectious My third comfort
Starr d most unluckily is from my breast
The innocent milk in it mo t innocent mouth
Haled out to murder myself on every post
Proclaim d a strumpet with immodest hatred
The child bed privilege denied which longs
To women of all fashion lastly hurried
Here to this place i the open air before
I have got strength of limit Now my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed
But yet hear this mistake me not no life
I prize it not a straw but for mine honour
Which I would free if I shall be condemn d
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake I tell you
Tis rigour and not law Your honours all
I do refer me to the oracle
Apollo be my judge!
1st Lord This your request
Is altogether just, therefore bring forth
And in Apollo s name his oracle
[*Exeunt certain Officers*
Her The Emperor of Russia was my father
O that he were alive and here beholding
His daughter s trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery yet with eyes
Of pity not revenge!

Re-enter OFFICERS *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION

Off You here shall swear upon this sword of justice
That you Cleomenes and Dion have
Been both at D lphos and from thence have brought
This seal d up oracle by the hand deliver d
Of great Apollo s priest and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in t
Cleo Dion All this we swear
Leon Break up the seals and read
Off [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste Polixenes blameless Camillo a true subject Leontes a jealous tyrant his innocent babe truly begotten and the King shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found
Lords Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her Praised!
Leon Hast thou read truth?
Off Ay my lord even so
As it is here set down
Leon There is no truth at all i the oracle
The sessions shall proceed This is mere falsehood

Enter SERVANT

Serv My lord the King the King!
Leon What is the business?
Serv O sir I shall be hated to report it!
The Prince your son with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen s speed is gone
Leon How! gone!
Serv Is dead
Leon Apollo s angry and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice [HERMIONE *swoons*]
How now there!
Paul This news is mortal to the Queen Look down
And see what death is doing
Leon Take her hence

Her heart is but o'ercharged, she will recover
I have too much believed mine own suspicion
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and* LADIES, *with* HERMIONE.
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy,
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes, which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing 't and being done He, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re enter PAULINA

Paul Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1st Lord What fit is this, good lady?
Paul What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing,
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful, nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king, poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by, whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little, though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't,
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam, this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer but the last—O lords,
When I have said, cry "woe!"—the Queen, the Queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet
1st Lord The higher powers forbid!
Paul I say she's dead, I'll swear 't If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see If you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir, therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert
Leon Go on, go on,
Thou canst not speak too much I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest
1st Lord Say no more
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech
Paul I am sorry for 't
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman, he is touch'd
To the noble heart What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children,
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing
Leon Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth, which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son
One grave shall be for both, upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation So long as nature

Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with a Child, and a* MARINER

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time: The skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit*
Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
Laying down the babe, with a paper and a bundle]
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear*

Enter a SHEPHERD

Shep. I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: Though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter CLOWN

Clo. Hilloa, loa!
Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?
Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now

the sky betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point

Shep Why, boy, how is it?

Clo I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em, now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead And then for the land service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone, how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it, but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them, and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather

Shep Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these sights The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman He's at it now

Shep Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her, there your charity would have lacked footing

Shep Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy Now bless thyself, thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born Here's a sight for thee, look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here, take up, take up, boy, open 't So, let's see It was told me I should be rich by the fairies This is some changeling, open 't What's within, boy?

Clo You're a made old man, if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live Gold! all gold!

Shep This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so Up with 't, keep it close Home, home, the next way We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy Let my sheep go Come, good boy, the next way home

Clo Go you the next way with your findings I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten They are never curst but when they are hungry If there be any of him left, I'll bury it

Shep That's a good deed If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him

Clo Marry, will I, and you shall help to put him i' the ground

Shep 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I

Enter TIME, *the* Chorus

Time I, that please some, try all, both joy and
terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now received I witness to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning and make
stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the King's, which Florizel
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering What of her ensues
I list not prophesy, but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth A shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now,
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may [*Exit*

SCENE II *Bohemia the palace of Polixenes*

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO

Pol I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate 'Tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this

Cam It is fifteen years since I saw my country, though I have for the most part been aired abroad I desire to lay my bones there Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure

Pol As thou lovest me, Camillo wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made, better not to have had thee than thus to

want thee Thou having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage must either stay to execute them thyself or take away *with thee the very services thou hast done* which if I have not enough considered as too much I cannot to be more thankful to thee shall be my study and my profit therein the heaping friendships Of that fatal country Sicilia prithee *speak no more whose very naming punishes me* with the remembrance of that penitent as thou callest him and reconciled king my brother whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented Say to *me when sawest thou the Prince Florizel my* son? Kings are no less unhappy their issue not being gracious than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues

Cam Sir it is three days since I saw the Prince *What his happier affairs may be are to me un*known but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared

Pol *I have considered so much Camillo and* with some care so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness from whom I have this intelligence that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd a man they say that from very nothing and beyond the imagination of his neighbours is grown into an unspeakable estate

Cam I have heard sir of such a man who hath a daughter of most rare note The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage

Pol That s likewise part of my intelligence but I fear the angle that plucks our son thither Thou shalt accompany us to the place where we will not appearing what we are have some question with the shepherd from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son s resort thither Prithee be my present partner in this business and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia

Cam I willingly obey your command

Pol My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A road near the Shepherd's cottage*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *singing*

When daffodils begin to peer
  With heigh! the doxy over the dale
Why then comes in the sweet o the year
  For the red blood reigns in the winter s pale
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge
  With heigh! the sweet birds O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge
  For a quart of ale is a dish for a king

The lark that tirra lyra chants
  With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay
Are summer songs for me and my aunts
  While we lie tumbling in the hay

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time *wore three pile but now I am out of service*

But shall I go mourn for that my dear?
  The pale moon shines by night
And when I wander here and there,
  I then do most go right

If tinkers may have leave to live
  And bear the sow skin budget
Then my account I well may give,
  And in the stocks avouch it

My traffic is sheets when the kite builds look to lesser linen My father named me Autolycus who being as I am littered under Mercury was likewise *a snapper up of unconsidered trifles* With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway beating and hanging are terrors to me for the life to come I sleep out the thought of it A *prize*! a *prize*!

Enter CLOWN

Clo Let me see every leven wether tods every tod yields pound and odd shilling fifteen hundred shorn what comes the wool to?

Aut [*Aside*] If the springe hold the cock s mine

Clo I cannot do t without counters Let me see what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar five pound of currants rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast and she lays it on She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers three man song men all and very good ones but they are most of them means and bases but one puritan amongst them and he sings psalms to hornpipes I must have saffron to colour the warden pies mace dates?—none that s out of my note nutmegs seven a race or two of ginger but that I may beg *four pound of prunes and as many of* raisins o the sun

Aut O that ever I was born!

Grovelling on the ground

Clo I' the name of me—

Aut O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off

Aut O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions

Clo Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter

Aut I am robbed, sir, and beaten, my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me

Clo What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut A footman, sweet sir, a footman

Clo Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee If this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee Come, lend me thy hand

Aut O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo Alas, poor soul!

Aut O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out

Clo How now! canst stand?

Aut [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir, good sir, softly You ha' done me a charitable office

Clo Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee

Aut No, good sweet sir, no, I beseech you, sir I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going, I shall there have money, or anything I want Offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart

Clo What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll my-dames I knew him once a servant of the Prince I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court

Clo His vices, you would say, there's no virtue whipped out of the court They cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide

Aut Vices, I would say, sir I know this man well He hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process server, a bailiff, then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies, and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue Some call him Autolycus

Clo Out upon him! prig, for my life prig He haunts wakes, fairs and bear baitings

Aut Very true, sir, he, sir, he, that's the rogue that put me into this apparel

Clo Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia If you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run

Aut I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him

Clo How do you now?

Aut Sweet sir, much better than I was, I can stand and walk I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's

Clo Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut No, good-faced sir, no, sweet sir

Clo Then fare thee well I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing

Aut Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit* CLOWN] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too If I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*Sings*] "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a " [*Exit*

SCENE IV *The Shepherd's cottage*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA

Flo These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life, no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't

Per Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up But that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom I should blush
To see you so attired, sworn I think,
To show myself a glass

Flo I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground

Per Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
Hath not been used to fear Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,

Should pass this way as you did O the Fates!
How would he look to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo Apprehend
Nothing but jollity The gods themselves
Humbling their deities to love have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd the green Neptune
A ram and bleated and the fire robed god
Golden Apollo a poor humble swain,
As I seem now Their transformation
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith
Per O but sir
Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Opposed as it must be by the power of the king
One of these two must be necessities
Which then will speak that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life
Flo Thou dearest Perdita
With these forced thoughts I prithee darken not
The mirth o' the feast Or I'll be thine my fair,
Or not my father's For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any if
I be not thine To this I am most constant
Though destiny say no Be merry gentle
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while Your guests are coming
Lift up your countenance as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come
Per O lady Fortune
Stand you auspicious!
Flo See your guests approach
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly
And let's be red with mirth

Enter SHEPHERD CLOWN MOPSA DORCAS *and others with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised*

Shep Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler butler cook
Both dame and servant welcomed all served all
Would sing her song and dance her turn now here,
At upper end o' the table now i' the middle
On his shoulder and his her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip You are retired
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting Pray you bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome for it is
A way to make us better friends more known
Come quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are mistress o' the feast Come on
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing
As your good flock shall prosper
Per [*To* POLIXENES] Sir welcome
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day [*To* CAMILLO] You're welcome sir
Give me those flowers there Dorcas Reverend sirs
For you there's rosemary and rue these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long
Grace and remembrance be to you both
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol Shepherdess—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter
Per Sir the year growing ancient
Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth
Of trembling winter the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors
Which some call Nature's bastards Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren and I care not
To get slips of them
Pol Wherefore gentle maiden
Do you neglect them?
Per For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature
Pol Say there be
Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean so over that art
Which you say adds to Nature is an art
That Nature makes You see sweet maid we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race This is an art
Which does mend Nature change it rather but
The art itself is Nature
Per So it is
Pol Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards
Per I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me Here's flowers for you

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age You're very welcome
Cam I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing
Per Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day, and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath, pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids, bold oxlips and
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!
Flo What, like a corse?
Per No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse, or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms Come, take your flowers
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals Sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition
Flo What you do
Still betters what is done When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever When you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so so give alms,
Pray so, and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that, move still, still so
And own no other function Each your doing
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed
That all your acts are queens
Per O Doricles,
Your praises are too large But that your youth
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way
Flo I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't But come, our dance, I pray
Your hand, my Perdita So turtles pair,
That never mean to part
Per I'll swear for 'em
Pol This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward Nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place
Cam He tells her something
That makes her blood look out Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream
Clo Come on, strike up!
Dor Mopsa must be your mistress, marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mop Now, in good time!
Clo Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners
Come, strike up!

Music Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses

Pol Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding, but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it,
He looks like sooth He says he loves my daughter
I think so too, for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes, and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best
Pol She dances featly
Shep So she does any thing though I report it,
That should be silent If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of

Enter SERVANT

Serv O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe no, the bagpipe could not move you He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes

Clo He could never come better he shall come in I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down or a very

thing indeed and sung lamentably

Serv He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves He has the prettiest love songs for maids so without bawdry which is strange with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings jump her and thump her and where some stretch mouthed rascal would as it were mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop do me no harm good man puts him off slights him with Whoop do me no harm good man

Pol This is a brave fellow

Clo Believe me thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle though they come to him by the gross inkles caddisses cambrics lawns Why he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses you would think a smock were a she-angel he so chants to the sleeve hand and the work about the square on 't

Clo Prithee bring him in and let him approach singing

Per Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes [*Exit* SERVANT

Clo You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you'd think sister

Per Ay good brother or go about to think

Enter AUTOLYCUS *singing*

Lawn as white as driven snow
Cyprus black as e'er was crow
Gloves as sweet as damask roses
Masks for faces and for noses
Bugle bracelet necklace amber
Perfume for a lady's chamber
Golden quoifs and stomachers
For my lads to give their dears
Pins and poking sticks of steel
What maids lack from head to heel
Come buy of me come come buy come buy
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry
Come buy

Clo If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves

Mop I was promised them against the feast but they come not too late now

Dor He hath promised you more than that or there be liars

Mop He hath paid you all he promised you May be he has paid you more which will shame you to give him again

Clo Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking time when you are going to bed or kiln hole to whistle off these secrets but you must be tittle tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering Clamour your tongues and not a word more

Mop I have done Come you promised me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves

Clo Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut And indeed sir there are cozeners abroad therefore it behoves men to be wary

Clo Fear not thou man thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut I hope so sir for I have about me many parcels of charge

Clo What hast here? ballads?

Mop Pray now buy some I love a ballad in print o' life for then we are sure they are true

Aut Here's one to a very doleful tune how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed

Mop Is it true think you?

Aut Very true and but a month old

Dor Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut Here's the midwife's name to 't one Mistress Tale porter and five or six honest wives that were present Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop Pray you now buy it

Clo Come on lay it by and let's first see moe ballads We'll buy the other things anon

Aut Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four score of April forty thousand fathom above water and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids It was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her The ballad is very pitiful and as true

Dor Is it true too think you?

Aut Five justices' hands at it and witnesses more than my pack will hold

Clo Lay it by too Another

Aut This is a merry ballad but a very pretty one

Mop Let's have some merry ones

Aut Why this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man' There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it 'tis in request I can tell you

Mop We can both sing it If thou'lt bear a part

thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts

Dor We had the tune on 't a month ago

Aut I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation, have at it with you

SONG

Aut Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know
Dor Whither? *Mop* O, whither? *Dor* Whither?
Mop It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell
Dor Me too, let me go thither
Mop Or thou goest to the grange or mill
Dor If to either, thou dost ill
Aut Neither *Dor* What, neither? *Aut* Neither
Dor Thou hast sworn my love to be
Mop Thou hast sworn it more to me
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo We'll have this song out anon by ourselves My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them Come, bring away thy pack after me Wenches, I'll buy for you both Pedlar, let's have the first choice Follow me, girls [*Exit with* DORCAS *and* MOPSA

Aut And you shall pay well for 'em

Follows singing
"Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar,
Money s a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a"
[*Exit*

Re-enter SERVANT

Serv Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't, but they themselves are o the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully

Shep Away! we'll none on't Here has been too much homely foolery already I know sir we weary you

Pol You weary those that refresh us Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen

Serv One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the King, and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire

Shep Leave your prating Since these good men are pleased, let them come in, but quickly now

Serv Why, they stay at door, sir [*Exit*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs

Pol O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter
[*To* CAMILLO] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them
He's simple and tells much [*To* FLORIZEL] How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance, you have let him go
And nothing marted with him If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her

Flo Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er

Pol What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out
But to your protestation, let me hear
What you profess

Flo Do and be witness to 't

Pol And this my neighbour too?

Flo And he, and more
Than he and men, the earth, the heavens, and all
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man s, I would not prize them
Without her love for her employ them all,
Commend them and condemn them to her service

Or to their own perdition
Pol Fairly offer d
Cam This shows a sound affection
Shep But my daughter
Say you the like to him?
Per I cannot speak
So well nothing so well no nor mean better
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his
Shep Take hands a bargain!
And friends unknown you shall bear witness
to t
I give my daughter to him and will make
Her portion equal his
Flo O that must be
I the virtue of your daughter One being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet
Enough then for your wonder But come on
Contract us fore these witnesses
Shep Come your hand
And daughter yours
Pol Soft swain awhile beseech you
Have you a father?
Flo I have but what of him?
Pol Knows he of this?
Flo Ne neither does nor shall
Pol Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table *Pray you once*
more
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo No good sir
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age
Pol By my white beard
You offer him if this be so a wrong
Something unfilial Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good
reason
The father all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity should hold some counsel
In such a business
Flo I yield all this
But for some other reasons my grave sir
Which tis not fit you know I not acquaint
My father of this business
Pol Let him know t
Flo He shall not
Pol Prithee let him
Flo No he must not
Shep Let him my son He shall not need to
grieve
At knowing of thy choice
Flo Come come he must not
Mark our contract
Pol Mark your divorce young sir
Discovering himself
Whom son I dare not call Thou art too base
To be acknowledged Thou a sceptre s heir
That thus affect st a sheep-hook! Thou old
traitor
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week And thou fresh
piece
Of excellent witchcraft who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with—
Shep O my heart!
Pol I ll have thy beauty scratch d with briers
and made
More homely than thy state For thee fond boy
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack as never
I mean thou shalt we ll bar thee from succession
Not hold thee of our blood no not our kin
Far than Deucalion off Mark thou my words
Follow us to the court Thou churl for this time
Though full of our displeasure yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it And you enchant
ment—
Worthy enough a herdsman yea him too
That makes himself but for our honour therein
Unworthy thee—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to t [Exit
Per Even here undone!
I was not much afeard for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage but
Looks on alike Will t please you sir be gone?
I told you what would come of this Beseech you
Of your own state take care This dream of
mine—
Being now awake, I ll queen it no inch farther
But milk my ewes and weep
Cam Why how now father!
Speak ere thou diest
Shep I cannot speak nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three
That thought to fill his grave in quiet yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire [*Exit*

Flo Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard, delay'd,
But nothing alter'd What I was, I am,
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly

Cam Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper At this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him, and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him

Flo I not purpose it
I think, Camillo?

Cam Even he, my lord

Per How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection

Cam Be advised

Flo I am, and by my fancy If my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason,
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome

Cam This is desperate, sir

Flo So call it, but it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it honesty Camillo,
Not for Bohemia nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved, therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend
When he shall miss me—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come This you may know
And so deliver I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore,
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by But not prepared
For this design What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting

Cam O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need

Flo Hark, Perdita [*Drawing her aside*]
I'll hear you by and by

Cam He's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see

Flo Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony

Cam Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo Very nobly
Have you deserved It is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on

Cam Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King
And through him what is nearest to him which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your mistress from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by —
As heavens forfend!—your ruin, marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking

Flo How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee

Cam Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo Not any yet
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows

Cam Then list to me
This follows if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be 'fore Leontes
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed Methinks I see

Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth asks thee the son forgiveness
As twere i the father s person kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess o er and o er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time
Flo Worthy Camillo
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam Sent by the King your father
To greet him and to give him comforts Sir
The manner of your bearing toward him with
What you as from your father shall deliver
Things known betwixt us three I ll write you down
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father s bosom there
And speak his very heart
Flo I am bound to you
There is some sap in this
Cam A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath d waters undream d shores most certain
To miseries enough no hope to help you
But as you shake off one to take another
Nothing so certain as your anchors who
Do their best office if they can but stay you
Where you ll be loath to be Besides you know
Prosperity s the very bond of love
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters
Per One of these is true
I think affliction may subdue the cheek
But not take in the mind
Cam Yea say you so?
There shall not at your father s house these seven years
Be born another such
Flo My good Camillo
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i the rear our birth
Cam I cannot say tis pity
She lacks instructions for she seems a mistress
To most that teach
Per Your pardon sir for this
I ll blush you thanks
Flo My prettiest Perdita!
But O the thorns we stand upon! Camillo
Preserver of my father now of me
The medicine of our house how shall we do?
We are not furnish d like Bohemia s son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia
Cam My lord
Fear none of this I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there It shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine For instance sir
That you may know you shall not want one word
They talk aside

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS

Aut Ha ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery not a counterfeit stone not a ribbon glass pomander brooch table book ballad knife tape glove shoe tie bracelet horn ring to keep my pack from fasting They throng who should buy first as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture and what I saw to my good use I remembered My clown who wants but something to be a reasonable man grew so in love with the wenches song that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears You might have pinched a placket it was senseless twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse I could have filed keys off that hung in chains No hearing no feeling but my sir s song and admiring the nothing of it So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King s son and scared my choughs from the chaff I had not left a purse alive in the whole army
[CAMILLO FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA *come forward*
Cam Nay but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive shall clear that doubt
Flo And those that you ll procure from King Leontes—
Cam Shall satisfy your father
Per Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair
Cam Who have we here?
Seeing AUTOLYCUS
We ll make an instrument of this omit
Nothing may give us aid
Aut If they have overheard me now why hanging
Cam How now good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not man here s no harm intended to thee
Aut I am a poor fellow sir

Cam Why, be so still, here's nobody will steal that from thee Yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange, therefore discase thee instantly—thou must think there's a necessity in't—and change garments with this gentleman Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot

Aut I am a poor fellow, sir [*Aside*] I know ye well enough

Cam Nay, prithee, dispatch The gentleman is half flayed already

Aut Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't

Flo Dispatch, I prithee

Aut Indeed, I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it

Cam Unbuckle, unbuckle

FLORIZEL *and* AUTOLYCUS *exchange garments*

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert Take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried

Per I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part

Cam No remedy
Have you done there?

Flo Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son

Cam Nay, you shall have no hat
Giving it to PERDITA
Come, lady, come Farewell, my friend,

Aut Adieu, sir

Flo O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you a word

Cam [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape and whither they are bound,
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after, in whose company
I shall review Sicilia for whose sight
I have a woman's longing

Flo Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea side

Cam The swifter speed the better
[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA *and* CAMILLO

Aut I understand the business, I hear it To have an open ear, a quick eye and a nimble hand is necessary for a cut purse, a good nose is requisite also to smell out work for the other senses I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do 't I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession

Re-enter CLOWN *and* SHEPHERD

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brain Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work

Clo See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the King she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood

Shep Nay, but hear me

Clo Nay but hear me

Shep Go to, then

Clo She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her This being done, let the law go whistle I warrant you

Shep I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too, who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law

Clo Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce

Aut [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep Well, let us to the King There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard

Aut [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master

Clo Pray heartily he be at palace

Aut [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement [*Takes off his false beard*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep To the palace an it like your worship

Aut Your affairs there, what with whom the condition of that fardel the place of your dwelling your names, your ages of what having breeding and anything that is fitting to be known discover

Clo We are but plain fellows sir

Aut A lie, you are rough
have no lying It becomes

and they often give us soldiers the lie but we pay them for it with stamped coin not stabbing steel therefore they do not give us the lie

Clo Your worship had like to have given us *one* if you had not taken yourself with the manner

Shep Are you a courtier an t like you sir?

Aut Whether it like me or no I am a courtier Seest thou not the air of the court in these en foldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate or toaze from thee thy business I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a pe and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there whereupon I command thee to open thy affair

Shep My business sir is to the King

Aut What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep I know not, an t like you

Clo Advocate s the court word for a pheasant Say you have none

Shep None sir I have no pheasant cock nor hen

Aut How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are
Therefore I will not disdain

Clo This cannot be but a great courtier

Shep His garments are rich but he wears them not handsomely

Clo He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical A great man, I ll warrant I know by the picking on's teeth

Aut The fardel there? what s i the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep Sir there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the King and which he shall know within this hour if I may come to the speech of him

Aut Age, thou hast lost thy labour

Shep Why sir?

Aut The King is not at the palace he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself for if thou beest capable of things se rious thou must know the King is full of grief

Shep So tis said sir about his son, that should have married a shepherd s daughter

Aut If that shepherd be not in hand fast let him fly The curses he shall have the tortures he shall feel will break the back of man, the heart of monster

Clo Think you so sir?

Aut Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times shall all come under the hangman which though it be great pity yet it is necessary An old sheep-whistling rogue a ram tender to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned but that death is too soft for him say I Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few the sharpest too easy

Clo Has the old man e er a son sir do you hear an t like you sir?

Aut He has a son who shall be flayed alive then nointed over with honey set on the head of a wasp s nest then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead then recovered again with aqua vitae or some other hot infusion then raw as he is and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims shall he be set against a brick wall the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death But what talk we of these traitorly rascals whose miseries are to be smiled at their offences being so capital? Tell me for you seem to be honest plain men what you have to the King Being something gently considered I ll bring you where he is aboard tender your persons to his presence whisper him in your behalfs and if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits here is man shall do it

Clo He seems to be of great authority Close with him give him gold and though authority be a stubborn bear yet he is oft led by the nose with gold Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand and no more ado Remember stoned and flayed alive

Shep An t please you sir to undertake the business for us here is that gold I have I ll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you

Aut After I have done what I promised?

Shep Ay sir

Aut Well give me the moiety Are you a party in this business?

Clo In some sort sir but though my case be a pitiful one I hope I shall not be flayed out of it

Aut O that s the case of the shepherd s son Hang him he ll be made an example

Clo Comfort good comfort! We must to the King and show our strange sights He must know tis none of your daughter nor my sister we are gone else Sir I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says your pawn till it be brought you

Aut I will trust you Walk before toward the sea side go on the right hand I will but look upon the hedge and follow you

Clo We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest

Shep Let's before as he bids us He was provided to do us good

[*Exeunt* SHEPHERD *and* CLOWN

Aut If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me She drops booties in my mouth I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the Prince my master good, which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him If he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing let him call me rogue for being so far officious, for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't To him will I present them There may be matter in it [*Exit*

ACT V

SCENE I *A room in Leontes' palace*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and* *Servants*

Cleo Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint like sorrow No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd, indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil,
With them forgive yourself

Leon Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself, which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of

Paul True, too true, my lord
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd

Leon I think so Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so, but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did, it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as is my thought Now, good now,
Say so but seldom

Cleo Not at all good lady
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better

Paul You are one of those
Would have him wed again

Dion If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name, consider little
What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes,
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me, who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills [*To* LEONTES] Care not for issue,
The crown will find an heir Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best

Leon Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul And left them
More rich for what they yielded

Leon Thou speak'st truth
No more such wives, therefore, no wife One worse,
And better used would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"

Paul Had she such power,
She had just cause

Leon She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married

Paul I should so
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her then I'd shriek that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be "Remember mine"

Leon Stars stars,

And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a GENTLEMAN

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis strange
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES *and others*
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.
Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters

Of my behind hand slackness Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?
Flo Good my lord,
She came from Libya
Leon Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?
Flo Most royal sir, from thence, from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her Thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your Highness My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are
Leon The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless, and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a LORD

Lord Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me,
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter
Leon Where's Bohemia? speak
Lord Here in your city, I now came from him
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel and my message To your court
Whiles he was hastening in the chase it seems
Of this fair couple meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother having both their country quitted
With this young prince
Flo Camillo has betray'd me
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers
Lord Lay't so to his charge,
He's with the King your father
Leon Who? Camillo?
Lord Camillo, sir, I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question Never saw I
Wretches so quake They kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death
Per O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated
Leon You are married?
Flo We are not sir, nor are we like to be,
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first
The odds for high and low's alike
Leon My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo She is,
When once she is my wife
Leon That "once," I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her
Flo Dear, look up
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father power no jot
Hath she to change our loves Beseech you sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now With thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate, at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles
Leon Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle
Paul Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't Not a month
'Fore your queen died she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now
Leon I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made [*To* FLORIZEL] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd I will to your father
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires
I am friend to them and you, upon which errand
I now go toward him therefore follow me
And mark what way I make Come, good my lord [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Before Leontes palace*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* GENTLEMAN

Aut Beseech you sir were you present at this relation?

1st Gent I was by at the opening of the fardel heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it whereupon after a little amazedness we were all commanded out of the chamber only this methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child

Aut I would most gladly know the issue of it

1st Gent I make a broken delivery of the business but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration They seemed almost with staring on one another to tear the cases of their eyes there was speech in their dumbness language in their very gesture they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed or one destroyed A notable passion of wonder appeared in them but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow but in the extremity of the one it must needs be

Enter SECOND GENTLEMAN

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more The news Rogero?

2nd Gent Nothing but bonfires The oracle is fulfilled the King s daughter is found Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad makers cannot be able to express it

Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN

Here comes the Lady Paulina s steward He can deliver you more How goes it now sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion Has the King found his heir?

3rd Gent Most true if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance That which you hear you ll swear you see there is such unity in the proofs The mantle of Queen Hermione s her jewel about the neck of it the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King s daughter Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2nd Gent No

3rd Gent Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of There might you have beheld one joy crown another so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them for their joy waded in tears There was casting up of eyes holding up of hands with countenance of such distraction that they were to be known by garment not by favour Our King being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter as if that joy were now become a loss cries O thy mother thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness then embraces his son in law then again worries he his daughter with clipping her now he thanks the old shepherd which stands by like a weather bitten conduit of many kings reigns I never heard of such another encounter which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it

2nd Gent What pray you became of Antigonus that carried hence the child?

3rd Gent Like an old tale still which will have matter to rehearse though credit be asleep and not an ear open He was torn to pieces with a bear This avouches the shepherd s son who has not only his innocence which seems much to justify him but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows

1st Gent What became of his bark and his followers?

3rd Gent Wrecked the same instant of their master s death and in the view of the shepherd so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found But O the noble combat that twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled She lifted the Princess from the earth and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing

1st Gent The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes for by such was it acted

3rd Gent One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes caught the water though not the fish was when at the relation of the Queen s death with the manner how she came to t bravely confessed and lamented by the King how attentiveness wounded his daughter till from one sign of dolour to another she did with an Alas I would fain say bleed tears for I am sure my heart wept blood Who was most marble there changed colour some swooned all sorrowed If all the world could have seen t the woe had been universal too

1st Gent Are they returned to the court?

3rd Gent No the Princess hearing of her mother s statue which is in the keeping of Paulina—

a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup

2nd Gent I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1st Gent Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge Let's along

[*Exeunt* GENTLEMEN

Aut Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince, told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what But he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing this mystery remained undiscovered But 'tis all one to me, for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits

Enter SHEPHERD *and* CLOWN

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune

Shep Come, boy, I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born

Clo You are well met, sir You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born

Aut I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born

Clo Ay, and have been so any time these four hours

Shep And so have I, boy

Clo So you have but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand and called me brother, and then the two kings called my father brother and then the Prince my brother and the Princess my sister called my father father, and so we wept and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed

Shep We may live, son, to shed many more

Clo Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are

Aut I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the Prince my master

Shep Prithee, son, do, for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen

Clo Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut Ay, an it like your good worship

Clo Give me thy hand I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia

Shep You may say it, but not swear it

Clo Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it

Shep How if it be false, son?

Clo If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend, and I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk, but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk, but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands

Aut I will prove so, sir, to my power

Clo Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture Come, follow us, we'll be thy good masters [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A chapel in Paulina's house*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants*

Leon O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well All my services
You have paid home, but that you have vouchsafed,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace which never
My life may last to answer

Leon O Paulina
We honour you with trouble, but we came
To see the statue of our queen Your gallery
Have we pass'd through not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not

That which my daughter came to look upon
The statue of her mother
Paul As she lived peerless
So her dead likeness I do well believe
Excels whatever yet you look d upon
Or hand of man hath done therefore I keep it
Lonely apart But here it is Prepare
To see the life as lively mock d as ever
Still sleep mock d death Behold and say tis
well

PAULINA *draws a curtain and discovers* HERMIONE *standing like a statue*

I like your silence it the more shows off
Your wonder But yet speak first you my liege
Comes it not something near?
Leon Her natural posture!
Chide me dear stone that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione or rather thou art she
In thy not chiding for she was as tender
As infancy and grace But yet Paulina
Hermione was not so much wrinkled nothing
So aged as this seems
Pol O not by much
Paul So much the more our carver s excellence
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes
her
As she lived now
Leon As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort as it is
Now piercing to my soul O thus she stood
Even with such life of majesty warm life
As now it coldly stands when first I woo d her!
I am ashamed Does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece
There s magic in thy majesty which has
My evils conjured to remembrance and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits
Standing like stone with thee
Per And give me leave
And do not say tis superstition that
I kneel and then implore her blessing Lady
Dear queen that ended when I but began
Give me that hand of yours to kiss
Paul O patience!
The statue is but newly fix d the colour's
Not dry
Cam My lord your sorrow was too sore laid
on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away
So many summers dry Scarce any joy
Did ever so long live no sorrow
But kill d itself much sooner
Pol Dear my brother
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself
Paul Indeed my lord
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you—for the stone is
mine—
I d not have show d it
Leon Do not draw the curtain
Paul No longer shall you gaze on t lest your
fancy
May think anon it moves
Leon Let be let be
Would I were dead but that methinks already—
What was he that did make it? See my lord
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those
veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol Masterly done
The very life seems warm upon her lip
Leon The fixture of her eye has motion in t
As we are mock d with art
Paul I ll draw the curtain
My lord s almost so far transported that
He ll think anon it lives
Leon O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness Let t alone
Paul I am sorry sir I have thus far stirr d you
but
I could afflict you farther
Leon Do Paulina
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort Still methinks
There is an air comes from her What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me
For I will kiss her
Paul Good my lord forbear
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet
You ll mar it if you kiss it stain your own
With oily painting Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon No not these twenty years
Per So long could I
Stand by a looker on
Paul Either forbear
Quit presently the chapel or resolve you
For more amazement If you can behold it
I ll make the statue move indeed descend
And take you by the hand But then you ll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers
Leon What you can make her do
I am content to look on what to speak
I am content to hear for tis as easy
To make her speak as move
Paul It is required
You do awake your faith Then all stand still
On those that think it is unlawful business

I am about, let them depart

Leon Proceed,
No foot shall stir

Paul Music, awake her, strike!

Music

'Tis time, descend, be stone no more, approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel Come,
I'll fill your grave up stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you You perceive she stirs

HERMIONE *comes down*

Start not, her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful Do not shun her
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double Nay, present your hand
When she was young you woo'd her, now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating

Pol She embraces him

Cam She hangs about his neck
If she pertain to life let her speak too

Pol Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead

Paul That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale But it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not Mark a little while
Please you to interpose, fair madam, kneel
And pray your mother's blessing Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found

Her You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue

Paul There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost

Leon O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife This is a match,
And made between 's by vows Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd, for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings Let's from this place
What! look upon my brother Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion This is your son-in-law
And son unto the King who, heavens directing,
Is troth plight to your daughter Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd Hastily lead away [*Exeunt*

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO *King of Naples*
SEBASTIAN *his brother*
PROSPERO *the right Duke of Milan*
ANTONIO *his brother the usurping Duke of Milan*
FERDINAND *son to the King of Naples*
GONZALO *an honest old counsellor*
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO | *Lords*
CALIBAN *a savage and deformed slave*
TRINCULO *a jester*
STEPHANO *a drunken butler*
MASTER *of a ship*
BOATSWAIN

MARINERS

MIRANDA *daughter to Prospero*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO | *Spirits*

NON SPEAKING *Nymphs and Reapers presented by spirits and other Spirits attending on Prospero*

SCENE *A ship at sea and an island*



ACT I

SCENE I *On a ship at sea a tempestuous noise of thunder and lighting heard*

Enter a SHIP MASTER *and a* BOATSWAIN

Mast Boatswain!

Boats Here master what cheer?

Mast Good speak to the mariners Fall to t yarely or we run ourselves aground Bestir bestir [*Exit*

Enter MARINERS

Boats Heigh my hearts! cheerly cheerly my hearts! yare yare! Take in the topsail Tend to the master s whistle Blow till thou burst thy wind if room enough!

Enter ALONSO SEBASTIAN ANTONIO FERDINAND GONZALO *and others*

Alon Good boatswain have care Where s the master? Play the men

Boats I pray now keep below

Ant Where is the master boatswain?

Boats Do you not hear him? You mar our labour Keep your cabins you do assist the storm

Gon Nay good be patient

Boats When the sea is Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin Silence! trouble us not

Gon Good yet remember whom thou hast aboard

Boats None that I more love than myself You are a counsellor if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present we will not hand a rope more use your authority If you cannot give thanks you have lived so long and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour if it so hap Cheerly good hearts! Out of our way I say [*Exit*

Gon I have great comfort from this fellow Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him his complexion is perfect gallows Stand fast good Fate to his hanging Make the rope of his destiny our cable for our own doth little advantage If he be not born to be hanged our case is miserable [*Exeunt*

Re-enter BOATSWAIN

Boats Down with the topmast! yare! lower lower! Bring her to try with main-course [*A cry within*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office

Re-enter SEBASTIAN ANTONIO *and* GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb A pox o your throat you bawling blasphemous incharitable dog!

Boats Work you then

Ant Hang cur! hang you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art

Gon I ll warrant him for drowning though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched wench

Boats Lay her a hold a hold! set her two courses off to sea again lay her off

Enter MARINERS *wet*

Mariners All lost! to prayers to prayers all lost!

Boats What must our mouths be cold?

Gon The King and Prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs
Seb I'm out of patience
Ant We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards
This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!
Gon He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him
A confused noise within Mercy on us!—
We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—
Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!
Ant Let's all sink with the King
Seb Let's take leave of him

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN

Gon Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The island before Prospero's cell*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA

Mir If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart Poor souls, they perish'd
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her
Pros Be collected,
No more amazement Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done
Mir O, woe the day!
Pros No harm
I have done nothing but in care of thee
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father
Mir More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts
Pros 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me So,
Lays down his mantle
Lie there, my art Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down,
For thou must now know farther
Mir You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet"
Pros The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey and be attentive Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old
Mir Certainly, sir, I can
Pros By what? by any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance
Mir 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros Thou hadst, and more, Miranda But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst
Mir But that I do not
Pros Twelve year since, Miranda twelve year since
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power
Mir Sir, are not you my father?
Pros Thy mother was a piece of virtue and
She said thou wast my daughter, and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued
Mir O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pros Both, both, my girl
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence
But blessedly holp hither

Mir O my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to
Which is from my remembrance! Please you
farther
Pros My brother and thy uncle call'd Antonio—
I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke being so reputed
In dignity and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel those being all my study
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger being transported
And rapt in secret studies Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mir Sir most heedfully
Pros Being once perfected how to grant suits
How to deny them who to advance and who
To trash for over *topping* new created
The creatures that were mine I say or changed
'em
Or else new form'd 'em having both the key
Of officer and office set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
And suck'd my verdure out on't Thou attend'st
not
Mir O good sir I do
Pros I pray thee mark me
I thus neglecting worldly ends all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired
O'er prized all popular rate in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature and my trust
Like a good parent did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was which had indeed no limit
A confidence sans bound He being thus lorded
Not only with what my revenue yielded
But what my power might else exact like one
Who having into truth by telling of it
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie he did believe
He was indeed the Duke Out o' the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty
With all prerogative hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?
Mir Your tale sir would cure deafness
Pros To have no screen between this part he
play'd
And him he play'd it for he needs will be
Absolute Milan Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough Of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute do him homage
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas poor Milan!
To most ignoble stooping
Mir O the heavens!
Pros Mark his condition and the event then
tell me
If this might be a brother
Mir I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother
Good wombs have borne bad sons
Pros Now the condition
This King of Naples being an enemy
To me inveterate hearkens my brother's suit
Which was that he in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother whereon
A treacherous army levied one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self
Mir Alack for pity!
I not remembering how I cried out then
Will cry it o'er again It is a hint
That *wrings mine eyes* to't
Pros Hear a little further
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon 's without the which this
story
Were most impertinent
Mir Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros Well demanded wench
My tale provokes that question Dear they durst
not
So dear the love my people bore me nor set
A mark so bloody on the business but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends
In few they hurried us aboard a bark
Bore us some leagues to sea where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat not rigg'd
Nor tackle sail nor mast the very rats
Instinctively have quit it There they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us to sigh
To the winds whose pity sighing back again
Did us but loving wrong
Mir Alack what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd, which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue
Mir How came we ashore?
Pros By Providence divine
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much, so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom
Mir Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros Now I arise [*Resumes his mantle*]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow
Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful
Mir Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea storm?
Pros Know thus far forth
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore, and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop Here cease more questions
Thou art inclined to sleep 'tis a good dulness
And give it way, I know thou canst not choose
MIRANDA *sleeps*
Come away, servant come I am ready now
Approach my Ariel come

Enter ARIEL

Ari All hail great master! grave sir hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure be 't to fly
To swim, to dive into the fire to ride
On the curl'd clouds to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality
Pros Hast thou spirit
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari To every article
I boarded the King's ship, now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement Sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places, on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not, the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake
Pros My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me The King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that leap'd cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here
Pros Why that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari Close by my master
Pros But are they Ariel safe?
Ari Not a hair perish'd,
On their sustaining garments not a blemish
But fresher than before and as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting
His arms in this sad knot
Pros Of the King's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet
Ari Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship in the deep nook where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes there she's hid
The mariners all under hatches stow'd
Who with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour
I have left asleep and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd

And his great person perish
Pros Ariel thy charge
Exactly is perform d but there s more work
What is the time o the day?
Ari Past the mid season
Pros At least two glasses The time twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously
Ari Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised
Which is not yet perform d me
Pros How now? moody?
What is t thou canst demand?
Ari My liberty
Pros Before the time be out? no more!
Ari I prithee
Remember I have done thee worthy service
Told thee no lies made thee no mistakings served
Without or grudge or grumblings Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year
Pros Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari No
Pros Thou dost and think st it much to tread *the ooze*
Of the salt deep
To run upon the sharp wind of the *north*
To do me business in the veins o the earth
When it is baked with frost
Ari I do not sir
Pros Thou liest malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?
Ari No sir
Pros Thou hast Where was she born? speak tell me
Ari Sir in Argier
Pros O was she so? *I must*
Once in a month recount what thou hast been
Which thou forget st This damn d witch Sycorax
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing from Argier
Thou know st was banish d for one thing she did
They would not take her life Is *not this true?*
Ari Ay sir
Pros This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors Thou my slave
As thou report st thyself wast then her servant
And, for thou wast a *spirit* too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr d commands
Refusing her grand hests she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage
Into a cloven pine within which rift
Imprison d thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years within which space she died
And left thee there where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill wheels strike Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here
A freckled whelp hag born—not honour d with
A human shape
Ari Yes Caliban her son
Pros Dull thing I say so he that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service Thou best know st
What torment I did find thee in thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears It was a torment
To lay upon the damn d which Sycorax
Could not again undo It was mine art
When I arrived and heard thee that made gape
The pine and let thee out
Ari I thank thee master
Pros If thou more murmur st I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl d away twelve winters
Ari *Pardon master*
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently
Pros Do so and after two days
I will discharge thee
Ari *That s my noble master!*
What shall I do? Say what what shall I do?
Pros Go make thyself like a nymph o the sea be subject
To no sight but thine and mine invisible
To every eyeball else Go take this shape
And hither come in t Go hence with diligence!
[Exit ARIEL
Awake dear heart awake! thou hast slept well
Awake!
Mir The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me
Pros Shake it off Come on
We ll visit Caliban my slave who never
Yields us kind answer
Mir Tis a villain, sir
I do not love to look on
Pros But as tis
We cannot miss him he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak

Cal [*Within*] There's wood enough within

Pros Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL *like a water-nymph*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear

Ari My lord, it shall be done [*Exit*

Pros Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN

Cal As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up, urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee, thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em

Cal I must eat my dinner
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night, and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king, and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island

Pros Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child

Cal O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans

Pros Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with, therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison

Cal You taught me language, and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pros Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din

Cal No, pray thee
[*Aside*] I must obey His art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him

Pros So, slave, hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing*, FERDINAND *following*

ARIEL'S SONG

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear

Burden (*dispersedly*) Hark, hark!
Bow wow
The watch-dogs bark!
Bow wow

Ari Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow

Fer Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more and, sure, it waits upon

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man

Trin A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset, I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock Wilt thou go with me?

Ste I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here Here, bear my bottle Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again

Cal [*Sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master, farewell, farewell!

Trin A howling monster, a drunken monster!

Cal No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master, get a new man
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste O brave monster! Lead the way [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Before Prospero's cell*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log*

Fer There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off, some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up
Upon a sore injunction My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor I forget,
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours
Most busiest when I do it

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance, unseen*

Mir Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you When this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you My father
Is hard at study, pray now, rest yourself,
He's safe for these three hours

Fer O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do

Mir If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while Pray, give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile

Fer No, precious creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by

Mir It would become me
As well as it does you, and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against

Pros Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it

Mir You look wearily

Fer No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

Mir Miranda —O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear, for several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil, but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir I do not know
One of my sex, no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass mine own, nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father How features are abroad,
I am skilless of but by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of But I prattle

Something too wildly and my father s precepts
I therein do forget

Fer I am in my condition
A prince Miranda I do think a king
I would, not so'—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh fly blow my mouth Hear my soul speak
The very instant that I saw you did
My heart fly to your service there resides
To make me slave to it and for your sake
Am I this patient log man

Mir Do you love me?

Fer O heaven O earth bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i the world
Do love prize honour you

Mir I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of

Pros Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between em!

Fer Wherefore weep you?

Mir At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give and much less take
What I shall die to want But this is trifling
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows Hence bashful cunning!
And prompt me plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife if you will marry me
If not I ll die your maid To be your fellow
You may deny me but I ll be your servant
Whether you will or no

Fer My mistress dearest
And I thus humble ever

Mir My husband then?

Fer Ay with a heart as willing
As bondage e er of freedom Here s my hand

Mir And mine with my heart in t And now farewell
Till half an hour hence

Fer A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *severally*

Pros So glad of this as they I cannot be
Who are surprised withal but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more I ll to my book
For yet ere supper time must I perform
Much business appertaining [*Exit*

SCENE II *Another part of the island*

Enter CALIBAN STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO

Ste Tell not me when the butt is out we will drink water not a drop before therefore bear up and board em Servant monster drink to me

Trin Servant monster! the folly of this island! They say there s but five upon this isle we are three of them if th other two be brained like us the state totters

Ste Drink servant monster when I bid thee Thy eyes are almost set in thy head

Trin Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed if they were set in his tail

Ste My man monster hath drown d his tongue in sack For my part the sea cannot drown me I swam ere I could recover the shore five and thirty leagues off and on By this light thou shalt be my lieutenant monster or my standard

Trin Your lieutenant if you list he s no standard

Ste We ll not run Monsieur Monster

Trin Nor go neither but you ll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither

Ste Moon-calf speak once in thy life if thou beest a good moon-calf

Cal How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe
I ll not serve him he is not valiant

Trin Thou liest most ignorant monster I am in case to justle a constable Why thou deboshed fish thou was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal Lo how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin Lord quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal Lo lo again! bite him to death I prithee

Ste Trinculo keep a good tongue in your head If you prove a mutineer—the next tree! The poor monster s my subject and he shall not suffer indignity

Cal I thank my noble lord Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste Marry, will I kneel and repeat it I will stand and so shall Trinculo

Enter ARIEL, *invisible*

Cal As I told thee before I am subject to a tyrant a sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island

Ari Thou liest

Cal Thou liest thou jesting monkey thou I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie

Ste Trinculo if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth

Trin Why, I said nothing
Ste Mum, then, and no more Proceed
Cal I say, by sorcery he got this isle,
From me he got it If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not—
Ste That's most certain
Cal Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee
Ste How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal Yea, yea, my lord I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head
Ari Thou liest, thou canst not
Cal What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him When that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are
Ste Trinculo, run into no further danger Interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock fish of thee
Trin Why, what did I? I did nothing I'll go farther off
Ste Didst thou not say he lied?
Ari Thou liest
Ste Do I so? take thou that [*Beats* TRINCULO]
As you like this, give me the lie another time
Trin I did not give the lie Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Cal Ha, ha, ha!
Ste Now, forward with your tale Prithee, stand farther off
Cal Beat him enough After a little time
I'll beat him too
Ste Stand farther Come, proceed
Cal Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books or with a log
Batter his skull or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife Remember
First to possess his books for without them
He's but a sot as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command They all do hate him
As rootedly as I Burn but his books
He has brave utensils—for so he calls them—
Which when he has a house he'll deck withal
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter he himself
Calls her a nonpareil I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she,
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least
Ste Is it so brave a lass?
Cal Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant
And bring thee forth brave brood
Ste Monster, I will kill this man His daughter and I will be king and queen—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
Trin Excellent
Ste Give me thy hand I am sorry I beat thee but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head
Cal Within this half hour will he be asleep
Wilt thou destroy him then?
Ste Ay, on mine honour
Ari This will I tell my master
Cal Thou makest me merry, I am full of pleasure
Let us be jocund Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
Ste At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason Come on Trinculo, let us sing [*Sings*]
"Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em,
Thought is free"
Cal That's not the tune
ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe*
Ste What is this same?
Trin This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody
Ste If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness If thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list
Trin O forgive me my sins!
Ste He that dies pays all debts I defy thee
Mercy upon us!
Cal Art thou afeard?
Ste No, monster, not I
Cal Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears and sometimes voices
That if I then had waked after long sleep
Will make me sleep again, and then, in dreaming
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked
I cried to dream again
Ste This will prove a brave kingdom to me where I shall have my music for nothing
Cal When Prospero is destroyed
Ste That shall be by and by I remember the story

Trin The sound is going away let s follow it and after do our work

Ste Lead, monster we ll follow I would I could see this taborer he lays it on

Trin Wilt come? I ll follow Stephano

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Another part of the island*

Enter ALONSO SEBASTIAN ANTONIO GONZALO ADRIAN FRANCISCO *and others*

Gon By r lakin I can go no further sir
My old bones ache Here s a maze trod indeed
Through forth rights and meanders! By your patience
I needs must rest me

Alon Old lord I cannot blame thee
Who am myself attach d with weariness
To the dulling of my spirits Sit down and rest
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer He is drown d
Whom thus we stray to find and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land Well let him go

Ant [*Aside to* SEBASTIAN] I am right glad that he s so out of hope
Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect

Seb [*Aside to* ANTONIO] The next advantage
Will we take throughly

Ant [*Aside to* SEBASTIAN] Let it be to-night
For now they are oppress d with travel they
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh

Seb [*Aside to* ANTONIO] I say to-night No more

Solemn and strange music

Alon What harmony is this? My good friends hark!

Gon Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO *above invisible Enter several strange Shapes bringing in a banquet they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation and inviting the* KING *&c to eat they depart*

Alon Give us kind keepers heavens! What were these?

Seb A living drollery Now I will believe
That there are unicorns that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix throne one phœnix
At this hour reigning there

Ant I ll believe both
And what does else want credit come to me,
And I ll be sworn tis true Travellers ne er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn em

Gon If in Naples
I should report this now would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders—
For certes these are people of the island—
Who though they are of monstrous shape yet note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many nay almost any

Pros [*Aside*] Honest lord
Thou hast said well for some of you there present
Are worse than devils

Alon I cannot too much muse
Such shapes such gesture and such sound expressing
Although they want the use of tongue a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse

Pros [*Aside*] Praise in departing

Fran They vanish d strangely

Seb No matter since
They have left their viands behind for we have stomachs
Will t please you taste of what is here?

Alon Not I

Gon Faith sir you need not fear When we were boys
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew lapp d like bulls whose throats had hanging at em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of

Alon I will stand to and feed
Although my last No matter since I feel
The best is past Brother my lord the Duke
Stand to and do as we

Thunder and lightning Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy claps his wings upon the table and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes*

Ari You are three men of sin whom Destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in t the never surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit you mongst men
Being most unfit to live I have made you mad
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves

ALONSO SEBASTIAN *&c draw their swords*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate The elements
Of whom your swords are temper d may as well
Wound the loud winds or with bemock'd at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume My fellow-
ministers
Are like invulnerable If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths
And will not be uplifted But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child, for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-
tures,
Against your peace Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways, whose wraths to guard you
from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing

He vanishes in thunder, then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table

Pros Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel, a grace it had, devouring
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say So, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done My high charms
work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions, they now are in my power
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd
And his and mine loved darling [*Exit above*
Gon I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon O, it is monstrous monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me and the thunder
That deep and dreadful organ pipe pronounced
The name of Prosper it did bass my trespass
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded [*Exit*
Seb But one fiend at a time
I'll fight their legions o'er
Ant I'll be thy second
[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO
Gon All three of them are desperate Their
great g[illegible]

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to
Adr Follow, I pray you [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Before Prospero's cell*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA

Pros If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thrid of mine own life,
Or that for which I live, who once again
I tender to thy hand All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love and thou
Hast strangely stood the test Here, afore Heav-
en,
I ratify this my rich gift O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her
Fer I do believe it
Against an oracle
Pros Then, as my gift and thine own acquisi-
tion
Worthily purchased, take my daughter, but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both Therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you
Fer As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place the strong'st sugges-
tion
Our worser genius can shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are found-
er'd
Or Night kept chain'd below
Pros Fairly spoke
Sit then and talk with her she is thine own
What Ariel! my ind[illegible] servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

Ari What would my potent master? here I am
Pros Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform and I must use you
In such another trick Go bring the rabble
O er whom I give thee power here to this place
Incite them to quick motion for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art It is my promise
And they expect it from me

Ari Presently?

Pros Ay with a twink

Ari Before you can say come and go
And breathe twice and cry so so
Each one, tripping on his toe
Will be here with mop and mow
Do you love me, master? No?

Pros Dearly my delicate Ariel Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call

Ari Well I conceive [*Exit*

Pros Look thou be true do not give dalliance
Too much the rein The strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i the blood Be more abstemious
Or else good night your vow!

Fer I warrant you sir
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver

Pros Well
Now come my Ariel! bring a corollary
Rather than want a spirit Appear and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent

Soft music

Enter IRIS

Iris Ceres most bounteous lady thy rich leas
Of wheat rye barley vetches oats and pease
Thy turfy mountains where live nibbling sheep
And flat meads thatch d with stover them to keep
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns and thy broom-groves
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves
Being lass lorn thy pole-clipt vineyard
And thy sea marge sterile and rocky hard
Where thou thyself dost air—the queen o the sky
Whose watery arch and messenger am I
Bids thee leave these and with her sovereign grace
Here on this grass plot *in this very place*
To come and sport here peacocks fly amain
Approach rich Ceres her to entertain

Enter CERES

Cer Hail many-colour d messenger that ne er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops refreshing showers
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb d down
Rich scarf to my proud earth why hath thy queen
Summon d me hither to this short-grass d green?

Iris A contract of true love to celebrate
And some donation freely *to estate*
On the blest lovers

Cer Tell me heavenly bow
If Venus or her son as thou dost know
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got
Her and her blind boy s scandal d company
I have forsworn

Iris Of her society
Be not afraid I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her Here thought they to have *done*
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid
Whose vows are, that no bed right shall be paid
Till Hymen s torch be lighted *but in vain*
Mar s hot minion is return d again
Her waspish headed son has broke his arrows
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out

Cer High st queen of state
Great Juno comes I know her by her gait

Enter JUNO

Juno How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour d in their issue [*They sing*]

Juno Honour riches marriage blessing
Long continuance, and increasing
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you

Cer Earth s increase foison plenty
Barns and garners never empty
Vines with clustering bunches growing
Plants with goodly burthen bowing

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you
Ceres blessing so is on you

Fer This is a most majestic vision and
Harmonious charmingly May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies
Fer Let me live here ever,
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise

JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment*

Pros Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously,
There's something else to do Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd
Iris You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons, Juno does command
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love, be not too late

Enter certain Nymphs

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry,
Make holiday, your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited, they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks, after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish*

Pros [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life, the minute of their plot
Is almost come [*To the Spirits*] Well done! avoid, no more!
Fer This is strange Your father's in some passion
That works him strongly
Mir Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd
Pros You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd be cheerful, sir
Our revels now are ended These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep Sir, I am vex'd,
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose A turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind
Fer Mir We wish your peace [*Exeunt*
Pros Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel, come

Enter ARIEL

Ari Thy thoughts I cleave to What's thy pleasure?
Pros Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban
Ari Ay, my commander When I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee
Pros Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking,
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music So I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins At last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet
Pros This was well done, my bird
Thy shape invisible retain thou still
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves
Ari I go, I go [*Exit*
Pros A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick, on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers I will plague them all,
Even to roaring

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, etc*

Come, hang them on this line

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet*

Cal Pray you tread softly that the blind mole
  may not
Hear a foot fall We now are near his cell

Ste Monster your fairy which you say is a harmless fairy has done little better than played the Jack with us

Trin Monster I do smell all horse piss at which my nose is in great indignation

Ste So is mine Do you hear monster? If I should take a displeasure against you look you—

Trin Thou wert but a lost monster

Cal Good my lord give me thy favour still
Be patient for the prize I ll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance therefore speak
  softly
All s hush d as midnight yet

Trin Ay but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Ste There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that monster but an infinite loss

Trin That s more to me than my wetting yet this is your harmless fairy monster

Ste I will fetch off my bottle though I be o er ears for my labour

Cal Prithee, my king be quiet See st thou here
This is the mouth o the cell No noise and enter
Do that good mischief which may make this is
  land
Thine own for ever and I thy Caliban
For aye thy foot licker

Ste Give me thy hand I do begin to have bloody thoughts

Trin O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal Let it alone thou fool it is but trash

Trin O ho monster! we know what belongs to a frippery O King Stephano!

Ste Put off that gown Trinculo by this hand I ll have that gown

Trin Thy grace shall have it

Cal The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
  mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let s alone
And do the murder first If he awake,
From toe to crown he ll fill our skins with
  pinches
Make us strange stuff

Ste Be you quiet monster Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line Now jerkin you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin

Trin Do do we steal by line and level an t like your Grace

Ste I thank thee for that jest here s a garment for t Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country 'Steal by line and level is an excellent pass of pate there s another garment for t

Trin Monster come, put some lime upon your fingers and away with the rest

Cal I will have none on t We shall lose our
  time
And all be turn d to barnacles or to apes
With foreheads villainous low

Ste Monster lay to your fingers Help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is or I ll turn you out of my kingdom Go to carry this

Trin And this

Ste Ay and this

A noise of hunters heard Enter divers Spirits in shapes of dogs and hounds and hunt them about PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on*

Pros Hey Mountain hey!

Ari Silver! there it goes Silver!

Pros Fury Fury! there Tyrant there! hark!
  hark! [CALIBAN STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO *are driven out*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps and more pinch spotted make
  them
Than pard or cat o mountain

Ari Hark they roar!

Pros Let them be hunted soundly At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies
Shortly shall all my labours end and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom For a little
Follow and do me service [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE 1 *Before Prospero s cell*

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes and* ARIEL

Pros Now does my project gather to a head
My charms crack not my spirits obey and time
Goes upright with his carriage How's the day?

Ari On the sixth hour at which time, my lord
You said our work should cease

Pros I did say so
When first I raised the tempest Say my spirit
How fares the King and s followers?

Ari Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them all prisoners sir
In the line-grove which weather fends your cell
They cannot budge till your release The King
His brother and yours abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them
Brimful of sorrow and dismay but chiefly
Him that you term d sir 'The good old lord,
  Gonzalo

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender

Pros Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari Mine would, sir, were I human

Pros And mine shall
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further Go release them, Ariel
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves

Ari I'll fetch them, sir [*Exit*

Pros Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back, you demi puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war, to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt, the strong based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar, graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music which even now I do
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book

Solemn music

Re-enter ARIEL *before: then* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made and there stand charmed, which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter,
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan Quickly, spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free

ARIEL *sings and helps to attire him*

Where the bee sucks there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie
There I couch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

Pros Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee
But yet thou shalt have freedom So, so, so
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place

And presently I prithee
Ari I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat {*Exit*
Gon All torment trouble wonder and amaze-
ment
Inhabits here Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pros Behold sir King
The wronged *Duke of Milan* Prospero
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee I embrace thy body
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome
Alon Whether thou be st he or no
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me
As late I have been I not know Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood and since I saw thee
The affliction of my mind amends with which
I fear a madness held me This must crave
An if this be at all a most strange story
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs But how should
Prospero
Be living and be here?
Pros First noble friend
Let me *embrace thine age* whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined
Gon Whether this be
Or be not I ll not swear
Pros You do yet taste
Some subtilties o the isle, that will not let you
Believe *things certain Welcome, my friends all!*
[*Aside to* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO] But you my
brace of lords were I so minded
I here could pluck his Highness frown upon you
And justify you traitors At this time
I will tell no tales
Seb [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him
Pros No
For you most wicked sir whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault all of them and require
My dukedom of thee which perforce, I know
Thou must restore
Alon *If thou be st Prospero*
Give us particulars of thy preservation
How thou hast met us here who three hours
since
Were wreck d upon this shore where I have
lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand
Pros I am woe for t sir
Alon Irreparable is the loss and *Patience*
Says it is past her cure
Pros I rather think
You have not sought her help of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content
Alon You the like loss!
Pros As great to me as late and supportable
To make the dear loss have I means much
weaker
Than you may call to comfort you for I
Have lost my daughter
Alon A daughter?
O heavens that they were living both in Naples
The King and Queen there! that they were I
wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies When did you lose your
daughter?
Pros In this last tempest I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth their words
Are natural breath but howsoe er you have
Been justled from your senses know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan who most
strangely
Upon this shore where you were wreck d was
landed
To be the lord on t No more *yet of this*
For tis a chronicle *of day by day*
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting Welcome sir
This cell s my court Here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad Pray you look in
My dukedom since you have given me again
I will requite you with as good a thing
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye
As much as me my dukedom

Here PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess*

Mir Sweet lord you play me *false*
Fer No my dear st love
I would not for the world
Mir Yes for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle
And I would call it fair play
Alon If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose
Seb *A most high miracle!*
Fer Though the seas threaten, they are merci
ful
I have cursed them without cause [*Kneels*]
Alon Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise and say *how thou camest here*

Mir O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros 'Tis new to thee
Alon What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal Providence she's mine
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before, of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me
Alon I am hers
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros There, sir, stop
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone
Gon I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither
Alon I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become king of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own
Alon [*To* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA] Give me your hands
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* MASTER *and* BOATSWAIN *amazedly following*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land
This fellow could not drown Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats The best news is that we have safely found
Our King and company, the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea
Ari [*Aside to* PROSPERO] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went
Pros [*Aside to* ARIEL] My tricksy spirit!
Alon These are not natural events, they strengthen
From strange to stranger Say, how came you hither?
Boats If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches,
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked, straightway, at liberty,
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither
Ari [*Aside to* PROSPERO] Was 't well done?
Pros [*Aside to* ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence
Thou shalt be free
Alon This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge
Pros Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business, at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents, till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well [*Aside to* ARIEL]
Come hither, spirit
Set Caliban and his companions free,
Untie the spell [*Exit* ARIEL] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel*

Ste Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin If these be true spies which I wear in my head here s a goodly sight

Cal O Setebos these be brave spirits indeed'
How fine my master is' I am afraid
He will chastise me

Seb Ha ha'
What things are these my lord Antonio?
Will money buy em?

Ant Very like one of them
Is a plain fish and no doubt marketable

Pros Mark but the badges of these men my lords
Then say if they be true This mis shapen knave
His mother was a witch and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs
And deal in her command without her power
These three have robb d me and this demi devil—
For he s a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life Two of these fellows you
Must know and own this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine

Cal I shall be pinch d to death

Alon Is not this Stephano my drunken butler?

Seb He is drunk now Where had he wine?

Alon And Trinculo is reeling ripe Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded em?
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that I fear me will never out of my bones I shall not fear fly blowing

Seb Why how now Stephano!

Ste O touch me not I am not Stephano but a cramp

Pros You d be king o the isle sirrah?

Ste I should have been a sore one then

Alon [*Pointing to* CALIBAN] This is a strange thing as e er I look d on

Pros He is as disproportion d in his manners
As in his shape Go sirrah, to my cell
Take with you your companions as you look
To have my pardon trim it handsomely

Cal Ay that I will and I ll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

Pros Go to away!

Alon Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it

Seb Or stole it rather

[*Exeunt* CALIBAN STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO

Pros Sir I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell where you shall take your rest
For this one night which part of it I ll waste
With such discourse as I not doubt shall make it
Go quick away the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle And in the morn
I ll bring you to your ship and so to Naples
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear beloved solemnized
And thence retire me to my Milan where
Every third thought shall be my grave

Alon I long
To hear the story of your life which must
Take the ear strangely

Pros I ll deliver all
And promise you calm seas auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off [*Aside to* ARIEL] My Ariel chick
That is thy charge Then to the elements
Be free and fare thou well! Please you draw near [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o erthrown
And what strength I have s mine own
Which is most faint Now tis true,
I must be here confined by you
Or sent to Naples Let me not
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon d the deceiver dwell
In this bare island by your spell
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill or else my project fails
Which was to please Now I want
Spirits to enforce art to enchant
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults
As you from crimes would pardon d be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

The Famous History of the Life of KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH
CARDINAL WOLSEY
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS
CAPUCIUS, *ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*
DUKE OF NORFOLK
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
DUKE OF SUFFOLK
EARL OF SURREY
LORD CHAMBERLAIN
LORD CHANCELLOR
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN
LORD ABERGAVENNY
LORD SANDS
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
SIR THOMAS LOVELL
SIR ANTHONY DENNY
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX
TWO SECRETARIES *to Wolsey*
CROMWELL, *servant to Wolsey*
GRIFFITH, *gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine*
THREE GENTLEMEN
DOCTOR BUTTS, *physician to the King*
GARTER KING-AT-ARMS
SURVEYOR *to the Duke of Buckingham*
BRANDON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
DOOR-KEEPER *of the Council-chamber*
PORTER
MAN, *to the Porter*
PAGE *to Gardiner*
A CRIER
A MESSENGER
A SCRIBE
A SERVANT *to Wolsey*

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen*
AN OLD LADY, *friend to Anne Bullen*
PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine*

NON-SPEAKING: *Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending on the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, Attendants, and Six Spirits appearing to Queen Katharine*

SCENE: *London; Westminster; and Kimbolton*



THE PROLOGUE

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK *at one door; at the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your Grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck An untimely ague
Stay d me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory those two lights of men
Met in the vale of Andren
Nor Twixt Guynes and Arde
I was then present saw them salute on horse-
back
Beheld them when they lighted how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together
Which had they what four throned ones could
have weigh d
Such a compounded one?
Buck All the whole time
I was my chamber s prisoner
Nor Then you lost
The view of earthly glory Men might say
Till this time pomp was single but now married
To one above itself Each following day
Became the next day s master till the last
Made former wonders its To-day the French
All clinquant all in gold like heathen gods
Shone down the English and to-morrow they
Made Britain India every man that stood
Show d like a mine Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins all gilt the madams too
Not used to toil did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them that their very labour
Was to them as a painting Now this masque
Was cried incomparable and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar The two kings
Equal in lustre were now best now worst
As presence did present them him in eye,
Still him in praise and being present both
'Twas said they saw but one and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure When these
suns—
For so they phrase em—by their heralds chal
lenged
The noble spirits to arms they did perform
Beyond thought s compass that former fabulous
story
Being now seen possible enough got credit
That Bevis was believed
Buck O you go far
Nor As I belong to worship and affect
In honour honesty the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life
Which action s self was tongue to All was royal
To the disposing of it nought rebell d
Order gave each thing view the office did
Distinctly *his full function.*
Buck Who did guide
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together as you guess?
Nor One, certes that promises no element
In such a business
Buck I pray you who my lord?
Nor All this was order d by the good discre-
tion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York
Buck The devil speed him! No man s pie is
freed
From his ambitious finger What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o the beneficial sun
And keep it from the earth
Nor Surely sir
There s in him stuff that puts him to these ends
For being not propp d by ancestry whose grace
Chalks successors their way nor call d upon
For high feats done to the crown neither allied
To eminent assistants but spider like,
Out of his self-drawing web he gives us note
The force of his own merit makes his way
A gift that heaven gives for him which buys
A place next to the King
Aber I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him—let some graver
eye
Pierce into that but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him Whence has he
that
If not from hell? the devil is a niggard
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself
Buck Why the devil
Upon this French going out took he upon him,
Without the privity o the King to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon an This own letter
The honourable board of council out
Must fetch him in the papers
Aber I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at *the least that have*
By this so sicken d their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly
Buck O many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
em
For this great journey What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor Grievingly I think
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it
Buck Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd was
A thing inspired and, not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy that this tempest

Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't

Nor Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux

Aber Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor Marry, is 't

Aber A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!

Buck Why, all this business
Our reverend Cardinal carried

Nor Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together, to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power You know his nature,
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge, it s long and, 't may be said,
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and* TWO SECRETARIES *with papers The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain*

Wol The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

1st Secr Here, so please you

Wol Is he in person ready?

1st Secr Ay, please your Grace

Wol Well, we shall then know more, and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look

[*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and his train*

Buck This butcher's cur is venom mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood

Nor What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance, that s the appliance only
Which your disease requires

Buck I read in s looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object At this instant
He bores me with some trick He's gone to the King,
I'll follow and outstare him

Nor Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him Not a man in England
Can advise me like you, be to yourself
As you would to your friend

Buck I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons

Nor Be advised,
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till t run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion

Buck Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription But this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous

Nor Say not "treasonous"

Buck To the King I'll say 't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock Attend This holy fox
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform t, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing

Nor Faith, and so it did

Buck Pray, give me favour, sir This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased and they were ratified
As he cried "Thus let be" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead But our count-cardinal

Has done this and tis well for worthy Wolsey
Who cannot err he did it Now this follows—
Which as I take it is a kind of puppy
To the old dam treason—Charles the Emperor
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt—
For twas indeed his colour but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice for from this league
Peep d harms that menaced him He privily
Deals with our Cardinal and as I trow—
Which I do well for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ere he promised whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask d but when the way was made,
And paved with gold the Emperor thus desired
That he would please to alter the King s course
And break the foresaid peace Let the King know
As soon he shall by me that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases
And for his own advantage

Nor I am sorry
To hear this of him and could wish he were
Something mistaken in t

Buck No not a syllable
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof

Enter BRANDON *a* SERGEANT AT ARMS *before him, and two or three of the Guard*

Bran Your office, sergeant execute it

Serg Sir
My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
Of Hereford Stafford and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign King

Buck Lo you my lord
The net has fall n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice

Bran I am sorry
To see you ta en from liberty to look on
The business present 'Tis his Highness pleasure
You shall to the Tower

Buck It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey
O my Lord Abergavenny fare you well!

Bran Nay he must bear you company The King [*To* ABERGAVENNY]
Is pleased you shall to the Tower till you know
How he determines further

Aber As the Duke said,
The will of heaven be done and the King s pleasure
By me obey d!

Bran Here is a warrant from
The King to attach Lord Montacute and the bodies
Of the Duke s confessor John de la Car
One Gilbert Peck his chancellor—

Buck So so
These are the limbs o the plot No more I hope

Bran A monk o the Chartreux

Buck O Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran He

Buck My surveyor is false the o er great Cardinal
Hath show d him gold my life is spann d already
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun My lord farewell

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same the council chamber*

Cornets Enter the KING *leaning on the* CARDINAL S *shoulder the Nobles and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL *the* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING S *feet on his right side*

King My life itself and the best heart of it
Thanks you for this great care I stood i the level
Of a full charged confederacy and give thanks
To you that choked it Let be call d before us
That gentleman of Buckingham s in person
I ll hear him his confessions justify
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate

A noise within crying Room for the Queen! *Enter* QUEEN KATHARINE *ushered by the* DUKE OF NORFOLK *and the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK *she kneels The* KING *riseth from his state takes her up kisses and placeth her by him*

Q Kath Nay we must longer kneel I am a suitor

King Arise and take place by us Half your suit
Never name to us you have half our power
The other moiety ere you ask is given
Repeat your will and take it

Q Kath Thank your Majesty
That you would love yourself and in that love
Not unconsider d leave your honour nor
The dignity of your office is the point
Of my petition

King Lady mine proceed

Q Kath I am solicited, not by a few

And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties, wherein, although,
My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion

Nor Not almost appears,
It doth appear, for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them

King Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me

Q Kath No, my lord,
You know no more than others, but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note they are
Most pestilent to the hearing, and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load They say
They are devised by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation

King Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q Kath I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance to be levied
Without delay and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France This makes bold mouths
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them, their curses now
Live where their prayers did, and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business

King By my life,
This is against our pleasure

Wol And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow d, what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only

King Things done well,
And with a care exempt themselves from fear,
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear d Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any
We must not rend our subjects from our laws
And stick them in our will Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop bark and part o the timber,
And though we leave it with a root thus hack d,
The air will drink the sap To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission Pray, look to t,
I put it to your care

Wol A word with you

To the SECRETARY

Let there be letters writ to every shire
Of the King s grace and pardon The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement

And pardon comes I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding [*Exit* SECRETARY

Enter SURVEYOR

Q Kath I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure
King It grieves many
The gentleman is learn d and a most rare speaker
To nature none more bound his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers
And never seek for aid out of himself Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed the mind growing once corrupt
They turn to vicious forms ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair This man so complete
Who was enroll d mongst wonders and when we,
Almost with ravish d listening could not find
His hour of speech a minute he my lady
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his and is become as black
As if besmear d in hell Sit by us you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad Bid him recount
The fore recited practices whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much
Wol Stand forth and with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a careful subject have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham
King Speak freely
Surv First it was usual with him every day
It would infect his speech that if the King
Should without issue die, he ll carry it so
To make the sceptre his These very words
I ve heard him utter to his son in law
Lord Abergavenny to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the Cardinal
Wol Please your Highness note
This dangerous conception in this point
Not friended by his wish to your high person
His will is most malignant and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends
Q Kath My learn d lord Cardinal
Deliver all with charity
King Speak on
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins
King What was that Hopkins?
Surv Sir a Chartreux friar
His confessor who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty
King How know st thou this?
Surv Not long before your Highness sped to France
The Duke being at the Rose within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey I replied
Men fear d the French would prove perfidious
To the King s danger Presently the Duke
Said twas the fear indeed and that he doubted
Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk that oft says he,
Hath sent to me wishing me to permit
John de la Car my chaplain a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment
Whom after under the confession s seal
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued Neither the King nor s heirs
Tell you the Duke shall prosper Bid him strive
To gain the love o the commonalty The Duke
Shall govern England
Q Kath If I know you well
You were the Duke s surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o the tenants Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul I say take heed
Yes heartily beseech you
King Let him on
Go forward
Surv On my soul I ll speak but truth
I told my lord the Duke by the devil s illusions
The monk might be deceived and that twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far until
It forged him some design which being believed,
It was much like to do He answer d Tush
It can do me no damage adding further
That had the King in his last sickness fail d
The Cardinal s and Sir Thomas Lovell s heads
Should have gone off
King Ha! what so rank? Ah ha!
There s mischief in this man Canst thou say further?
Surv I can my liege
King Proceed
Surv Being at Greenwich,
After your Highness had reproved the Duke

About Sir William Bulmer—
King I remember
Of such a time Being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain'd him his But on, what hence?
Surv "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard, who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him"
King A giant traitor!
Wol Now, madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q Kath God mend all!
King There's something more would out of thee, what say'st?
Surv After "the Duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was—were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose
King There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us He is attach'd,
Call him to present trial If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his, if none,
Let him not seek 't of us By day and night,
He's traitor to the height [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *An antechamber in the palace*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN *and* LORD SANDS

Cham Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous
Nay, let 'em be unmanly yet are follow'd
Cham As far as I see all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face, but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius they keep state so
Sands They have all new legs, and lame ones One would take it
That never saw 'em pace before the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em
Cham Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate
Cham What is 't for?
Lov The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors
Cham I'm glad 'tis there Now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise
And never see the Louvre
Lov They must either,
For so run the conditions leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows There, I take it,
They may, "*cum privilegio*," wear away
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at
Sands 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching
Cham What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords The sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies,
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow
Sands The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going
For, sure there's no converting of 'em Now
An honest country lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song
And have an hour of hearing, and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too
Cham Well said, Lord Sands,
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet
Sands No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump
Cham Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov To the Cardinal's,
Your lordship is a guest too

Cham O tis true
This night he makes a supper and a great one,
To many lords and ladies there will be
The beauty of this kingdom I ll assure you
Lov That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us
His dews fall everywhere
Cham No doubt he s noble
He had a black mouth that said other of him
Sands He may my lord has wherewithal in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine
Men of his way should be most liberal
They are set here for examples
Cham True they are so
But few now give so great ones My barge stays
Your lordship shall along Come good Sir Thomas
We shall be late else which I would not be
For I was spoke to with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers
Sands I am your lordship s *[Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A Hall in York Place*

Hautboys A small table under a state for the CARDINAL *a longer table for the guests Then enter* ANNE BULLEN *and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests at one door at another door enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD

Guild Ladies a general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all this night he dedicates
To fair content and you None here he hopes
In all this noble bevy has brought with her
One care abroad he would have all as merry
As first good company good wine good welcome
Can make good people O my lord you re tardy

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN LORD SANDS *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp d wings to me
Cham You are young Sir Harry Guildford
Sands Sir Thomas Lovell had the Cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested
I think would better please em By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones
Lov O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands I would I were
They should find easy penance
Lov Faith how easy?
Sands As easy as a down bed would afford it
Cham Sweet ladies will it please you sit? Sir Harry
Place you that side I ll take the charge of this
His Grace is entering Nay you must not freeze
Two women placed together makes cold weather
My Lord Sands you are one will keep em waking
Pray sit between these ladies
Sands By my faith,
And thank your lordship By your leave sweet ladies
If I chance to talk a little wild forgive me
I had it from my father
Anne Was he mad sir?
Sands O very mad exceeding mad in love too
But he would bite none just as I do now
He would kiss you twenty with a breath
Kisses her
Cham Well said my lord
So now you re fairly seated Gentlemen
The penance lies on you if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning
Sands For my little cure
Let me alone

Hautboys Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY *and takes his state*

Wol You re welcome my fair guests That noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend This to confirm my welcome
And to you all good health *[Drinks]*
Sands Your Grace is noble
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks
And save me so much talking
Wol My Lord Sands
I am beholding to you cheer your neighbours
Ladies you are not merry Gentlemen
Whose fault is this?
Sands The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks my lord then we shall have em
Talk us to silence
Anne You are a merry gamester
My Lord Sands
Sands Yes if I make my play
Here s to your ladyship and pledge it madam,
For tis to such a thing—
Anne You cannot show me
Sands I told your Grace they would talk anon
Drum and trumpet chambers discharged
Wol What s that?
Cham Look out there, some of ye
[Exit SERVANT

Wol What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not,
By all the laws of war you're privileged

Re-enter SERVANT

Cham How now! what is 't?
Serv A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem They've left their barge and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes
Wol Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French tongue,
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them Some attend him

[*Exit* CHAMBERLAIN, *attended All rise, and tables removed*

You have now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it
A good digestion to you all And once more
I shower a welcome on ye, welcome all

Hautboys Enter the KING *and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em
Wol Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace, for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures

They choose Ladies for the dance The KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN

King The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!

Music Dance

Wol My lord!
Cham Your Grace?
Wol Pray, tell 'em thus much from me
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it
Cham I will, my lord

Whispers the Masquers

Wol What say they?
Cham Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it
Wol Let me see, then
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice
King Ye have found him, Cardinal

Unmasking

You hold a fair assembly, you do well, lord
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily
Wol I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant
King My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither What fair lady's that?
Cham An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter—
The Viscount Rochford—one of her Highness' women
King By heaven, she is a dainty one Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round
Wol Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov Yes, my lord
Wol Your Grace,
I fear with dancing is a little heated
King I fear, too much
Wol There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber
King Lead in your ladies, every one Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you, let's be merry
Good my lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour Let the music knock it

[*Exeunt with trumpets*

ACT II

SCENE I *Westminster a street*

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN, *meeting*

1st Gent Whither away so fast?
2nd Gent O, God save

Even to the hall to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham

1st Gent I'll save you
That labour sir All's now done but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner

2nd Gent Were you there?

1st Gent Yes indeed was I

2nd Gent Pray speak what has happen'd

1st Gent You may guess quickly what

2nd Gent Is he found guilty?

1st Gent Yes truly is he and condemn'd upon't

2nd Gent I am sorry for't

1st Gent So are a number more

2nd Gent But pray how pass'd it?

1st Gent I'll tell you in a little The great Duke
Came to the bar where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law
The King's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations proofs confessions
Of divers witnesses which the Duke desired
To have brought *viva voce* to his face
At which appear'd against him his surveyor
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor and John Car
Confessor to him with that devil monk
Hopkins that made this mischief

2nd Gent That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

1st Gent The same
All these accused him strongly which he fain
Would have flung from him but indeed he could not
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason Much
He spoke and learnedly for life but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten

2nd Gent After all this how did he bear himself?

1st Gent When he was brought again to the bar to hear
His knell rung out his judgement he was stirr'd
With such an agony he sweat extremely
And something spoke in choler ill and hasty
But he fell to himself again and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience

2nd Gent I do not think he fears death

1st Gent Sure he does not
He never was so womanish The cause
He may a little grieve at

2nd Gent Certainly
The Cardinal is the end of this

1st Gent 'Tis likely
By all conjectures first Kildare's attainder
Then deputy of Ireland who removed
Earl Surrey was sent thither and in haste too
Lest he should help his father

2nd Gent That trick of state
Was a deep envious one

1st Gent At his return
No doubt he will require it This is noted
And generally whoever the King favours
The Cardinal instantly will find employment
And far enough from court too

2nd Gent All the commons
Hate him perniciously and o' my conscience
Wish him ten fathom deep This Duke as much
They love and dote on call him bounteous Buckingham
The mirror of all courtesy—

1st Gent Stay there, sir
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment, tipstaves before him the axe with the edge towards him halberds on each side accompanied with* SIR THOMAS LOVELL SIR NICHOLAS VAUX SIR WILLIAM SANDS *and common people*

2nd Gent Let's stand close and behold him

Buck All good people
You that thus far have come to pity me
Hear what I say and then go home and lose me
I have this day received a traitor's judgement
And by that name must die Yet heaven bear witness
And if I have a conscience let it sink me
Even as the axe falls if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death
'T has done upon the premises but justice
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians
Be what they will I heartily forgive 'em
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em
For further life in this world I ne'er hope
Nor will I sue although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows whom to leave
Is only bitter to him only dying
Go with me like good angels to my end
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
And lift my soul to heaven Lead on, o' God's name

Lov I do beseech your Grace for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me now to forgive me frankly

Buck Sir Thomas Lovell I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven I forgive all

There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with No
black envy
Shall mark my grave Commend me to his Grace,
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven My vows and
prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov To the water side I must conduct your
Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end

Vaux Prepare there,
The Duke is coming See the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person

Buck Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone, my state now will but mock me
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable
And Duke of Buckingham, now, poor Edward
Bohun
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant I now seal it,
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan
for 't
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell, God s peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one, which makes
me
A little happier than my wretched father
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved
most
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all, yet you that hear me
This from a dying man receive as certain
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose, for those you make
friends
And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye All good peo-
ple,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye The last
hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me
Farewell!
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell I have done, and God forgive
me! [*Exeunt* DUKE *and Train*

1st Gent O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors

2nd Gent If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe Yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this

1st Gent Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

2nd Gent This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
quire
A strong faith to conceal it

1st Gent Let me have it,
I do not talk much

2nd Gent I am confident,
You shall sir Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Katharine?

1st Gent Yes, but it held not,
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it

2nd Gent But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now, for it grows again
Fresher than e er it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen possess d him with a scruple
That will undo her To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately,
As all think, for this business

1st Gent 'Tis the Cardinal,
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor
For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed

2nd Gent I think you have hit the mark, but is 't
not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The Car-
dinal
Will have his will, and she must fall

1st Gent 'Tis woeful
We are too open here to argue this,
Let s think in private more [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *An ante-chamber in the palace*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN *reading a letter*

Cham My lord the horses your lordship sent for with all the care I had I saw well chosen ridden and furnished They were young and handsome and of the best breed in the north When they were ready to set out for London a man of my Lord Cardinal s by commission and main power took em from me with this reason His master would be served before a subject if not before the King which stopped our mouths sir
I fear he will indeed Well let him have them
He will have all I think

Enter to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN *the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK

Nor Well met my Lord Chamberlain
Cham Good day to both your Graces
Suf How is the King employ d?
Cham I left him private
Full of sad thoughts and troubles
Nor What s the cause?
Cham It seems the marriage with his brother s wife
Has crept too near his conscience
Suf No his conscience
Has crept too near another lady
Nor Tis so
This is the Cardinal s doing the king cardinal
That blind priest like the eldest son of Fortune
Turns what he list The King will know him one day
Suf Pray God he do! He ll never know himself else
Nor How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for now he has crack d the league
Between us and the Emperor the Queen s great nephew
He dives into the King s soul and there scatters
Dangers doubts wringing of the conscience
Fears and despairs and all these for his marriage
And out of all these to restore the King
He counsels a divorce a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck yet never lost her lustre
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the King And is not this course pious?
Cham Heaven keep me from such counsel! Tis most true
These news are everywhere every tongue speaks em
And every true heart weeps for t All that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end
The French king s sister Heaven will one day open
The King s eyes that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man
Suf And free us from his slavery
Nor We had need pray
And heartily for our deliverance
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages All men s honours
Lie like one lump before him to be fashion d
Into what pitch he please
Suf For me my lords
I love him not nor fear him there s my creed
As I am made without him so I ll stand
If the King please his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike they re breath I not believe in
I knew him and I know him so I leave him
To him that made him proud the Pope
Nor Let s in
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him
My lord you ll bear us company?
Cham Excuse me
The king has sent me otherwhere besides
You ll find a most unfit time to disturb him
Health to your lordships
Nor Thanks my good Lord Chamberlain

[*Exit* LORD CHAMBERLAIN *and the* KING *draws the curtain and sits reading pensively*

Suf How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted
King Who s there ha?
Nor Pray God he be not angry
King Who s there I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne er meant Our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate in which we come
To know your royal pleasure
King Ye are too bold
Go to I ll make ye know your times of business
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ha?

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS *with a commission*

Who s there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolsey
The quiet of my wounded conscience

Thou art a cure fit for a king [*To* CAMPEIUS] You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom,
Use us and it [*To* WOLSEY] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker

Wol Sir, you cannot
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference

King [*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK] We are busy, go

Nor [*Aside to* SUFFOLK] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf [*Aside to* NORFOLK] Not to speak of
I would not be so sick though for his place
But this cannot continue

Nor [*Aside to* SUFFOLK] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him

Suf [*Aside to* NORFOLK] I another

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK

Wol Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom
Who can be angry now? What envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness

King And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for

Cam Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble To your Highness' hand
I tender my commission, by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding you my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business

King Two equal men The Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come Where's Gardiner?

Wol I know your Majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her

King Ay, and the best she shall have, and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary
I find him a fit fellow [*Exit* WOLSEY

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER

Wol [*Aside to* GARDINER] Give me your hand
Much joy and favour to you,
You are the King's now

Gard [*Aside to* WOLSEY] But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has raised me

King Come hither Gardiner
Walks and whispers

Cam My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol Yes, he was

Cam Was he not held a learned man?

Wol Yes, surely

Cam Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal

Wol How! of me?

Cam They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still, which so grieved him
That he ran mad and died

Wol Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough, for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous That good fellow,
If I command him follows my appointment
I will have none so near else Learn this brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons

King Deliver this with modesty to the Queen
[*Exit* GARDINER
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars,
There ye shall meet about this weighty business
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an* OLD LADY

Anne Not for that neither Here's the pang that pinches,

His highness having lived so long with her and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her by my life,
She never knew harm-doing O now after
So many courses of the sun enthroned
Still growing in a majesty and pomp the which
To leave a thousand fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster

Old L Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her

Anne O God s will! much better
She ne er had known pomp Though t be temporal
Yet if that quarrel fortune do divorce
It from the bearer tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body s severing

Old L Alas poor lady!
She s a stranger now again

Anne So much the more
Must pity drop upon her Verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk d up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow

Old L Our content
Is our best having

Anne By my troth and maidenhead
I would not be a queen

Old L Beshrew me I would
And venture maidenhead for t and so would you
For all this spice of your hypocrisy
You that have so fair parts of woman on you
Have too a woman s heart which ever yet
Affected eminence wealth sovereignty
Which to say sooth, are blessings and which gifts
Saving your mincing the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive
If you might please to stretch it

Anne Nay good troth

Old L Yes troth and troth you would not be a queen?

Anne No not for all the riches under heaven

Old L. 'Tis strange A three pence bow d would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it But I pray you
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne No in truth

Old L Then you are weakly made Pluck off a little
I would not be a young count in your way
For more than blushing comes to If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen tis too weak
Ever to get a boy

Anne How you do talk!
I swear again I would not be a queen
For all the world

Old L In faith for little England
You d venture an emballing I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire although there long d
No more to the crown but that Lo who comes here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Good morrow ladies What were t worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne My good lord,
Not your demand it values not your asking
Our mistress sorrows we were pitying

Cham It was a gentle business and becoming
The action of good women There is hope
All will be well

Anne Now I pray God amen!

Cham You bear a gentle mind and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures That you may fair lady
Perceive I speak sincerely and high note s
Ta en of your many virtues the King s Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke to which title
A thousand pound a year annual support
Out of his grace he adds

Anne I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should render
More than my all is nothing nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow d nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return Beseech your lordship
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness
Whose health and royalty I pray for

Cham Lady
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you [*Aside*] I have perused her well
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the King and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? I ll to the King
And say I spoke with you

[*Exit* LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Anne My honour d lord

Old L Why, this it is, see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds, and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it

Anne This is strange to me

Old L How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt Have you heard it?

Anne Come, you are pleasant

Old L With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises moe thousands, Honour s train
Is longer than his foreskirt By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot It faints me,
To think what follows
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her

Old L What do you think me?
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A hall in Black-Friars*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands, next them, two SCRIBES, *in the habit of doctors, after them, the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *alone, after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH, *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat, then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross, then a Gentleman usher, bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace, then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars, after them, side by side, the two* CARDINALS, *two Noblemen with the sword and mace The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state, the two* CARDINALS *sit under him as judges The* QUEEN *takes place some distance from the* KING *The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory, below them, the Scribes The Lords sit next the Bishops The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage*

Wol Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded

King What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd,
You may, then, spare that time

Wol Be't so Proceed

Scribe Say, Henry King of England, come into the court

Crier Henry King of England, &c

King Here

Scribe Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court

Crier Katharine Queen of England, &c

The QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet, then speaks*

Q Kath Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me, for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure
That thus you should proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife in this obedience
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person in God s name,
Turn me away, and let the foul st contempt
Shut door upon me and so give me up

To the sharp st kind of justice Please you sir
The King your father was reputed for
A prince most prudent of an excellent
And unmatch d wit and judgement Ferdinand
My father King of Spain was reckon d one
The wisest prince that there had reign d by many
A year before It is not to be question d
That they had gather d a wise council to them
Of every realm that did debate this business
Who deem d our marriage lawful wherefore I humbly
Beseech you sir to spare me till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised whose counsel
I will implore If not i the name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill d!

Wol You have here, lady
And of your choice these reverend fathers men
Of singular integrity and learning
Yea the elect o the land who are assembled
To plead your cause It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court as well
For your own quiet as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King

Cam His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly therefore madam
It s fit this royal session do proceed
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard

Q Kath Lord Cardinal
To you I speak

Wol Your pleasure madam?

Q Kath Sir
I am about to weep but thinking that
We are a queen or long have dream d so certain
The daughter of a king my drops of tears
I ll turn to sparks of fire

Wol Be patient yet

Q Kath I will when you are humble nay before
Or God will punish me I do believe
Induced by potent circumstances that
You are mine enemy and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me
Which God s dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe and think not
At all a friend to truth

Wol I do profess
You speak not like yourself who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display d the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O ertopping woman s power Madam you do me wrong
I have no spleen against you nor injustice
For you or any How far I have proceeded
Or how far further shall is warranted
By a commission from the consistory
Yea the whole consistory of Rome You charge me
That I have blown this coal I do deny it
The King is present if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed how may he wound
And worthily my falsehood! yea as much
As you have done my truth If he know
That I am free of your report he knows
I am not of your wrong Therefore in him
It lies to cure me and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you the which before
His Highness shall speak in I do beseech
You gracious madam to unthink your speaking
And to say so no more

Q Kath My lord my lord
I am a simple woman much too weak
To oppose your cunning You re meek and humble mouth d
You sign your place and calling in full seeming
With meekness and humility but your heart
Is cramm d with arrogancy spleen and pride
You have by fortune and his Highness favours
Gone slightly o er low steps and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers and your words
Domestics to you serve your will as t please
Yourself pronounce their office I must tell you
You tender more your person s honour than
Your high profession spiritual that again
I do refuse you for my judge and here
Before you all appeal unto the Pope
To bring my whole cause fore his Holiness
And to be judged by him

She curtsies to the KING and offers to depart

Cam The Queen is obstinate
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it and
Disdainful to be tried by t Tis not well
She s going away

King Call her again

Crier Katharine Queen of England, come into the court

Grif Madam you are call d back

Q Kath What need you note it? pray you keep your way
When you are call d return Now the Lord help
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on
I will not tarry no nor ever more

Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts
[Exeunt QUEEN, *and her Attendants*
King Go thy ways, Kate
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that Thou art alone
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens She's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me
Wol Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
King My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you, yea, upon mine honour
I free you from 't You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs
Bark when their fellows do By some of these
The Queen is put in anger You're excused,
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired
It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point
And thus far clear him Now, what moved me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention
Then mark the inducement Thus it came, give heed to 't
My conscience first received a tenderness
Scruple and prick on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary I' the progress of this business
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the Bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast, which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution First, methought
I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead, for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them Hence I took a thought
This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together, that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln, you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you
Lin Very well my liege
King I have spoke long Be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me
Lin So please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't
And consequence of dread that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here
King I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals Therefore go on
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen but the sharp thorny points

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward
Prove but our marriage lawful by my life
And kingly dignity we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her
Katharine our queen before the primest creature
That s paragon d o the world
Cam So please your Highness
The Queen being absent tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness
King [*Aside*] I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome
My learn d and well beloved servant Cranmer
Prithee return With thy approach I know
My comfort comes along Break up the court!
I say set on
[*Exeunt in manner as they entered*

ACT III

SCENE I *London The Queen s apartments*

The QUEEN *and her women as at work*

Q Kath Take thy lute wench my soul grows sad with troubles
Sing and disperse em if thou canst Leave working

SONG

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring

Everything that heard him play
Even the billows of the sea
Hung their heads and then lay by
In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep or hearing die

Enter a GENTLEMAN

Q Kath How now!
Gent An t please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence
Q Kath Would they speak with me?
Gent They will d me say so madam
Q Kath Pray their Graces
To come near [*Exit* GENTLEMAN] What can be their business
With me a poor weak woman fall n from favour?
I do not like their coming Now I think on t
They should be good men their affairs as righteous
But all hoods make not monks

Enter the two CARDINALS WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS

Wol Peace to your Highness!
Q Kath Your Graces find me here part of a housewife
I would be all against the worst may happen
What are your pleasures with me reverend lords?
Wol May it please you noble madam to withdraw
Into your private chamber we shall give you
The full cause of our coming
Q Kath Speak it here
There s nothing I have done yet o' my conscience
Deserves a corner Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords I care not so much I am happy
Above a number if my actions
Were tried by every tongue every eye saw em,
Envy and base opinion set against em
I know my life so even If your business
Seek me out and that way I am wife in
Out with it boldly Truth loves open dealing
Wol *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas regina serenissima—*
Q Kath O good my lord no Latin
I am not such a truant since my coming
As not to know the language I have lived in
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange suspicious
Pray speak in English Here are some will thank you
If you speak truth for their poor mistress sake
Believe me, she has had much wrong Lord Cardinal
The willing st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English
Wol Noble lady
I am sorry my integrity should breed
And service to his Majesty and you
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant
We come not by the way of accusation
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow
You have too much, good lady but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you and to deliver
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause

Cam Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal, and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel
Q Kath [*Aside*] To betray me —
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour—
More near my life, I fear—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not I was set at work
Among my maids full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business
For her sake that I have been—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!
Wol Madam, you wrong the King's love with these fears
Your hopes and friends are infinite
Q Kath In England
But little for my profit Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to live not here
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords
Cam I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel
Q Kath How, sir?
Cam Put your main cause into the King's protection,
He's loving and most gracious 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause,
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgraced
Wol He tells you rightly
Q Kath Ye tell me what ye wish for both—my ruin
Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet, there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt
Cam Your rage mistakes us
Q Kath The more shame for ye Holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul two reverend cardinal virtues,
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity, but say, I warn'd ye
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye
Wol Madam, this is a mere distraction,
You turn the good we offer into envy
Q Kath Ye turn me into nothing Woe upon ye
And all such false professors! Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this
Cam Your fears are worse
Q Kath Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? loved him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well lords
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour a great patience
Wol Madam, you wander from the good we aim at
Q Kath My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to Nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities
Wol Pray, hear me
Q Kath Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts
What will become of me now wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living
Alas poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!

Shipwreck d upon a kingdom where no pity
No friends no hope no kindred weep for me
Almost no grave allow d me Like the lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourish d
I ll hang my head and perish

Wol If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest
You d feel more comfort Why should we good lady
Upon what cause wrong you? alas our places
The way of our profession is against it
We are to cure such sorrows not to sow em
For goodness sake consider what you do
How you may hurt yourself ay utterly
Grow from the King s acquaintance by this carriage
The hearts of princes kiss obedience
So much they love it but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible as storms
I know you have a gentle noble temper
A soul as even as a calm Pray think us
Those we profess peace-makers friends and servants

Cam Madam you ll find it so You wrong your virtues
With these weak women s fears A noble spirit
As yours was put into you ever casts
Such doubts as false coin from it The King loves you
Beware you lose it not For us if you please
To trust us in your business we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service

Q Kath Do what ye will my lords and pray forgive me
If I have used myself unmannerly
You know I am a woman lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons
Pray do my service to his Majesty
He has my heart yet and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life Come reverend fathers
Bestow your counsels on me She now begs
That little thought when she set footing here
She should have bought her dignities so dear

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Ante-chamber to the King s apartment*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK *the* EARL OF SURREY *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Nor If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them If you omit
The offer of this time I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces
With these you bear already

Sur I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father in law, the Duke
To be revenged on him

Suf Which of the peers
Have uncontemn d gone by him or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham My lords you speak your pleasures
What he deserves of you and me I know
What we can do to him though now the time
Gives way to us I much fear If you cannot
Bar his access to the King never attempt
Anything on him for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in s tongue

Nor O fear him not
His spell in that is out The King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language No he s settled
Not to come off in his displeasure

Sur Sir
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour

Nor Believe it this is true
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy

Sur How came
His practices to light?

Suf Most strangely

Sur O how how?

Suf The Cardinal s letters to the Pope miscarried
And came to the eye o the King wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgement o the divorce for if
It did take place, I do quoth he perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen s Lady Anne Bullen

Sur Has the King this?

Suf Believe it

Sur Will this work?

Cham The King in this perceives him how he coasts
And hedges his own way But in this point
All his tricks founder and he brings his physic
After his patient s death The King already
Hath married the fair lady

Sur Would he had!

Suf May you be happy in your wish, my lord
For I profess you have it

Sur Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf My amen to 't!
Nor All men's!
Suf There's order given for her coronation
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized
Sur But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor Marry, amen!
Suf No, no,
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome, hath ta'en no leave,
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot I do assure you
The King cried "Ha!" at this
Cham Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!
Nor But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation Katharine no more
Shall be call d Queen, but Princess Dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur
Nor This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business
Suf He has, and we shall see him
For it an archbishop
Nor So I hear
Suf 'Tis so
The Cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL

Nor Observe, observe, he s moody
Wol The packet Cromwell,
Gave 't you the King?
Crom To his own hand in s bedchamber
Wol Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom Presently
He did unseal them and the first he view d,
He did it with a serious mind a heed
Was in his countenance You he bade
Attend him here this morning
Wol Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom I think, by this he is
Wol Leave me awhile [*Exit* CROMWELL
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister, he shall marry her
Anne Bullen! No, I ll no Anne Bullens for him,
There's more in 't than fair visage Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor He's discontented
Suf May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him
Sur Sharp enough,
Lord for thy justice!
Wol [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight s daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause that she should lie i the bosom of
Our hard ruled king Again there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl d into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle
Nor He is vex'd at something
Sur I would twere something that would fret the string
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter the KING, *reading of a schedule, and* LOVELL

Suf The King, the King!
King What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i the name of thrift
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords
Saw you the Cardinal?
Nor My lord we have
Stood here observing him Some strange commotion
Is in his brain he bites his lip and starts,
Stops on a sudden looks upon the ground
Then lays his finger on his temple straight
Springs out into fast gait then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself
King It may well be,
There is a mutiny in s mind This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,

As I required; and wot you what I found
There—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It's Heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.
King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
KING *takes his seat; whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to the* CARDINAL
Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your Highness!
King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
King. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. Read o'er this;
Giving him papers
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit* KING, *frowning upon* CARDINAL WOLSEY: *the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing I must read this paper,
I fear, the story of his anger 'Tis so,
This paper has undone me 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends, indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly, yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again What's this? "To the Pope!"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's Holiness Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more

Re-enter to WOLSEY, *the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Nor Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal! who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his Highness
Wol Stay!
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty
Suf Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol Till I find more than will or words to do it,
I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded envy
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses men of malice,
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt
In time will find their fit rewards That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me,
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents Now, who'll take it?
Sur The King, that gave it
Wol It must be himself, then
Sur Thou art a proud traitor, priest
Wol Proud lord, thou liest
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so
Sur Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham my father-in-law
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him,
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe
Wol This and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false The Duke by law
Found his deserts How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies
Sur By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility, let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks
Wol All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach
Sur Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands Cardinal by extortion,
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the King Your goodness,
Since you provoke me shall be most notorious
My Lord of Norfolk as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,

Who if he live will scarce be gentlemen
Produce the grand sum of his sins the articles
Collected from his life I ll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms Lord Cardinal
Wol How much methinks I could despise this man
But that I am bound in charity against it!
Nor Those articles my lord are in the King s hand
But thus much they are foul ones
Wol So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the King knows my truth
Sur This cannot save you
I thank my memory I yet remember
Some of these articles and out they shall
Now *if you can blush and cry guilty Cardinal*
You ll show a little honesty
Wol Speak on, sir
I dare your worst objections If I blush
It is to see a nobleman want manners
Sur I had rather want those than my head
Have at you!
First that without the King s assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate by which power
You maim d the jurisdiction of all bishops
Nor Then that in all you writ to Rome or else
To foreign princes *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed in which you brought the King
To be your servant
Suf Then that without the knowledge
Either of king or council when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal
Sur Item you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado to conclude
Without the King s will or the state s allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara
Suf That out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp d on the king s coin
Sur Then that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom Many more there are
Which, since they are of you and odious
I will not taint my mouth with
Cham O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! tis virtue
His faults lie open to the laws let them
Not you correct him My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self
Sur I forgive him
Suf Lord Cardinal the King s further pleasure is
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine within this kingdom
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*
That therefore such a writ be sued against you
To forfeit all your goods lands *tenements*
Chattels and whatsoever and to be
Out of the King s protection This is my charge
Nor And so we ll leave you to your meditations
How to live better For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us
The King shall know it and no doubt shall thank you
So fare you well my little good Lord Cardinal
[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY
Wol So farewell to the little good you bear me
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him
The third day comes a frost a killing frost
And when he thinks good easy man full surely
His greatness is a ripening nips his root
And then he falls as I do I have ventured
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders
This many summers in a sea of glory
But far beyond my depth My high blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me
Weary and old with service to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me
Vain pomp and glory of this world I hate ye
I feel my heart new open d O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin
More pangs and fears than wars or women have
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again

Enter CROMWELL, *and stands amazed*

Why how now Cromwell!
Crom I have no power to speak sir
Wol What amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay an you weep
I am fall n indeed
Crom How does your Grace?
Wol Why well
Never so truly happy my good Cromwell
I know myself now and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience The King has cured me,
I humbly thank his Grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Crom I am glad your Grace has made that right use of it
Wol I hope I have I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer
What news abroad?
Crom The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King
Wol God bless him!
Crom The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place
Wol That's somewhat sudden,
But he's a learned man May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience, that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury
Wol That's news indeed
Crom Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel, and the voice is now
Only about her coronation
Wol There was the weight that pull'd me down O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me! All my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fall'n man unworthy now
To be thy lord and master Seek the King,
That sun I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art, he will advance thee,
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too Good Cromwell
Neglect him not, make use now and provide
For thine own future safety
Crom O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord
The King shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours
Wol Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition
By that sin fell angels, how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last Cherish those hearts that hate thee
Corruption wins not more than honesty
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues Be just, and fear not
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King,
And—prithee lead me in
There take an inventory of all I have
To the last penny 'tis the King's My robe,
And my integrity to heaven is all
I dare now call mine own O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies
Crom Good sir, have patience
Wol So I have Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *A street in Westminster*

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN, *meeting one another*

1st Gent You're well met once again
2nd Gent So are you.
1st Gent You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2nd Gent 'Tis all my busine s At our last en counter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial
1st Gent Tis very true But that time offer d sorrow
This general joy
2nd Gent 'Tis well The citizens
I am sure have shown at full their royal minds—
As let em have their rights they are ever for ward—
In celebration of this day with shows
Pageants and sights of honour
1st Gent Never greater
Nor I ll assure you better taken sir
2nd Gent May I be bold to ask what that con tains
That paper in your hand?
1st Gent Yes tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation
The Duke of Suffolk is the first and claims
To be High Steward next the Duke of Nor folk
He to be Earl Marshal You may read the rest
2nd Gent I thank you sir Had I not known those customs
I should have been beholding to your paper
But I beseech you what s become of Katharine
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?
1st Gent That I can tell you too The Arch bishop
Of Canterbury accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order
Held a late court at Dunstable six miles off
From Ampthill where the Princess lay to which
She was often cited by them, but appear d not
And to be short for not appearance and
The King s late scruple by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced
And the late marriage made of none effect
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton
Where she remains now sick
2nd Gent Alas good lady!
Trumpets
The trumpets sound stand close the queen is coming
Hautboys

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

1 *A lively flourish of Trumpets*
2 *Then two Judges*
3 *Lord Chancellor with the purse and mace be fore him*
4 *Choristers singing* [*Music*
5 *Mayor of London bearing the mace Then Gar ter in his coat of arms and on his head a gilt copper crown*
6 *Marquess Dorset bearing a sceptre of gold on his head a demi-coronal of gold With him the* EARL OF SURREY *bearing the rod of silver with the dove crowned with an earl's coronet Collars of SS*
7 DUKE OF SUFFOLK *in his robe of estate his coronet on his head bearing a long white wand as high steward With him the* DUKE OF NORFOLK *with the rod of marshalship a coro net on his head Collars of SS*
8 *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque ports under it the* QUEEN *in her robe in her hair richly adorned with pearl crowned On each side her the Bishops of London and Win chester*
9 *The old Duchess of Norfolk in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers bearing the Queen s train*
10 *Certain Ladies or Countesses with plain circlets of gold without flowers*
They pass over the stage in order and state
2nd Gent A royal train believe me These I know
Who s that that bears the sceptre?
1st Gent Marquess Dorset
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod
2nd Gent A bold brave gentleman That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
1st Gent Tis the same High Steward
2nd Gent And that my Lord of Norfolk?
1st Gent Yes
2nd Gent Heaven bless thee!
Looking on the QUEEN
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look d on
Sir as I have a soul she is an angel
Our King has all the Indies in his arms
And more and richer when he strains that lady
I cannot blame his conscience
1st Gent They that bear
The cloth of honour over her are four barons
Of the Cinque ports
2nd Gent Those men are happy and so are all are near her
I take it she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady Duchess of Norfolk
1st Gent It is and all the rest are countesses
2nd Gent Their coronets say so These are stars indeed
And sometimes falling ones
1st Gent No more of that
[*Exit procession and then a great flourish of trumpets*

Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN

1st Gent God save you sir! where have you been broiling?

3rd Gent Among the crowd i' the Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedged in more I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy

2nd Gent You saw
The ceremony?

3rd Gent That I did

1st Gent How was it?

3rd Gent Well worth the seeing

2nd Gent Good sir, speak it to us

3rd Gent As well as I am able The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her, while her Grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man, which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes Hats, cloaks—
Doublets, I think—flew up, and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost Such joy
I never saw before Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em No man living
Could say "This is my wife" there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece

2nd Gent But, what follow'd?

3rd Gent At length her Grace rose and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her, which perform'd the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung "*Te Deum*" So she parted
And with the same full state paced back again
To York Place, where the feast is held

1st Gent Sir
You must no more call it York Place that's past,
For since the Cardinal fell that title's lost
'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall

3rd Gent I know it,
But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name
Is fresh about me

2nd Gent What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3rd Gent Stokesly and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the King's secretary,
The other, London

2nd Gent He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer

3rd Gent All the land knows that
However, yet there is no great breach, when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him

2nd Gent Who may that be, I pray you?

3rd Gent Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteem with the King, and truly
A worthy friend The King has made him master
O' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council

2nd Gent He will deserve more

3rd Gent Yes, without all doubt
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests,
Something I can command As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more

Both You may command us sir [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Kimbolton*

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick, led between* GRIFFITH, *her gentleman usher, and* PATIENCE, *her woman*

Grif How does your Grace?

Kath O Griffith sick to death!
My legs like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen Reach a chair,
So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif Yes madam, but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't

Kath Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died
If well he stepp'd before me, happily
For my example

Grif Well the voice goes madam
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York and brought him forward
As a man sorely tainted to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule

Kath Alas, poor man!

Grif At last with easy roads he came to Leicester
Lodged in the abbey where the reverend abbot
With all his covent honourably received him
To whom he gave these words O father abbot
An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still and three nights after this
About the hour of eight which he himself
Foretold should be his last full of repentance,
Continual meditations tears and sorrows
He gave his honours to the world again
His blessed part to heaven and slept in peace
Kath So may he rest his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far Griffith give me leave to speak him
And yet with charity He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach ever ranking
Himself with princes one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom Simony was fair play
His own opinion was his law i the presence
He would say untruths and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning He was never
But where he meant to ruin pitiful
His promises were as he then was mighty
But his performance as he is now nothing
Of his own body he was ill and gave
The clergy ill example
Grif Noble madam
Men s evil manners live in brass their virtues
We write in water May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath Yes good Griffith
I were malicious else
Grif This Cardinal
Though from an humble stock undoubtedly
Was fashion d to much honour from his cradle
He was a scholar and a ripe and good one
Exceeding wise fair spoken, and persuading
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing madam
He was most princely Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it
The other though unfinish d yet so famous
So excellent in art and still so rising
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue
His overthrow heap d happiness upon him
For then, and not till then he felt himself
And found the blessedness of being little
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him he died fearing God
Kath After my death I wish no other herald
No other speaker of my living actions
To keep mine honour from corruption
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith
Whom I most hated living thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty
Now in his ashes honour Peace be with him!
Patience be near me still and set me lower
I have not long to trouble thee Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to
Sad and solemn music
Grif She is asleep good wench let s sit down quiet
For fear we wake her Softly gentle Patience

The vision Enter solemnly tripping one after another six personages clad in white robes wearing on their heads garlands of bays and golden vizards on their faces branches of bays or palm in their hands They first congee unto her then dance and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head at which the other four make reverent curtsies then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two who observe the same order in their changes and holding the garland over her head which done they deliver the same garland to the last two who likewise observe the same order at which as it were by inspiration she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing and holdeth up her hands to heaven and so in their dancing vanish carrying the garland with them The music continues

Kath Spirits of peace where are ye? are ye all gone
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif Madam we are here
Kath It is not you I call for
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif None madam
Kath No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness
And brought me garlands Griffith which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear I shall assuredly
Grif I am most joyful madam such good dreams
Possess your fancy
Kath Bid the music leave
They are harsh and heavy to me [*Music ceases*

Pat Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif She is going, wench Pray, pray
Pat Heaven comfort her!

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess An't like your Grace—
Kath You are a saucy fellow
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour, go to, kneel
Mess I humbly do entreat your Highness' pardon,
My haste made me unmannerly There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you
Kath Admit him entrance, Griffith, but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again
[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* MESSENGER

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius
Cap Madam, the same, your servant
Kath O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your Grace, the next,
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort
Kath O my good lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after execution
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers
How does his Highness?
Cap Madam in good health
Kath So may he ever do! and ever flourish
When I shall dwell with worms and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?
Pat No madam
Giving it to KATHARINE
Kath Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King
Cap Most willing, madam
Kath In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble,
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em
The last is, for my men, they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me,
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus
These are the whole contents, and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right
Cap By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath I thank you honest lord Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will Mine eyes grow dim Farewell,
My lord Griffith farewell Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet I must to bed,
Call in more women When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour Strew me over
With maiden flowers that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave Embalm me,
Then lay me forth Although unqueen'd yet like
A queen and daughter to a king inter me
I can no more [*Exeunt leading* KA[illegible]

ACT V

SCENE I *London a gallery in the palace*

Enter GARDINER BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *a* PAGE *with a torch before him met by* SIR THOMAS LOVELL

Gar It s one o clock boy is t not?
Boy It hath struck
Gar These should be hours for necessities
Not for delights times to repair our nature
With comforting repose and not for us
To waste these times Good hour of night Sir
Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov Came you from the King my lord?
Gar I did Sir Thomas and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk
Lov I must to him too
Before he go to bed I ll take my leave
Gar Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell What s the
matter?
It seems you are in haste an if there be
No great offence belongs to t give your friend
Some touch of your late business Affairs that
walk
As they say spirits do at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day
Lov My lord I love you
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work The Queen s in
labour
They say in great extremity and fear d
She ll with the labour end
Gar The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily that it may find
Good time, and live but for the stock Sir
Thomas
I wish it grubb d up now
Lov Methinks I could
Cry the amen and yet my conscience says
She s a good creature, and, sweet lady does
Deserve our better wishes
Gar But sir sir
Hear me, Sir Thomas You re a gentleman
Of mine own way I know you wise, religious
And let me tell you it will ne er be well
'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell take t of me,
Till Cranmer Cromwell her two hands and she
Sleep in their graves
Lov Now sir you speak of two
The most remark d i the kingdom As for Crom
well
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O the rolls and the King s secretary further
sir
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him The arch
bishop
Is the King s hand and tongue and who dare
speak
One syllable against him?
Gar Yes yes Sir Thomas
There are that dare and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him and indeed this day
Sir I may tell it you I think I have
Incensed the lords o the council that he is
For so I know he is they know he is
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land with which they
moved
Have broken with the King who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convented He s a rank weed Sir Thomas
And we must root him out From your affairs
I hinder you too long Good night Sir Thomas
Lov Many good nights my lord I rest your
servant [*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* PAGE

Enter the KING *and* SUFFOLK

King Charles I will play no more to-night
My mind s not on t you are too hard for me
Suf Sir I did never win of you before
King But little, Charles
Nor shall not when my fancy s on my play
Now Lovell from the Queen what is the news?
Lov I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message who return d her thanks
In the great st humbleness and desired your
Highness
Most heartily to pray for her
King What say st thou ha?
To pray for her? what is she crying out?
Lov So said her woman and that her suffer
ance made
Almost each pang a death
King Alas good lady!
Suf God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!
King 'Tis midnight, Charles
Prithee, to bed and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen Leave me alone
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to
Suf I wish your Highness
A quiet night and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers
King Charles good night [*Exit* SUFFOLK

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY

Well, sir, what follows?
Den Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me
King Ha! Canterbury?
Den Ay, my good lord
King 'Tis true, where is he, Denny?
Den He attends your Highness' pleasure
King Bring him to us
[*Exit* DENNY
Lov [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake
I am happily come hither

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER

King Avoid the gallery [LOVELL *seems to stay*]
Ha! I have said Be gone
What!
[*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY
Cran [*Aside*] I am fearful Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror All's not well
King How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you
Cran [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your Highness' pleasure
King Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury
Come, you and I must walk a turn together,
I have news to tell you Come, come, give me your hand
Ah my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you, which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council that you shall
This morning come before us, where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you
Cran [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your Highness
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow d, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder for I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man
King Stand up, good Canterbury
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend Give me thy hand, stand up
Prithee, let's walk Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further
Cran Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant I fear nothing
What can be said against me
King Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small, their practices
Must bear the same proportion, and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction
Cran God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
King Be of good cheer,
They shall no more prevail than we give way to
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with that vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you If entreaties
Will render you no remedy this ring
Deliver them and your appeal to us
There make before them Look the good man weeps!
He's honest on mine honour God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you [*Exit* CRANMER] He has strangled
His language in his tears

Enter OLD LADY, LOVELL *following*

Gent. [*Within*] Come back! What mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels Fly o'er thy royal head and shade thy person Under their blessed wings!

King Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd? Say ay, and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege; And of a lovely boy. The God of heaven Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen Desires your visitation, and to be Acquainted with this stranger. 'Tis as like you As cherry is to cherry.

King Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen. [*Exit*

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light I'll ha' more. An ordinary groom is for such payment. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this the girl was like to him? I will have more, or else unsay't; and now, While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Before the council chamber*
Pursuivants, Pages, &c., attending

Enter CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman That was sent to me from the council pray'd me To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho! Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter KEEPER

Keep. Yes, my lord; But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS

Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Cran. So.

Butts [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad I came this way so happily. The King Shall understand it presently. [*Exit*

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, The King's physician; as he pass'd along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain This is of purpose laid by some that hate me— God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice— To quench mine honour. They would shame to make me Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor, 'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING *and* BUTTS *at a window above*

Butts I'll show your Grace the strangest sight—

King What's that, Butts?

Butts I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King Body o' me, where is it?

Butts There, my lord: The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury; Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants, Pages, and footboys.

King Ha, 'tis he indeed. Is this the honour they do one another? 'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought They had parted so much honesty among 'em— At least good manners—as not thus to suffer A man of his place, and so near our favour, To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures, And at the door too, like a post with packets. By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery! Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close; We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *The Council chamber*

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR, *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand, a seat being left void above him, as for* CANTERBURY'S *seat;* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, *seat themselves in order on each side;* CROMWELL *at lower end, as secretary.* KEEPER *at the door*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary; Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures
Cham Let him come in
Keep Your Grace may enter now
CRANMER *enters and approaches the council-table*
Cham My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty, but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels, out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies,
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious
Gar Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords, for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic, and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state, as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories
Cran My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely, and the end
Was ever to do well Nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart my lords,
A man that more detests more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace than I do
Pray heaven, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best I do beseech your lordships
That in this case of justice my accusers
Be what they will may stand forth face to face
And freely urge against me
Suf Nay my lord
That cannot be You are a counsellor
And, by that virtue no man dare accuse you
Gar My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for
Cran Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend, if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful I see your end,
'Tis my undoing Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest
Gar My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth Your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness
Crom My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been 'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man
Gar Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy, you may, worst
Of all this table, say so
Crom Why, my lord?
Gar Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound
Crom Not sound?
Gar Not sound I say
Crom Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you not their fears
Gar I shall remember this bold language
Crom Do
Remember your bold life too
Cham This is too much,
Forbear, for shame my lords
Gar I have done
Crom And I
Cham Then thus for you my lord it stands agreed
I take it by all voices that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner,
There to remain till the King's further pleasure

Be known unto us Are you all agreed lords?
All We are
Cran Is there no other way of mercy
But I must needs to the Tower my lords?
Gar What other
Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-
some
Let some o the guard be ready there

Enter GUARD

Cran For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar Receive him
And see him safe i the Tower
Cran Stay good my lords
I have a little yet to say Look there my lords
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men and give it
To a most noble judge the King my master
Cham This is the King s ring
Sur 'Tis no counterfeit
Suf Tis the right ring by heaven I told ye all
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling
'Twould fall upon ourselves
Nor Do you think my lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex d?
Cham Tis now too certain
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on t!
Crom My mind gave me
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at
Ye blew the fire that burns ye Now have at ye!

Enter KING *frowning on them takes his seat*

Gar Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven
In daily thanks that gave us such a prince
Not only good and wise, but most religious
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour and to strengthen
That holy duty out of dear respect
His royal self in judgement come to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender
King You were ever good at sudden commen
dations,
Bishop of Winchester But know I come not
To hear such flattery now and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel
And think with wagging, of your tongue to win
me
But whatsoever thou takest me for I m sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody
[*To* CRANMER] Good man sit down Now let me
see the proudest
He, that dares most but wag his finger at thee
By all that s holy he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not
Sur May it please your Grace—
King No sir it does not please me
I had thought I had had men of some understand
ing
And wisdom of my council but I find none
Was it discretion lords to let this man,
This good man—few of you deserve that title—
This honest man wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why what a shame was this! Did my commis
sion
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him
Not as a groom There s some of ye I see,
More out of malice than integrity
Would try him to the utmost had ye mean
Which ye shall never have while I live
Cham Thus far
My most dread sovereign may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all What was pur
posed
Concerning his imprisonment was rather
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world than malice
I m sure in me
King Well well my lords respect him
Take him and use him well he s worthy of it
I will say thus much for him if a prince
May be beholding to a subject I
Am for his love and service so to him
Make me no more ado but all embrace him
Be friends for shame, my lords! My Lord of
Canterbury
I have a suit which you must not deny me
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
tism
You must be godfather and answer for her
Cran The greatest monarch now alive may
glory
In such an honour How may I deserve it
That am a poor and humble subject to you?
King Come come my lord you d spare your
spoons You shall have two noble partners with
you the old Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Mar
quess Dorset Will these please you?
Once more my Lord of Winchester I charge
you
Embrace and love this man
Gar With a true heart
And brother love I do it
Cran And let Heaven

Witness how dear I hold this confirmation

King Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever"
Come, lords, we trifle time away, I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain,
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The palace yard*

Noise and tumult within Enter PORTER *and his* MAN

Port You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder

Port Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones, these are but switches to 'em I'll scratch your heads You must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man Pray, sir, be patient 'Tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning, which will never be
We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em

Port How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man Alas, I know not, how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir

Port You did nothing, sir

Man I am not Samson nor Sir Guy nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me, but if I spared any
That had a head to hit either young or old
He or she, cuckold or cuckold maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again,
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port I shall be with you presently, good master Puppy Keep the door close sirrah

Man What would you have me do?

Port What should you do but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand, here will be father, godfather, and all together

Man The spoons will be the bigger, sir There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose, all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head and three times was his nose discharged against me, he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!'" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered They fell on, I made good my place At length they came to the broomstaff to me, I defied 'em still, when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely

Port These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples, that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows,
There's a trim rabble let in Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room no doubt left for the ladies
When they pass back from the christening

Port An't please your honour,
We are but men and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done
An army cannot rule 'em

Cham As I live,
If the king blame me for 't I'll lay ye all
By the heels and suddenly, and on your heads

Clap round fines for neglect Ye are lazy knaves
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service Hark! the trumpets sound
They re come already from the christening
Go break among the press and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly or I ll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months

Port Make way there for the Princess

Man You great fellow
Stand close up or I ll make your head ache

Port You i the camlet get up o the rail
I ll peck you o er the pales else [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The palace*

Enter trumpets sounding then two ALDERMEN LORD MAYOR GARTER CRANMER DUKE OF NORFOLK *with his marshal's staff* DUKE OF SUFFOLK *two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts then four Noblemen bearing a canopy under which the Duchess of Norfolk godmother bearing the child richly habited in a mantle &c train borne by a Lady then follows the Marchioness Dorset the other godmother and Ladies The troop pass once about the stage and* GARTER *speaks*

Gart Heaven from thy endless goodness send prosperous life long and ever happy to the high and mighty Princess of England Elizabeth!

Flourish Enter KING *and Guard*

Cran [*Kneeling*] And to your royal Grace and the good queen
My noble partners and myself thus pray
All comfort joy in this most gracious lady
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy
May hourly fall upon ye!

King Thank you good Lord Archbishop
What is her name?

Cran Elizabeth

King Stand up lord

The KING *kisses the child*

With this kiss take my blessing God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life

Cran Amen

King My noble gossips ye have been too prodigal
I thank ye heartily so shall this lady
When she has so much English

Cran Let me speak sir
For heaven now bids me and the words I utter
Let none think flattery for they ll find em truth
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings
Which time shall bring to ripeness She shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her
And all that shall succeed Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be All princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is
With all the virtues that attend the good
Shall still be doubled on her Truth shall nurse her
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her
She shall be loved and fear d her own shall bless her
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow Good grows with her
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours
God shall be truly known and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour
And by those claim their greatness not by blood
Nor shall this peace sleep with her but as when
The bird of wonder dies the maiden phœnix
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star like rise as great in fame as she was
And so stand fix d Peace plenty love truth terror
That were the servants to this chosen infant
Shall then be his and like a vine grow to him
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be and make new nations He shall flourish
And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
To all the plains about him Our children s children
Shall see this and bless Heaven

King Thou speakest wonders

Cran She shall be to the happiness of England
An aged princess many days shall see her
And yet no day without a deed to crown it
Would I had known no more! but she must die
She must the saints must have her yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground and all the world shall her

King O Lord Archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get anything
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker
I thank ye all To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding,
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful Lead the way,
lords
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank
ye,
She will be sick else This day, no man think
Has business at his house, for all shall stay
This little one shall make it holiday [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two, but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets, so, 'tis
clear,
They'll say 'tis naught others, to hear the city
Abused extremely and to cry "That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither That, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time is only in
The merciful construction of good women,
For such a one we show'd 'em If they smile,
And say 'twill do I know, within a while
All the best men are ours, for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap

SONNETS

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESE INSUING SONNETS
MR W H ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED BY
OUR EVER LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH
T T

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase
That thereby beauty's rose might never die
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes
Feed'st thy light's flame with self substantial
fuel
Making a famine where abundance lies
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And tender churl makest waste in niggarding
Pity the world or else this glutton be
To eat the world's due by the grave and thee

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field
Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's
use
If thou couldst answer This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it
cold

III

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest
Thou dost beguile the world unbless some
mother
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self love to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time
But if thou live remember'd not to be
Die single and thine image dies with thee

IV

Unthrifty loveliness why dost thou spend
Upon thy self thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend
And being frank she lends to those are free
Then beauteous niggard why dost thou
abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thy self alone
Thou of thy self thy sweet self dost deceive
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with
thee
Which used lives th' executor to be

V

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel
For never resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite
gone
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every
where
Then were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd
Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan,
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one,
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir

VII

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty,
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage,
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one one pleasing note do sing
Whose speechless song being many seeming one
Sings this to thee Thou single wilt prove none.

IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife,
The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it,
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident,
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind hearted prove
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest
Herein lives wisdom beauty and increase,
Without this folly, age and cold decay
If all were minded so the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh featureless and rude barrenly perish
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish
She carved thee for her seal and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more not let that copy die

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night
When I behold the violet past prime
And sable curls all silver d o er with white
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd
And summer s green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must go
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow
　And nothing gainst Time s scythe can make defence
　Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence

XIII

O that you were yourself! but love you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live
Against this coming end you should prepare
And your sweet semblance to some other give
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter s day
And barren rage of death s eternal cold?
　O none but unthrifts! Dear my love you know
　You had a father—let your son say so

XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck
And yet methinks I have astronomy
But not to tell of good or evil luck
Of plagues of dearths or seasons quality
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell
Pointing to each his thunder rain and wind
Or say with princes if it shall go well
By oft predict that I in heaven find
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive
And constant stars in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert
　Or else of thee this I prognosticate
　Thy end is truth s and beauty s doom and date

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check d even by the self same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap at height decrease
And wear their brave state out of memory
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night
　And all in war with Time for love of you
　As he takes from you I engraft you new

XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours
And many maiden gardens yet unset
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit
So should the lines of life that life repair
Which this Time s pencil or my pupil pen
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men
　To give away yourself keeps yourself still
　And you must live drawn by your own sweet skill

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were fill d with your most high deserts?
Though yet heaven knows it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces
The age to come would say 'This poet lies
Such heavenly touches ne er touch d earthly faces
So should my papers yellow d with their age
Be scorn d like old men of less truth than tongue
And your true rights be term d a poet s rage
And stretched metre of an antique song
　But were some child of yours alive that time
　You should live twice—in it and in my rhyme

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer s day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May
And summer s lease hath all too short a date
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm d

And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd,
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long lived phoenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets,
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men
Yet, do thy worst, old Time! despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young

XX

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou the master-mistress of my passion,
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion,
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth
A man in hue all "hues" in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth
And for a woman wert thou first created
Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse
Making a couplement of proud compare
With sun and moon with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air
Let them say more that like of hearsay well,
I will not praise that purpose not to sell

XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain,
Thou gavest me thine not to give back again

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart
So I for fear of trust forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd
O learn to read what silent love hath writ
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit

XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held
And perspective it is best painter's art
For through the painter must you see his skill
To find where your true image pictured lies
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast wherethrough the sun
Delights to peep to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art—
They draw but what they see know not the heart

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast
Whilst I whom fortune of such triumph bars
Unlook d for joy in that I honour most
Great princes favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun s eye
And in themselves their pride lies buried
For at a frown they in their glory die
The painful warrior famoused for fight
After a thousand victories once foil d
Is from the book of honour razed quite
And all the rest forgot for which he toil d
Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed

XXVI

Lord of my love to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit
To thee I send this written embassage
To witness duty not to show my wit
Duty so great which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare in wanting words to show it
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul s thought all naked will bestow it
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect
And puts apparel on my tatter d loving
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me

XXVII

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body s work s expired
For then my thoughts from far where I abide
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide
Looking on darkness which the blind do see
Save that my soul s imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new
Lo! thus by day my limbs by night my mind
For thee and for myself no quiet find

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight
That am debarr d the benefit of rest?
When day s oppression is not eased by night
But day by night and night by day oppress d?
And each though enemies to either s reign
Do in consent shake hands to torture me
The one by toil the other to complain
How far I toil still farther off from thee
I tell the day to please him thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven
So flatter I the swart complexion d night
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild st the even
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger

XXIX

When in disgrace with Fortune and men s eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope
Featured like him like him with friends possess d
Desiring this man s art and that man s scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven s gate
For thy sweet love remember d such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought
And with old woes new wail my dear time s waste
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow
For precious friends hid in death s dateless night
And weep afresh love s long since cancell d woe
And moan the expense of many a vanish d sight
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone
And heavily from woe to woe tell o er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,

Which I new pay as if not paid before
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage,
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love"

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow,
But out alack! he was but one hour mine
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace,
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief,
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds

XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud
All men make faults and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are,
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one
So shall those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight
I may not evermore acknowledge thee
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name
But do not so I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report

XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth
So I made lame by fortune's dearest spite,

Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth
For whether beauty birth or wealth or wit
Or any of these all or all or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit
I make my love engrafted to this store
So then I am not lame poor nor despised
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live
Look what is best that best I wish in thee
This wish I have then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent
While thou dost breathe that pour st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O give thyself the thanks if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight
For who s so dumb that cannot write to thee
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate
And he that calls on thee let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date
If my slight Muse do please these curious days
The pain be mine but thine shall be the praise

XXXIX

O how thy worth with manners may I sing
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is t but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live
And our dear love lose name of single one
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone
O absence what a torment wouldst thou prove
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive
And that thou teachest how to make one twain
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL

Take all my loves my love yea take them all
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love that thou mayst true love call
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more
Then if for my love thou my love receivest
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest
I do forgive thy robbery gentle thief
Although thou steal thee all my poverty
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love s wrong than hate s known injury
Lascivious grace in whom all ill well shows
Kill me with spites yet we must not be foes

XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits
When I am sometime absent from thy heart
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits
For still temptation follows where thou art
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won
Beauteous thou art therefore to be assailed
And when a woman woos what woman s son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me

XLII

That thou hast her it is not all my grief
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief
A loss in love that touches me more nearly
Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye
Thou dost love her because thou know st I love her
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her
If I lose thee my loss is my love s gain,
And losing her my friend hath found that loss
Both find each other and I lose both twain
And both for my sake lay on me this cross
But here s the joy my friend and I are one
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone

XLIII

When most I wink then do mine eyes best see
For all the day they view things unrespected
But when I sleep in dreams they look on thee
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright
How would thy shadow s form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would I say mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee

And nights bright days when dreams do show
thee me

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way,
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be
But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe

XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad
I send them back again and straight grow sad

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight,
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny
And says in him thy fair appearance lies
To 'cide this title is impanneled
A quest of thoughts all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part
As thus—mine eye's due is thy outward part
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart

XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took
And each doth good turns now unto the other
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me,
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee,
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight

XLVIII

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and
part
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear

XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye,
When love converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
laws
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L

How heavy do I journey on the way
When what I seek my weary travel's end
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy
friend!'
The beast that bears me tired with my woe
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed being made from thee

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide
Which heavily he answers with a groan
More sharp to me than spurring to his side
For that same groan doth put this in my mind—
My grief lies onward and my joy behind

LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return of posting is no need
O what excuse will my poor beast then find
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur though mounted on the wind
In winged speed no motion shall I know
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace
Therefore desire, of perfect st love being made
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race
But love, for love thus shall excuse my jade—
Since from thee going he went wilful slow
Towards thee I ll run and give him leave to go

LII

So am I as the rich whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare
Since seldom coming in the long year set
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are
Or captain jewels in the carcanet
So is the time that keeps you as my chest
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide
To make some special instant special blest
By new unfolding his imprison d pride
Blessed are you who e worthiness gives scope
Being had to triumph being lack d to hope

LIII

What is your substance whereof are you made
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath every one one shade
And you but one can every shadow lend
Describe Adonis and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you
On Helen s cheek all art of beauty set
And you in Grecian tires are painted new
Speak of the spring and foison of the year
The one doth shadow of your beauty show
The other as your bounty doth appear
And you in every blessed shape we know
In all external grace you have some part
But you like none, none you for constant heart

LIV

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer s breath their masked buds discloses
But for their virtue only is their show
They live unwoo d and unrespected fade
Die to themselves Sweet roses do not so
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made
And so of you beauteous and lovely youth
When that shall fade my verse distills your truth

LV

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear d with sluttish time
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry
Nor Mars his sword nor war s quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory
Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom
So till the judgement that yourself arise
You live in this and dwell in lovers eyes

LVI

Sweet love renew thy force be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay d
To-morrow sharpen d in his former might
So love be thou although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness
To morrow see again and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks that when they see
Return of love more blest may be the view
Else call it winter which being full of care
Makes summer s welcome thrice more wish d more rare

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
  So true a fool is love that in your will,
  Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
  I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
  Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
  O, sure I am, the wits of former days
  To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
  And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
  Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
  For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
  From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
  'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
  Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,

That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this—that thou dost common grow.

LXX

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair,
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time,
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd or victor being charged,
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe
O if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone

LXXII

O lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me that you should love
After my death, dear love forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove,
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart
O lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue
My name be buried where my body is
And live no more to shame nor me nor you
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth
And so should you to love things nothing worth

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves or none or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long

LXXIV

But be contented When that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee
The earth can have but earth which is his due,
My spirit is thine, the better part of me
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground,
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found,
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight
And by and by clean starved for a look,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Save what is had or must from you be took
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all or all away

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed

That every word doth almost tell my name
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O know sweet love I always write of you
And you and love are still my argument
So all my best is dressing old words new
Spending again what is already spent
For as the sun is daily new and old
So is my love still telling what is told

LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste
The vacant leaves thy mind s imprint will bear
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory
Thou by thy dial s shady stealth mayst know
Time s thievish progress to eternity
Look what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste blanks and thou shalt find
Those children nursed deliver d from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind
These offices so oft as thou wilt look
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book

LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly
Have added feathers to the learned s wing
And given grace a double majesty
Yet be most proud of that which I compile
Whose influence is thine and born of thee
In others works thou dost but mend the style
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be
But thou art all my art and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance

LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay d
And my sick Muse doth give another place
I grant sweet love thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again
He lends thee virtue and he stole that word
From thy behaviour beauty doth he give
And found it in thy cheek he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live
Then thank him not for that which he doth say
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay

LXXX

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name
And in the praise thereof spends all his might
To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame!
But since your worth wide as the ocean is
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear
My saucy bark inferior far to his
On your broad main doth wilfully appear
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride
Or being wreck d I am a worthless boat
He of tall building and of goodly pride
Then if he thrive and I be cast away
The worst was this my love was my decay

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten
Your name from hence immortal life shall have
Though I once gone to all the world must die
The earth can yield me but a common grave
When you entombed in men s eyes shall lie
Your monument shall be my gentle verse
Which eyes not yet created shall o er read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes even in the mouths of men

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
And therefore mayst without attaint o erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject blessing every book
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days
And do so love yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need
And therefore to your fair no painting set
I found, or thought I found you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet s debt
And therefore have I slept in your report

tion is poor and the antidiuretic activity is rapidly destroyed by the gastrointestinal tract

Control of diabetes insipidus can be obtained by administration of 0 25 to 0 5 cc per m^2 of pitressin tannate in oil once or twice daily This is probably the most effective means of treatment It is often desirable, however, to avoid parenteral injection of medications used by the patient at home Somewhat less effective but eminently satisfactory control can be achieved by the administration of aqueous solutions of posterior pituitary in doses of one drop in each nostril from three to six times daily During intranasal administration of aqueous material, the patient should recline on a bed or sofa and let his head hang down over the side at an angle of approximately 30° A period of one minute or more should be allowed in this position to permit adequate distribution of the solution over the nasal mucosa

Dietary control of diabetes insipidus Figure 4 has already demonstrated the remarkable diminution in urine volume which follows reduction of the renal solute load On the basis of similar observations, the use of dietary measures in place of hormonal therapy has been advocated for control of the polyuria of diabetes insipidus [17b] In children, however, this means of control seems less desirable than replacement therapy, in view of the relatively large protein and mineral needs for growth and the emotional disturbances likely to develop when dietary intake is rigidly controlled

When dietary control of polyuria is employed foods of high mineral and protein content should be avoided These include meats, particularly bacon and ham, milk, cheese and fish In their stead, a diet made up of unsalted cereals rice, macaroni, potatoes, fresh vegetables and fruits should be taken As has been mentioned previously, the untreated patient is apt to select for himself a diet which permits increased water economy

Fluid intake There is little to be gained from restriction of water intake in patients with diabetes insipidus When water is readily accessible the thirst mechanism accurately adjusts consumption in proportion to need Even when the patient is vigorously treated with posterior pituitary extract there need be no fear of water intoxication from voluntary drinking

Other aspects of treatment Several of the lesions which cause diabetes insipidus are highly responsive to medical therapy Eosinophilic granuloma and pinealoma, for instance, may be held in check for several years by appropriate x ray treatment When the cause is infectious, as in syphilis or pyogenic abscess, prompt chemotherapy may prove effective

When diabetes insipidus results from the impingement of a cerebral tumor on the hypothalamic neurohypophyseal system neurosurgical advice should be

sought Because of the hazard to life, neurosurgeons are in general agreement that operative intervention is not indicated for the endocrinological disturbance alone It is imperative, however, when a radio-insensitive lesion begins to jeopardize vision or vital cerebral functions

PROGNOSIS The prognosis in diabetes insipidus depends in large measure on the cause When it is due to non progressive lesion of the hypothalamic–posterior pituitary system, it is readily controlled by appropriate replacement therapy, but in most instances this must be continued indefinitely In several instances, when diabetes insipidus has developed as a result of eosinophilic granuloma or syphilis, remissions have been observed after x ray or antisyphilitic therapy respectively When it is due to progressive neoplastic lesions, the prognosis depends upon how effectively the lesion can be eradicated But even after complete eradication of such a lesion return of normal neurohypophyseal function is not to be expected

Functional Deficiency of Antidiuretic Hormone (Psychogenic Polydipsia) Pediatricians sometimes encounter patients who have many of the symptoms of true diabetes insipidus, including constant thirst and marked polyuria but whose histories reveal that the primary disturbance is emotional Often this disturbance is focused on an abnormal interest in water-drinking and urination

On physical examination these patients may appear entirely normal Sometimes there may be evidence of weight loss resulting not only from interruption of normal sleep by the large water exchange but also from emotional turmoil Evidence of dehydration is regularly absent

For the most part laboratory determinations give normal results, except for the large volumes of dilute urine which sometimes has a specific gravity below 1 005 Like patients with true diabetes insipidus, these patients show a good response to doses of posterior pituitary extract They are distinguished from individuals with obligatory diabetes insipidus by the fact that their physiological response to water restriction is fundamentally normal even though their behavior may become hypomanic

In the course of water restriction, urine volume is rapidly diminished, urine specific gravity rises above 1 015 and weight loss and hemoconcentration of serious proportions are not seen Figure 14 shows the response of a patient with psychogenic diabetes insipidus to water restriction for a test period of 36 hours duration

The disturbances to be considered in the differential diagnosis are outlined in Table 1

The treatment is psychiatric An effort should be made to divert the child s morbid interest in fluid intake and excretion to more healthy subjects As is so

often the case in the emotional disturbances of childhood, the physician must include a consideration of all the environmental factors, especially the role of the parents Therapy should not be directed to the patient alone

The prognosis is generally excellent The necessary psychotherapy can usually be given by the pediatrician without recourse to a trained psychiatrist

Comments on the Water Metabolism of Newborn Infants The urine passed by the infant immediately after birth usually shows a specific gravity of 1 012 or 1 015 Thereafter, although scant in quantity, it becomes progressively more dilute for a period of five to seven days, until reaching concentrations similar to those seen in diabetes insipidus [18a, b] During this period restriction of water is followed by a relatively slight increase in urine concentration [18b] These observations suggest that the hypothalamic neurohypophyseal system, like the parathyroid system, may be functionally immature at this stage (see Chapter II, page 116) Interestingly, this interpretation is supported by the fact that the quantity of antidiuretic material recoverable from the newborn infant s posterior pituitary gland appears to be relatively small compared to that recoverable from the glands of older persons [18b]

On the other hand, there are peculiarities of the newborn infant s water metabolism not explained by this concept of simple transient antidiuretic hormone lack He not only fails to conserve water during deprivation as efficiently as the older infant but shows a relatively poor response to antidiuretic hormone [18b] This may be an indication of renal immaturity [18c] A further observation is the sluggishness of diuretic response to an administered water load Possibly this can be correlated with the neonatal tendency to eosinophilia, hypoglycemia and apparently low urinary 11 17 OCS excretion which is indicative of adrenocortical immaturity (see Chapter III, page 154)

Although these peculiarities in water metabolism disappear within two to six weeks after birth, it is interesting to note the appropriateness of breast feeding during the period when they are present Breast milk supplies water in relation to solutes in a ratio which permits the metabolic residual to be excreted in a urine of very low specific gravity With respect to the individual components of the solute load, it has already been stated that breast milk supplies calcium and phosphorus in amounts which satisfy anabolic needs, yet leaves a residual requiring only minimal parathyroid influence for renal elimination (see Chapter II page 116) It might further be noted that the composition of artificial formulas and intravenous fluids for the newborn should be so modified that they do not put undue demand on immature homeostatic systems In view of the newborn infant s relative deficiency in antidiuretic hormone this implies that fluids for

maintenance of hydration or correction of dehydration should be hypotonic with respect to plasma

NON-NEUROHYPOPHYSEAL DISTURBANCES RESEMBLING DIABETES INSIPIDUS

Nephrogenic Diabetes Insipidus (Table 1, Condition 3) [10] This is a rare congenital disease, more frequently seen in males than in females, which is characterized by a failure of end organ response similar to that seen in pseudohypoparathyroidism (see Chapter II, page 114) It is often hereditary The cause is unknown

The symptoms and signs are similar to those of patients with neurohypophyseal diabetes insipidus But because this disease is present at birth, while true diabetes insipidus is usually acquired after infancy the symptoms may be modified Fluid is seldom as readily available to the infant as to the child who is old enough to seek it for himself Hence, serious dehydration is much more apt to occur Episodes of dehydration are accompanied by elevations in temperature which rapidly and specifically respond to restoration of normal hydration Recognition of the large volume of urine is often delayed because of its tendency to be masked in the diapers

The diagnostic laboratory studies made on patients with nephrogenic diabetes insipidus show not only weight loss, dehydration and inability to concentrate urine on water deprivation, but also unresponsiveness to administered posterior pituitary extract Measurement of antidiuretic hormone appearing in the urine shows a normal increase during dehydration and diminution following restoration of hydration Chemical estimations show that serum electrolytes have abnormally elevated concentration values during periods of dehydration but are otherwise usually within normal range Studies of renal function usually reveal normal values for the glomerular filtration rate renal blood flow, urea clearance and phenolsulfonphthalein excretion Seriously impaired renal function is found in some patients This is probably not a primary characteristic of the disease itself but the result of serious episodes of dehydration which have permanently impaired multiple kidney functions

The diagnosis of nephrogenic diabetes insipidus depends upon the history of symptoms dating from birth and the demonstration of inability to concentrate urine either on withholding water or on administration of antidiuretic hormone The differential diagnosis is summarized in Table 1

Treatment of this disorder of water metabolism consists in dietary measures which provide a large fluid intake but lessen the need for excretion of solutes by

the renal route Although dietary control of urine volumes is considered a less desirable form of treatment than hormonal replacement therapy in true diabetes insipidus, it appears to be the only practicable treatment in nephrogenic diabetes insipidus During infancy nutritionally adequate formulas can be prepared by diluting 1 part of whole cow s milk with 3 parts of water The fat content of this material can be brought up to 4 per cent by the addition of 7 5 cc of 40 per cent cream per 100 cc The caloric value of the total mixture can then be brought to 0 8 calories per cc by the addition of 8 gm of carbohydrate (dextrose or sucrose) per 100 cc The urinary excretion of solutes by infants on this regimen averages 350 mosM per m^2 per day As solids are added to the diet, high protein food such as meat purees and cheese should be avoided, and cereals, potatoes, fruit and vegetables, cooked without added salt, used in their stead [17a] A number of low sodium foods, including milk substitutes, are prepared commercially for patients with cardiac disease These can be used advantageously in the case of patients with nephrogenic diabetes

The prognosis is only fair As Figure 4 shows, the appropriate dietary measures can be of great aid in reducing the urine volume Nevertheless, an intercurrent infection may result in mobilization of more solutes from endogenous sources than the kidney can eliminate in water available from glomerular filtrate (see Figure 2) The outcome of this situation may be fatal

Pannephritis (Table I, Condition 4) Pannephritis quite commonly results in kidney impairment which is such that the patient is unable to form a urine that is either more dilute or more concentrated than blood plasma Under such circumstances urine volume is apt to be large in relation to that of the normal individual (see Figure 1) but is seldom as large as that seen in the conditions previously discussed The specific gravity is fixed at about 1 010 in contrast to the very low specific gravity characteristic of patients with diabetes insipidus of neurohypophyseal origin As in patients with congenital nephrogenic diabetes insipidus, the neurohypophyseal system is intact, but the ability to respond to administered posterior pituitary extract is lost Because the excretion of urine isotonic with blood plasma permits a saving of water three times greater than that which can be achieved by the patient with diabetes insipidus, water deprivation is relatively well tolerated

The diagnosis is suggested by a history of renal disease Examination of the urine shows not only fixation of the specific gravity but also a nearly neutral pH and the presence of albumin, cellular elements and casts Additional studies usually show elevation of the non protein nitrogen and serum phosphorus with depression of values for hemoglobin serum protein carbon dioxide concentration

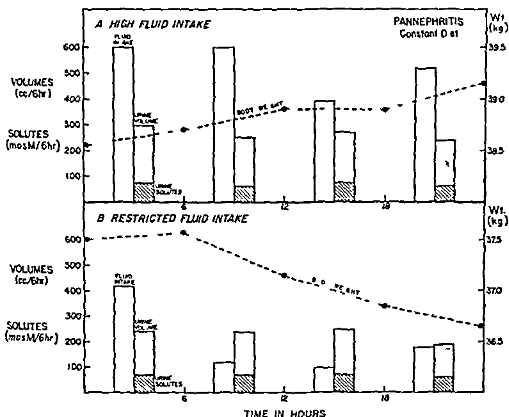


FIGURE VIII—15 Effects of renal tubule disease on water metabolism The subject of this study was a 10 year old boy with inability to respond to antidiuretic hormone as a consequence of advanced nephritis *Urine specific gravity was fixed at about 1 010*

SECTION A presents data obtained when the patient was given a large fluid intake in conjunction with a constant diet *Under these circumstances the amount of fluid in relation to solutes presenting for renal excretion was greater* than that permitted by the damaged kidneys. *Urine volume remained essentially constant* Fluid was retained with a resultant gain in weight and fall in hemoglobin concentration

SECTION B presents data obtained under similar circumstances except for fluid restriction Note that the diet provided a deficit of water in relation to solutes for renal excretion As a consequence of the patient s inability to concentrate urine the excretory volume continued relatively high Water was withdrawn from body stores (as indicated by weight loss) in order to provide the quantities necessary for urine formation From J D Crawford Unpublished observations

Urine volume as in untreated diabetes insipidus and in cases of congenital unresponsiveness to antidiuretic hormone is a function of solute excretion This is demonstrated by the data of Figure 15 In this patient with pannephritis provision of a constant number of solutes for renal excretion resulted in a constant

urine volume Raising the fluid intake was not effective in increasing water relative to solute output, and hence edema developed (Section A) Conversely, a diminished fluid intake resulted in no decrease in water relative to solute excretion, and dehydration was the obligatory consequence (Section B)

Despite the compromised position of the patient who is unable either to dilute or concentrate urine, water balance is usually successfully maintained by the thirst mechanism Treatment of the disturbance of water metabolism is far less difficult than the treatment of the underlying disease

Polyuria and the Adrenocortical Alarm Reaction (Table 1, Condition 5) As has been indicated earlier (page 516) the adrenal glands produce one or more hormones antagonistic in their action to the effect of the antidiuretic hormone This apparently accounts for the fact that patients who are acutely ill may excrete urine which is far less concentrated than would be expected in view of the degree of dehydration present Furthermore, these patients are relatively resistant to administered antidiuretic hormone

This syndrome is seen particularly often among infants with severe diarrhea[20a, b] and among older children and adults with diabetic acidosis[21c] Both of these primary conditions may lead to severe deficiency in intracellular potassium as well as to intracellular migration of sodium This disturbance of electrolyte metabolism can be reproduced in the laboratory animal by dietary restriction of potassium[20d] Here its development is accompanied by enlargement of the zona glomerulosa of the adrenal glands[20e] It can also be produced by administration of desoxycorticosterone, particularly if there is excess sodium in the diet[20f, g] Inability to concentrate urine normally and resistance to administered antidiuretic hormone are demonstrable in both instances[20h] It is not evident, however, whether polvuria develops as a result of direct antagonistic action by the adrenocortical hormone to the antidiuretic influence of the posterior pituitary or whether it is due to loss of ability on the part of the renal tubule cell when its intracellular constitutents are thus disturbed to maintain the normal osmotic gradient between urine and cell fluid

HYPERFUNCTION OF THE POSTERIOR PITUITARY

Although one case of primary pathologic hyperfunction of the posterior pituitary has been postulated and its clinical syndrome described,[21a, b] no well documented evidence has yet been reported Indeed there is no clear cut evidence that functional overproduction of posterior pituitary antidiuretic hormone occurs It is of interest, nevertheless to note that increases in an antidiuretic substance

have been found in the blood and urine of patients with nephrotic and cirrhotic edema, as well as in the blood and urine of patients with the toxemic edema of pregnancy[7e f 13d 1 a 1c] It is difficult to reconcile the occurrence of large quantities of antidiuretic hormone in the body fluids of these patients with the fact that the water content of their tissues was increased and solute concentration decreased In hyperhydremia the stimulus to antidiuretic hormone production as it is currently conceived, is absent

The relation of antidiuretic hormone to the occurrence of edema is a subject in need of further investigation

PHARMACOLOGIC USES OF POSTERIOR PITUITARY EXTRACT OTHER THAN THOSE IN DIABETES INSIPIDUS

Little has been said concerning principles other than the antidiuretic which are contained in posterior pituitary extract One of these, the oxytocic principle, is frequently used in obstetrics to induce labor or to intensify uterine contractions during the early stages of childbirth The physiologic importance of the oxytocic hormone has not been clearly established While normal childbirth has occurred in patients with diabetes insipidus [b c] marked disturbances of labor have been reported in animal experiments after posterior hypophysectomy [d e]

Administration of the pressor fraction of posterior pituitary extracts not only results in antidiuresis and frequently in a rise in blood pressure but also causes an increase in intestinal peristalsis Advantage is often taken of this action by surgeons in the postoperative treatment of patients with ileus Roentgenologists favor the use of pitressin to clear the intestine of gas prior to study of the gall bladder or kidneys with radio opaque dyes In this connection it is of interest that patients with diabetes insipidus often suffer from constipation[9c] It is not entirely clear whether this is a direct manifestation of pressor hormone lack or a result of diet and mild dehydration secondary to antidiuretic hormone deficiency Clinical use of the pressor fraction in hypotensive states is extremely limited

Finally, the antidiuretic activity of posterior pituitary extracts may be utilized in performing a rapid test of renal concentrating ability and for inducing temporary states of hyperhydremia as a means of revealing a latent form of epilepsy[10b]

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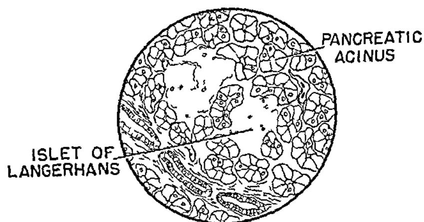
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THE PANCREATIC ISLETS



CHAPTER IX

THE PANCREATIC ISLETS

BASIC CONSIDERATIONS

THE HORMONES

Insulin constitutes the best known and most important endocrine hormone[1,2]. A protein with a molecular weight of about 35,000, it is standardized by a bio assay procedure. One mg. of pure crystalline insulin contains 22 I.U., each of which is equivalent to the amount required to lower the blood sugar of a normal rabbit (weighing 2 kg. and fasted for 24 hours) to a level of 45 mg. per cent *within five hours*.

In addition to insulin, it appears that the pancreatic islets produce another hormone, glukagon, which causes a rise rather than a fall in blood sugar values. This substance is absent from insulin preparations made in Denmark but not from those currently being made in this country. It has been postulated that glukagon is produced by the alpha cells of the pancreatic islets. If this is correct, disproportionate production of glukagon in cases of spontaneous diabetes mellitus due to beta cell failure may partly explain why more insulin is required to control this type of diabetes than that following pancreatectomy.

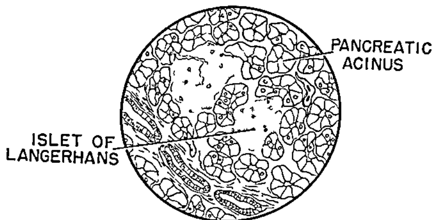
ACTION OF INSULIN

Insulin acts to adjust the rate at which glucose is utilized by body tissues. In the absence of insulin the rate of utilization is slowed, with a resultant tendency for sugar to accumulate in the blood. This is equivalent to saying that insulin deficiency leads to carbohydrate starvation in the tissues, for the first step in glucose utilization, namely formation of glucose 6-phosphate, is markedly slowed when insulin is lacking.

$$\text{Glucose} + \text{adenosine triphosphate} \xrightarrow{\text{insulin}} \text{glucose 6 phosphate} + \text{adenosine diphosphate}$$

The chief determinant of this reaction may be the enzyme hexo-

THE PANCREATIC ISLETS



terior pituitary extract can prompt degeneration of pancreatic islet tissue and lead to permanent diabetes mellitus [6] There is a possibility that this phenomenon is due to a specific pancreatropic hormone It appears more likely, however, that pituitary glycotropic hormone, by exerting its hyperglycemic (insulin antagonist) effect, causes compensatory islet hyperactivity, with eventual exhaustion and degeneration of beta cells

The latter hypothesis is supported by observations on partially pancreatectomized dogs, which develop permanent diabetes mellitus and show changes in the beta cells of the pancreas if fed a high carbohydrate diet On the other hand if they are fed a high fat, low carbohydrate diet or are subjected to semistarvation, no permanent diabetes develops Animals of species which fail to develop hyperglycemia in response to anterior pituitary glycotropic hormone therapy do not develop diabetes mellitus

METABOLIC EFFECTS OF INSULIN LACK

The primary effect of insulin deficiency is decreased utilization of tissue glucose (oxidation, glycogenesis, etc) [2] As a result of this, numerous secondary phenomena occur Some of these, such as tendencies to hyperglycemia, glycosuria polyuria, polydipsia and polyphagia, are both familiar and relatively easy to understand The glycosuria, for example, simply reflects spillage of glucose into the urine when the glucose content of the glomerular filtrate (serum glucose concentration glomerular filtration rate) exceeds maximum capacity of the tubules for glucose reabsorption (see Chapter II Figure 2) The increase in urine solutes (osmoles) resulting from this occurrence leads to a proportionate increase in urine water requirements (see Chapter VIII) The increased urine water outgo produces a tendency to dehydration, which is counteracted by the thirst mechanism and polydipsia The polyphagia reflects carbohydrate starvation in the tissue and loss of calories as glucose in the urine

As in simple starvation due to dietary restriction carbohydrate starvation secondary to insulin deficiency prompts a tendency to ketosis and to ketonuria This tendency is explained as follows[4a] Persons who are unable to utilize carbohydrate to the full measure of their metabolic need must fall back on fat for their energy requirements Part of this need is met by the initiation and completion of fat oxidation in the muscles However, a considerable fraction estimated as ranging from one third to one half of the total caloric need from fat, is obtained by a preliminary oxidation of fats in the liver to ketone bodies This mobilization of fat for energy purposes apparently is not caused by hepatic glycogen depletion[4b] but may be facilitated by adrenocortical S-F N hormones (Chapter III)

kinase If so, it may be presumed that insulin acts by modifying the activity of this enzyme

Once phosphorylation of glucose has occurred, synthesis of glycogen and fatty acids and chain oxidation of carbohydrate are possible even in a diabetic organism In the absence of insulin this total reaction can therefore occur to a limited extent, for hyperglycemia leads by mass action to some phosphorylation of glucose

Muscular exercise augments the action of insulin On the other hand, it does not constitute a substitute for this hormone [1]

INSULIN ANTAGONISTS

There are several hormones which have an action on carbohydrate metabolism essentially opposite to that of insulin [2] Among these, the adrenocortical sugar–fat–nitrogen (*S F N*) and anterior pituitary glycotropic* hormones are prominent (see Chapters III and VII) Both substances appear to depress the hypoglycemic effect of insulin by inhibiting its tendency to accelerate the utilization of sugar by peripheral tissues

Epinephrine (see Chapter IV) and glukagon are also considered antagonistic *to insulin in the sense that they tend to prompt a rise rather than a fall in the* concentration of blood sugar Both agents appear to facilitate glycogenolysis, with release of glucose into the circulation

FACTORS WHICH INFLUENCE THE RATE OF INSULIN PRODUCTION (BLOOD GLUCOSE HOMEOSTASIS BY MEANS OF INSULIN)

It is highly probable that hyperglycemia directly stimulates insulin secretion by the pancreas [2] The central nervous system, operating through the right vagus nerve, may also stimulate insulin production [3] It may be presumed that insulin secretion becomes markedly diminished when blood glucose concentration falls below a certain value Other factors, such as epinephrine, adrenocortical S-F N hormone, anterior pituitary glycotropic hormone and glukagon have the task of preventing hypoglycemia Ordinarily this closely knit system operates so well that blood sugar values rarely exceed the limits of approximately 80 to 120 mg per cent *for more than an hour or two (see Chapter III,* Figures 11 and 22 26)

In these connections it should be mentioned that chronic treatment with an

* This substance may be identical with the pituitary growth hormone (PGH) On the other hand it may be a separate substance with very similar physicochemical properties In this treatise it will arbitrarily be considered as a separate and distinct substance

TABLE IX—1 Approximate composition of body fluid per kg of body weight and calculated dehydration losses resulting in a 10 per cent decrease in body weight Equal losses from extra and intracellular fluids and maintenance of normal body fluid concentrations are assumed It should be noted that a 10 per cent loss of body weight due largely to dehydration means a 14 per cent loss of total body water a 23 per cent loss of extracellular water and electrolytes, and a 10 per cent loss of intracellular water and electrolytes. These are over all losses including renal and extrarenal losses Adapted from A M Butler *Acta pædiat* 38 59 1949

	$(H_2O)_T$* ml	$(H_2O)_E$* ml	$(H_2O)_I$* cc	Na_E mEq	Cl_E mEq	Na_I mEq	K_I mEq
Composition per kg	600	200	400	30	23	3	60
Dehydration losses per kg	100	50	50	7	6	0 4	7

T = total E = extracellular I = intracellular

TABLE IX—2 Losses suffered during four days of complete thirsting and fasting by a normal adult weighing 64 kg Losses for the fourth day are given separately since those for the first two days (particularly in Na and Cl) reflect variations dependent on the uncontrolled metabolic state From A M. Butler *Acta pædiat* 38 59 1949

	Losses					
Days	Weight kg	Na mEq	Cl mEq	K mEq	P gm	N gm
1–3	4 40	247	209	130	2 6	31
4	1 45	45	33	59	1 2	13
Total	5 85	292	242	189	3 8	44
Per kg	0 09	4 6	3 8	3	0 06	0 7

TABLE IX—3 Losses suffered by a 68 kg diabetic patient during a 78 hour period of pre coma nausea and acidosis following insulin withdrawal plus extrapolated losses for a theoretical day of vomiting and thirsting From A M Butler *Acta pædiat* 38 59 1949

	Losses						
Days	Weight kg	Na mEq	Cl mEq	K mEq	Mg mEq	P gm	N gm
3 4	3 7	217	142	273	41	3	40
1 0 (added)	2 9	105	130	115	12	2	20
Total	6 6	322	272	388	53	5	60
Per kg	0 1	5	4	6	0 8	0 07	0 9

These ketone bodies are utilized for energy by peripheral tissues without the aid of insulin or simultaneous carbohydrate oxidation However, the capacity of the tissues to utilize ketone bodies under conditions of normal blood ketone con centration is limited to approximately 100 gm or 900 calories of fat equivalent per m^2 per day When larger amounts of fat energy are needed by the organism, blood ketone concentration is increased to supranormal levels This increase presumably facilitates peripheral ketone utilization by mass action It also results in the development of clinical ketosis and ketonuria

As the foregoing effects of insulin lack become extended, other changes may take place For example, when polydipsia does not completely compensate for polyuria, dehydration ensues Data concerning this phenomenon are presented in Tables 1 to 3 [5]

Table 1 sets forth information concerning normal body composition for each kilogram of body weight In addition, it presents calculations based on available evidence of losses incident to dehydration resulting in a 10 per cent body weight (water) loss This loss is assumed to have an equal effect on extra and intra cellular fluid volumes and to leave the respective electrolyte concentrations un changed Note that such a 10 per cent loss of body weight means a 17 per cent loss of total body water, a 25 per cent loss of extracellular water and electrolytes and a 12 per cent loss of intracellular water and electrolytes

Actual losses sustained by a normal adult during four days of absolute thirst ing and fasting are shown in Table 2 The loss of 3 mEq of potassium as com pared with 7 mEq in Table 1 reflects the concentration of cell potassium which occurs during the dehydration of thirsting On the other hand, note that the ratio of K to N lost (4 3 mEq K to 1 gm N) is greater than that found in normal muscle tissue (2 8 mEq K to 1 gm N) This excess loss of potassium in relation to nitrogen is characteristic of starvation and dehydration in persons with intact adrenocortical function *

Table 3 indicates the actual losses incurred by a diabetic patient during the development of pre coma dehydration, when insulin was withheld for 3 4 days plus extrapolated losses of an added theoretical day† of no fluid intake due to nausea and vomiting [6] Both the actual losses during the first 3 4 days and the total calculated losses for 4 4 days describe tissue losses of potassium (in mEq)

* As described in Chapter III this ability to eliminate potassium above nitrogen is impaired in hypoadrenocorticism. The phenomenon appears to be of considerable importance in that it permits the thirsting organism to support extracellular water stores if need be at the expense of intracellular water and potassium

† The losses of this added day were compounded from the losses shown in Table 2 for the fourth day of thirsting plus those calculated to occur as a result of glycosuria and of a 500 cc vomitus

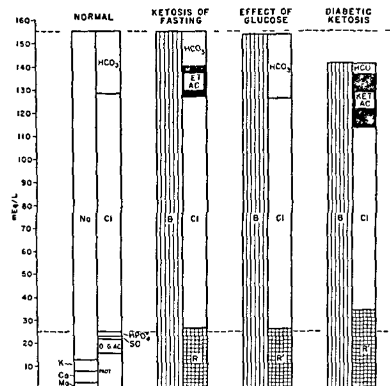


FIGURE IX—1 Effect of fasting ketosis and diabetic ketosis on serum electrolyte composition In diabetes ketosis results from a failure of the oxidative processes of carbohydrate metabolism in many other conditions it may result from a lack or inadequacy of carbohydrate intake Complete or partial starvation is often an incident of disease processes Children exhibit ketosis much more frequently than adults Apparently during childhood even very short periods of carbohydrate deprivation may lower the metabolic level to the point where incompletely oxidized fatty acids begin to appear in the extracellular fluid

Ketone acids must be given space in the electrolyte structure of the plasma and this space is provided at the expense of the concentration of bicarbonate ion The measurements used in constructing the diagram which describes the ketosis of fasting were obtained from an epileptic boy who was fasted as a therapeutic measure R stands for the residue of anions made up of phosphate sulfate organic acids and protein B stands for base As may be seen the only change in plasma structure is the reduction of HCO_3 to the base equivalence of the ketone acids The next diagram shows the complete removal of the ketone acids and the return of HCO to its usual value by providing over a 12 hour period a small intake of carbohydrate (50 gm of cane sugar per m² per day)

The last diagram in the chart describes the extensive structural changes found in the plasma of a child in diabetic coma which have together produced an extremely severe acidosis Besides the very large accumulation of ketone acids two other changes a decrease in base (B) and an increase in R have helped to reduce HCO_3 to a dangerously small value These two changes are referable to renal disability caused by the rapid dehydration which is always a prominent feature of diabetic coma From J L Gamble *Chem Anat Physiol and Pathol of Extracellular Fluid* Cambridge Harvard Univ Press 1950

and nitrogen (in gm) in a ratio of approximately 7 to 1 This indicates a specific loss of K in excess of N greater than that described for non diabetic starvation and dehydration

Figure 1 shows further that the foregoing occurrences can lead to a marked degree of metabolic acidosis [7] There are two reasons for this First, certain of the ketone bodies, namely aceto-acetic acid and beta hydroxy butyric acid, directly displace plasma bicarbonate Second, marked dehydration leads to circulatory failure and hence to renal failure There results a tendency to accumulate such products of tissue catabolism as phosphate and sulfate and to lose such fixed bases as sodium and potassium These changes add to the previously mentioned tendency to plasma bicarbonate reduction Another presumably compensatory change is noted in the erythrocytes, which lose a major portion of their organic, acid soluble phosphorus as diabetic acidosis develops [8] This phosphorus is replaced by chloride ion

The foregoing phenomena are accompanied by and in part are occasioned by homeostatic alterations in the activity of certain endocrine systems For example, it is probable that the tendency toward dehydration elicits increased antidiuretic hormone production by the hypothalamic–posterior pituitary apparatus This is evidenced by an elevation in urine specific gravity The tendency to hyperphosphatemia apparently results likewise in a compensatory or functional type of hyperparathyroidism This is manifested by a tendency to a very low ratio between tubular reabsorption of phosphorus and glomerular filtrate phosphorus (see Chapter II) The combined stress of carbohydrate starvation dehydration, ketosis and acidosis elicits the anterior pituitary–adrenocortical alarm reaction This is evidenced by eosinopenia and hyper 11 17 oxycorticosteroiduria (see Figure 2) [9] It probably accounts at least in part for the tissue loss of potassium in excess of nitrogen mentioned above and may in addition explain why diabetic coma patients show a temporary tendency to resist insulin Further, it probably contributes to the development of diabetic ketosis by facilitating the mobilization of body depot fat These changes incident to the alarm reaction are of particular interest, inasmuch as they suggest that homeostatic endocrine reactions, while serving one purpose, may at times aggravate rather than ameliorate the metabolic disturbance in other respects

METABOLIC EFFECTS OF INSULIN EXCESS

Insulin in excess causes glucose to be utilized by peripheral tissues at such a rapid rate that supply fails to keep pace with demand Hypoglycemia results This in turn activates both the sympathetic–adrenomedullary–epinephrine mechanism

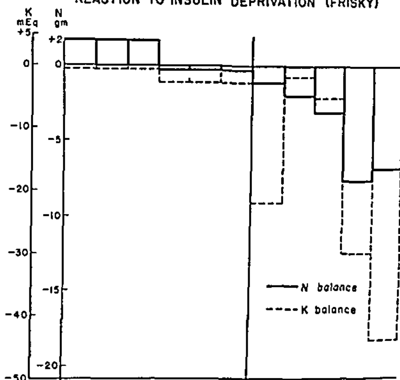
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FIGURE IX—2 Effect of sudden insulin deprivation on the nitrogen and potassium balances the urinary glucose excretion, the eosinophil and total white blood cell counts and the corticosteroid excretion of a depancreatized dog The vertical line passing through the center of the figure indicates the moment at which insulin was withdrawn and separates the six 24 hour control periods from the five 12 hour experimental periods At the end of 60 hours the animal had passed into profound diabetic coma and resumption of therapy became mandatory The ordinate scales in the upper portion of the figure which is devoted to the presentation of the nitrogen and potassium balances are so correlated that the length of the column indicating the potassium balance in a given period is identical with that of the column indicating nitrogen balance when these substances are lost or retained in the same proportion that exists in protoplasm (one gram of nitrogen is equiva lent to 2 39 mEq of potassium in dog muscle)

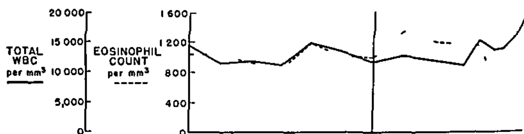
Withdrawal of insulin is followed by (1) immediate development of a negative nitrogen balance (2) development of a negative potassium balance which exceeds the proportionate negative nitrogen balances during two phases—(a) an immediate and transient loss of excess potassium believed to be due to the breakdown of liver glycogen and (b) a progressive terminal loss believed to be due to the selective loss of potassium from cells (3) glycosuria which is maximal during the initial periods after insulin with drawal which dwindles when the animal becomes ketotic and anorexic and which increases again when the condition of the animal becomes critical (4) minimal changes in the eosinophil and total white blood cell counts during the early periods but marked develop ment of leukocytosis and eosinopenia as keto-acidosis becomes intense (5) a terminal rise in urinary corticosteroid excretion

The alarm reaction recognizable by the eosinopenia and the increased rate of urinary corticosteroid excretion is thus seen to be a comparatively late feature of keto acidosis resulting from insulin omission It is temporally and perhaps causally related to the terminal hyperglycemia (indicated on this chart only by increased glycosuria) and to the loss of potassium from cells. From J W McArthur D Harting G A Smart E A Mac Lachlan M Terry and A S Zygmuntowicz Unpublished observations

REACTION TO INSULIN DEPRIVATION (FRISKY)







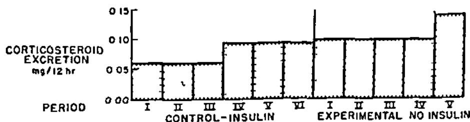


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and the anterior pituitary–adrenocortical alarm reaction mechanism The epinephrine, by prompting hepatic glycogenolysis, may restore blood sugar concentration to normal at least temporarily The adrenocortical steroids, produced as a result of the alarm reaction, tend to inhibit insulin action Hence they may ameliorate if not eliminate the effects of insulin excess

Under conditions of hyperinsulinism and hypoglycemia the behavior of the central nervous system becomes seriously altered Since the brain is markedly dependent upon glucose as a source of energy, by prompting hypoglycemia insulin can deprive this organ of this vitally important nutrient Convulsions, cerebral edema and chromatolysis of cells may follow [10]

METHODS OF ESTIMATING INSULIN STATUS

At present although it is technically difficult, it is possible to measure the concentration of insulin in blood by a bio assay procedure [2, 7, 8] Because this procedure is not suited to general clinical use, insulin status must ordinarily be appraised indirectly with the aid of standardized tests of carbohydrate metabolism The tests used vary according to whether one suspects (a) insulin deficiency or (b) insulin excess The general nature of certain of these carbohydrate tolerance tests is illustrated diagrammatically in Figures 22 26 of Chapter III The information presented there may be extended as follows

Indications of Insulin Deficiency These constitute the diagnostic signs of ordinary juvenile diabetes mellitus—chiefly hyperglycemia and glycosuria The diagnostic significance of these signs depends to a considerable extent upon the factors considered below

Hyperglycemia Previous diet, infections and toxemias may exert an appreciable effect on blood sugar values

Diet When a normal individual is subjected to a glucose tolerance test (see Chapter III, Table 3) following several days of low carbohydrate intake, he is apt to show a marked reduction in sugar tolerance This is evidenced by a diabetic type of glucose tolerance curve (capillary true blood glucose > 120 mg per cent two hours after 40 gm of glucose per m have been administered intravenously) Such intolerance for sugar is presumed to be a manifestation of adaptative changes in glucose homeostatic mechanisms It can be dissipated by providing a relatively high carbohydrate intake (about 180 gm of CHO per m per day) for three days prior to the glucose tolerance test Following such preparation the normal individual has a capillary blood sugar of less than 120 mg per cent two hours after a standard dose of glucose Accordingly it is considered

of great importance always to prepare patients for glucose tolerance test by three days of high carbohydrate feeding There is no evidence that such a regimen seriously harms a patient with diabetes mellitus

Infections, toxemias and other noxious stimuli These constitute stress stimuli which may activate the anterior pituitary–adrenocortical alarm reaction Increased quantities of adrenocortical S-F N hormones secreted as a result of this reaction may produce a tendency to impaired glucose tolerance as described above (see pages 180 and 546) This phenomenon is sufficiently common and definite to mean that glucose tolerance tests should not be used to appraise pancreatic islet–insulin status while a patient is suffering stress of any significant degree

Other factors Diminished glucose tolerance is observed occasionally in patients with hypertension, nephritis thyrotoxicosis liver disease, pituitary gigantism (or acromegaly) and Cushing s syndrome The mechanisms responsible for this change in hypertensive, nephritic and thyrotoxic patients are not known In severe hepatic disease capacity for glycogenesis is limited Hence withdrawal of glucose from the circulation under the influence of insulin also is slow In hyperpituitarism, pituitary glycotropic hormone, and in Cushing s syndrome adrenocortical S-F N hormones may explain the tendency to hyperglycemia

Glycosuria The quantitative and qualitative aspects of this subject are considered under the following separate subheadings

Quantitative considerations When the blood glucose concentration of the normal individual exceeds a critical value, which usually lies between 140 and 180 mg per cent, the glomerular filtrate contains more glucose than the tubules of the kidney can reabsorb [11] Glucose not reabsorbed by the tubules appears quantitatively in the urine Since most diabetic patients develop hyperglycemia in excess of 180 mg per cent after eating foods containing carbohydrates they tend to show glycosuria, at least temporarily

Glycosuria should be considered strongly suggestive of diabetes mellitus until proved otherwise On the other hand, it is not necessarily diagnostic of this condition It can occur in persons whose tolerance for sugar in terms of blood glucose values is normal, but whose renal tubule capacity for glucose reabsorption (renal threshold for glucose) is uncommonly low Such persons may develop glycosuria with blood sugar values between 140 and 100 mg per cent or even lower This is called renal glycosuria It is observed in a few otherwise normal individuals, in patients with nephritis involving the tubules and in patients suffering a stress-induced adrenocortical alarm reaction It is recognized by making frequent simultaneous blood and urine *glucose determinations during the course of a glucose* tolerance test or following a meal containing moderate amounts of carbohydrate

The blood glucose level corresponding to the first appearance of glycosuria approximately indicates the renal glucose threshold

Qualitative considerations Glycosuria comprises the commonest of several types of melituria, or sweet urine Other causes of melituria are galactose,* pentose and levulose (fructose) These substances react like glucose with Benedict's solution and must be distinguished from glucose by means of special tests Patients having these rare types of melituria do not ordinarily show any impaired tolerance for glucose

Indications of Insulin Excess Except in clinics where blood insulin assays can be run, a presumptive metabolic diagnosis of insulin excess can be made only by a process of elimination This stems from the fact that hypoglycemia, the outstanding manifestation of insulin excess, results from hepatic dysfunction, hypopituitarism and hypoadrenocorticism as well as from hyperinsulinism Thus, it is necessary to rule out the former conditions before concluding that hyperinsulinism is the probable cause of hypoglycemia

Hepatic dysfunction as a cause of hypoglycemia can be determined reasonably satisfactorily by applying the epinephrine glucose tolerance test The patient is prepared for this test by means of a diet containing 180 gm of carbohydrate per m^2 per day for three days On the morning of the fourth day, breakfast is omitted, the fasting blood sugar concentration is determined and a dose of epinephrine (0 3 cc of 1 1,000 freshly opened epinephrine solution per m^2) is administered subcutaneously Blood sugar determinations are repeated at 15, 30 and 45 minutes If liver function is normal, the blood sugar concentration should increase at least 20 mg per cent during this interval This increase reflects normal hepatic glycogenolysis under the influence of epinephrine Failure to show such a rise in blood sugar suggests glycogen storage disease,[13] abnormal hepatic glycogen depletion or other serious disturbance in hepatic function

Hypopituitarism and hypoadrenocorticism may be recognized as possible causes of hypoglycemia by application of the diagnostic procedures discussed in Chapters III and VII Of the tests considered in Chapter III, those concerned with

* Very occasionally one encounters children with symptoms of hypoglycemia in association with galactosuria and galactosemia It appears that these patients are unable to metabolize galactose in a normal manner As a result when foods (such as milk) containing this sugar are eaten there is a tendency for it to accumulate in the blood stream and to spill over into the urine The pancreas apparently responds to hypergalactosemia as it does to hyperglycemia The insulin formed as a result of this stimulus prompts increased utilization of the circulating glucose but not of the circulating galactose As a result though total blood sugar fails to fall promptly to normal levels blood glucose levels fall to abnormally low levels Hence the tendency toward manifestations of hypoglycemia in the presence of high or normal total blood sugar concentration and melituria. The condition is largely prevented by omitting all galactose containing foods.[12]

carbohydrate metabolism are most pertinent For practical purposes a normal response to the epinephrine eosinophil test essentially rules out hypopituitarism and hypoadrenocorticism as likely causes of hypoglycemia

If the foregoing types of conditions can be ruled out, fasting blood sugar measurements, the glucose tolerance and the 24 hour fast tolerance tests (see Chapter III, Table 3) can be used to separate patients with functional hyperinsulinism from patients with organic hyperinsulinism [14]

Functional hyperinsulinism is a poorly understood clinical entity which is thought to be due to a disturbance in the nervous and humoral regulation of blood sugar More specifically, there probably is either (a) hyper reactiveness to hyperglycemia on the part of the insulin glucose homeostatic mechanism or (b) failure on the part of this mechanism to discontinue insulin production promptly as blood sugar concentration falls into the normal or hypoglycemic range Patients with this condition are apt to be high strung and to react excessively to many stimuli They develop hypoglycemia within a period of two to four hours after meals, but not before breakfast or upon fasting for 24 hours When subjected to a glucose tolerance test, they may show a sharp drop in blood glucose values to hypoglycemic levels between the second and fourth hours

Organic hyperinsulinism is characterized by the occurrence of hypoglycemic attacks between midnight and breakfast, two to four hours after meals and after exercise or skipped or late meals Fasting blood sugars are usually below 50 mg per cent, and after a 24 hour fast are below 40 mg per cent In the glucose tolerance test, they may develop hypoglycemia between the second and fifth hours

CLINICAL CONSIDERATIONS

JUVENILE "HYPOINSULINISM" OR DIABETES MELLITUS

Despite half a century of investigation, the exact cause and nature of ordinary diabetes mellitus remains obscure Hence the quotation marks around the term hypoinsulinism, for it is not known whether ordinary diabetes is due to an absolute lack of insulin, an excess of anti insulin substances or both In these connections it is noteworthy that the insulin needs of the patients with spontaneous diabetes usually are considerably larger than those of patients with diabetes secondary to pancreatectomy *

* The pancreatectomized adult requires from 20 to 60 units of insulin per day [1]

ETIOLOGY AND INCIDENCE[1] Certain factors, including heredity, race and obesity appear to bear a relation to the genesis of this condition With regard to heredity it has been noted that (a) diabetes occurs about 15 times more often in both twins of identical pairs (48 5 per cent incidence) than in both twins of dissimilar pairs (3 2 per cent incidence), and (b) about five times more frequently in blood relatives of diabetics (incidence 6 7 per cent) than in control groups (incidence 1 23 per cent) Mendelian ratios of the recessive type are evident in large series of diabetic cases selected at random The expected ratios can be demonstrated also in presumably latent cases of diabetes

Although diabetes is clearly affected by obesity in several important respects, the relation cannot as yet be fully explained It is almost unknown in persons who are 20 or 30 per cent under weight, but otherwise during childhood it occurs more or less irrespective of weight status Thus, of 43 diabetic children under 10 years of age,* 44 per cent were below, 37 per cent were within and only 19 per cent were over standard weight Of 84 diabetics between 10 and 20 years of age, 29 per cent were under, 39 per cent were within and 32 per cent were above standard weight at or prior to the onset of diabetes

On the other hand, in one large series of successive diabetics, including all ages, maximum body weights were below standard in only 8 per cent, within standard limits in 15 per cent and above standard in 77 per cent Although obesity tends to precipitate diabetes in predisposed individuals, especially after they pass their twentieth birthday, cases have been observed in which diabetes followed rapid loss of weight by fat persons Neither the incidence nor the mechanisms of this phenomenon have been thoroughly studied

Certain other etiologic factors deserve brief mention As outlined in Chapters III and VII and in the first sections of the present chapter, adrenocortical S-F N and pituitary glycotropic hormones in excess tend to prompt an insulin resistant type of glucose intolerance Thus, by causing an increase in S-F N hormone production, infection and other forms of stress may aggravate latent diabetes to the point where it becomes manifest This fits in with the clinical finding that infection can precipitate the onset of diabetes On the other hand, the data of Figure 27, Chapter III, indicate that S-F N hormone production by diabetics is normal or low except during periods of stress This suggests that although S-F N hormone may accentuate ordinary diabetes it probably is not an important factor in its etiology However, chronically excessive S-F N hormone production is con

* Though diabetes is never apparent as a congenital disturbance it sometimes develops during the first year of life

sidered to be responsible for the special type of diabetes seen in patients with Cushing s syndrome

Glycosuria has been noted in about 35 per cent and diabetes found in about 17 per cent of patients with acromegaly[15] These observations suggest that clinical diabetes may occasionally be due to hyperpituitarism

CLINICAL MANIFESTATIONS *In most adults and adolescents, diabetes de*velops insidiously over a period of months from a latent to a clinically manifest form In children the syndrome is likely to develop within a period of days or weeks

In a group of 30 successive diabetic patients who were seen in this clinic and who ranged in age from a few months to 15 years, the commonest presenting symptoms were thirst (89 per cent), polyuria (82 per cent), nocturia or enuresis (52 per cent), loss of or failure to gain weight (48 per cent), increase in appetite (37 per cent), vomiting (33 per cent) easy fatigability or weakness (30 per cent) and constipation (18 per cent) Abdominal pain, irritability and apathy were observed in about 15 per cent of these children Infection was present in about one third of the cases at the time of first admission to the hospital

Except when diabetic acidosis and coma had developed the signs presented were not striking Of the patients seen in this clinic most (90 per cent) were of normal height for age and of normal weight for height These findings are in apparent contrast to those of others who report a distinct tendency for diabetic children to be from 6 to 8 cm taller at the onset of the disease than average normal children of the same age and sex[1 b] The same investigators report that the skeletal and sexual development of the average diabetic child is a year or so in advance of normal for age

Symptomatically *diabetic acidosis* is characterized by marked thirst and polyuria followed by nausea and vomiting, abdominal pain and general malaise Prior to the onset of vomiting, dehydration and signs of acidosis may not be very marked Once vomiting starts however, dehydration and acidosis develop rapidly There follows a tendency to labored long and deep respirations and to drowsiness, stupor and finally coma Acetone soon becomes detectable in the expired breath and may permeate the atmosphere of the patient s room

On examination the patient is drowsy or unconscious and presents signs characteristic of dehydration and acidosis (Kussmaul breathing) The face is drawn, the skin cold and dry and subcutaneous tissue elasticity is markedly diminished The mucous membranes are dry If ketosis is marked, the lips may be of a reddish blue hue The eyeballs are soft the pulse weak and rapid the blood pressure

low Physical examination may reveal diffuse spasm and tenderness suggestive of an acute abdominal disorder These signs may be due in part to an accumulation of hard fecal matter in the large bowel or to a lesion requiring surgery In the latter event there is apt to be an antecedent history of abdominal pain with or without vomiting In addition there are often definite, localized tenderness and spasm [16] If diabetes is responsible, the signs usually subside after a few hours of insulin and fluid therapy

LABORATORY STUDIES These may be divided into groups relating to (a) impaired glucose tolerance, (b) ketosis, metabolic acidosis, dehydration and renal failure and (c) miscellaneous changes

Impaired glucose tolerance is reflected by hyperglycemia The initial blood sugar values obtained on a series of children seen at this clinic ranged between 167 and 1068 mg per cent Eighty five per cent of the values were over 200 mg per cent Glycosuria was a universal finding

Ketonuria (acetonuria) is a variable finding In mild cases it may be absent In patients with impending diabetic acidosis or coma it is almost always present The serum electrolyte changes observed in patients with diabetic acidosis are set forth diagrammatically in Figure 1 The serum carbon dioxide content (serum bicarbonate) is low if the acidosis is pronounced The acidosis is considered severe when the value obtained is less than 7 mEq per liter The serum sodium and chloride values also are somewhat depressed On the other hand the concentrations of potassium and inorganic phosphorus may be abnormally elevated, as may the values for total protein hemoglobin and non protein nitrogen The latter changes occur when circulatory failure results in impairment of renal function

Among the miscellaneous findings leucocytosis and eosinopenia are of interest Leukocytosis is the rule in patients in coma The white cells may total between 15 000 and 50 000 per mm^3, even in the absence of demonstrable infection In one instance a count of 100,000 was obtained Eosinophils, on the other hand, may be virtually absent Such eosinopenia is a relatively late occurrence in the development of diabetic acidosis and indicates that the condition has produced a significant degree of stress The eosinopenia is due to stress induced functional hyperadrenocorticism (see above and Chapter III)

DIAGNOSIS AND DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS Demonstration of hyperglycemia and glycosuria* in a patient presenting the history symptoms and signs enumerated above is nearly diagnostic of diabetes mellitus To be differentiated are patients with (a) transient carbohydrate intolerance secondary to carbo

* These terms must be interpreted strictly to refer to blood and urine glucose content (see pages 550 551)

hydrate starvation (see page 550), (b) transient tendencies to hyperglycemia and glycosuria secondary to a stress induced adrenocortical alarm reaction (see page 551), (c) Cushing's syndrome (see Chapter III), (d) pheochromocytoma (see Chapter IV) and (e) salicylate poisoning

Salicylates in toxic doses produce a picture which can be confused with diabetic coma They cause hyperpnea by irritating the respiratory center of the brain In addition, they induce a tendency to diuresis, drowsiness, pseudo-glycosuria and pseudo-ketonuria If nausea and drowsiness interfere with fluid ingestion, dehydration also results

A false impression that the patient may have glycosuria arises because salicylates, like glucose, reduce Benedict's qualitative sugar reagent Similarly, an impression may be gained that the patient has ketonuria because salicylates react in the ferric chloride test for ketones by giving a deep violet color This error can be avoided by testing samples of urine after boiling Ketone bodies, being volatile, disappear upon boiling salicylates, being non volatile, remain in the urine and continue to give a positive ferric chloride test

The patient may be thought to have acidosis because of the central hyperpnea Such centrally induced hyperventilation tends to wash abnormally large amounts of carbon dioxide out of the blood stream The consequent reduction in the ratio of carbonic acid to base bicarbonate in the plasma causes the plasma pH to rise * The alkalosis thus produced stimulates a compensatory elimination of sodium with the result that the plasma pH falls toward normal after several hours Later, when the centrally induced hyperpnea subsides, acidosis may develop on account of this fixed base loss If the patient also develops starvation ketosis, the tendency to acidosis may increase

Patients with salicylate poisoning do not have hyperglycemia They recover from the intoxication within two or three days after salicylates are discontinued, provided that water, calory and electrolyte intake is maintained at reasonable levels Ordinarily, there is no need for specific acid or alkali therapy If parenteral fluid therapy is necessary, one third saline (0 28 gm per cent NaCl) in 5 or 10 per cent dextrose solution is satisfactory

* Plasma carbon dioxide values are totally unreliable indices of acidosis versus alkalosis except when the nature of the primary disturbance is known In the salicylate poisoning patient we have an example of lowered plasma carbon dioxide and alkalosis The same condition can be produced by voluntary hyperventilation In patients with ammonium chloride intoxication renal failure or marked ketosis the plasma carbon dioxide undergoes a compensatory depression. Such patients have low carbon dioxide values and metabolic acidosis Contrariwise there are patients with metabolic alkalosis and compensatorily increased plasma carbon dioxide values due to alkali (sodium lactate sodium bicarbonate etc) intoxication Finally patients with central hyperpnea or with pulmonary obstruction (due to emphysema fibrosis edema) tend to accumulate carbon dioxide in the blood stream with resultant elevated plasma carbon dioxide values and acidosis due to carbonic acid retention

TREATMENT The treatment of diabetes involves several considerations For instance, it is well to recognize that one is dealing with a disturbance in homeostasis which is not clearly understood This means that one is forced for lack of knowledge to undertake alleviative rather than curative therapy It means also that one is faced with the problem of attempting to serve as a substitute for a homeostatic mechanism This poses an interesting and important question Should the physician attempt to keep blood glucose concentration within physiologic limits at all times?

This question has no single anwer It can only be assumed that perfect control works to the physiologic and physical benefit of a patient with diabetes Perfect control of blood sugar can usually be attained only by paying detailed attention to diet and exercise, by making numerous blood and urine sugar measurements and by giving insulin several times a day Such exquisite attention may, however, render the patient an emotional invalid [17a] This seems a large price to pay for a therapeutic accomplishment of unknown value

Less than perfect control of blood sugar concentrations means that deviations below or above the normal range must be expected Errors in the direction of hypoglycemia are encountered most often when attempts are made to keep the patient aglycosuric at all times To make this error repeatedly is hazardous and undesirable, for pathologic lowering of blood sugar values can cause serious changes in the central nervous system (see Figure 3) Moreover, the stress of hypoglycemia can elicit the adrenocortical alarm reaction This in turn can cause increased resistance to insulin and hence more severe diabetes [17b] By contrast, errors in the direction of hyperglycemia do not cause irreversible changes unless the hyperglycemia is of sufficiently marked degree and duration to result in fatal diabetic ketosis and coma

Concerning the possible deleterious effects of chronic mild to moderate hyper glycemia and glycosuria, one can only raise questions Three come to mind First, does such hyperglycemia aggravate the diabetic state by prompting de generative changes in the pancreatic islets? Second does hyperglycemia or the carbohydrate starvation* primary to it constitute a stress of sufficient magnitude to elicit the adrenocortical alarm reaction? Third are the vascular and other degenerative changes seen in patients with diabetes of several years duration due to insulin deficiency tissue carbohydrate starvation, hyperglycemia and gly cosuria or are they due to entirely separate factors? No satisfactory answers to these questions are available today

* As indicated above insulin lack leads to loss of ability to utilize glucose Indirectly by causing glycosuria there also occurs a loss of calories from the body Each gram of glucose in the urine indicates a loss of 4 calories

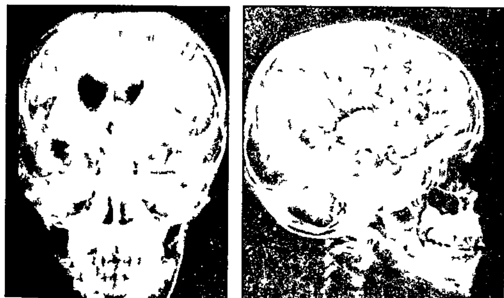


FIGURE IX—3 Dilatation of the ventricles presumably secondary to repeated insulin reactions in a boy of 7½ years

CASE HISTORY

The patient developed diabetes mellitus at the age of two years Up to that time his growth maturation and general health had been satisfactory During the first two years of his illness he was treated in another clinic with relatively large doses (16 units) of protamine insulin only Presumably as a consequence of this type of therapy he suffered numerous severe insulin reactions. At the age of seven years he came to our clinic with the chief complaints of diabetes mellitus and behavior problem At that time he was receiving 12 units of protamine and 8 units of regular insulin before breakfast and was free from reactions A complete physical examination revealed no abnormalities His IQ was 111 While the neurologic examination also failed to reveal definite abnormalities it was thought that his unusual behavior pattern might be a manifestation of diffuse brain damage secondary to episodes of insulin induced hypoglycemia At 7¾ years he suffered the first of a series of generalized convulsions Simultaneously he commenced to show evidences of gradual intellectual deterioration Three months later enlargement of the lateral and third ventricles was revealed by pneumoencephalography The left lateral ventricle appeared larger than the right There was no gross evidence of cortical atrophy or of a causative lesion A series of electroencephalograms likewise showed increasing abnormalities—most marked over the left occiput In the three years subsequent to these studies the patient has become aphasic and grossly retarded in mind From N B Talbot J D Crawford and C C Bailey *Pediatrics* 1 337 1948

This lack of information makes it difficult to set forth recommendations concerning the management of diabetes which are not empirical and arbitrary Because hypoglycemia is definitely harmful, it is recommended that therapy be so directed that the phenomenon is very largely avoided If one is dealing with an intelligent, stable and cooperative diabetic patient, it may be possible to maintain him in a nearly aglycosuric state without inducing intermittent hypoglycemia Presumably, this can be considered an acceptable method of management If, on the other hand, the patient cannot be so maintained without inducing episodes of hypoglycemia, it would appear preferable to gain the margin of safety afforded by intermittent slight to-moderate hyperglycemia and glycosuria (10 to 30 gm per m^2 per day) Such deviations should not, however, be permitted to reach the point where the patient develops ketonuria, nocturia, caloric undernutrition or hepatomegaly

These comments may be extended to include a few remarks concerning the types of diet and types of insulin which may be used in the treatment of diabetes There is no clear evidence that any one type of dietary regimen is superior to another It appears reasonable therefore to recommend for the present that dietary advice be kept as simple as possible and that attention be directed chiefly to providing meals that are easy to prepare and appetizing They also should permit adaptation to daily variations in caloric needs on the one hand and allow reasonable regulation of blood sugar concentrations on the other Having decided upon some such dietary regimen, insulin is given in accordance with need

As indicated below, various insulin preparations are available So far as is known, these differ chiefly with respect to duration of action Satisfactory results can be obtained by using certain of these preparations in a variety of combinations One such combination will be outlined below

Chronic Management of Diabetes

Diet Diabetic patients under two years of age are fed normal diets for age and weight, the carbohydrate intake being kept at the lower limit of normal For patients over two years of age, the following instructions are given

1 Eat no candy, cakes, cookies, jams or sugar, and no desserts to which such ingredients have been added in any considerable amount
2 Eat only one piece of bread a meal or its equivalent in crackers
3 Have at any meal only one of the following rice macaroni spaghetti or potatoes and take only one moderate helping
4 Eat but half a banana or apple at any one time
5 In the middle of the morning take some form of food containing between 10 and 20 gm of carbohydrate If at any time symptoms of hypoglycemia appear

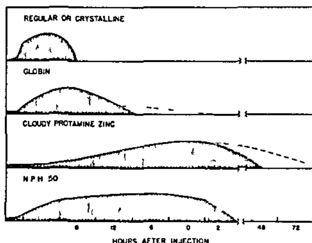


FIGURE IX—4 Representation of approximate duration and intensity of action of various types of insulin Adapted from E. P Joslin *et al* *The Treatment of Diabetes Mellitus* Philadelphia Lea & Febiger 1946

the juice of one orange or some food containing 10 gm of glucose is to be taken immediately

6 With the above exceptions, eat as desired at mealtime provided ordinary common sense is applied in not eating too much of any particular dish [18a]

Insulin Figure 4 indicates the approximate time of onset and duration of action of certain available types of insulin * Of these insulins, crystalline and protamine zinc are most commonly used in this clinic

It is not possible to indicate any clear quantitative relation between insulin dosage and carbohydrate utilization or intake This is due to the fact that the various anti insulin factors greatly modify the action of insulin from time to time In broad terms, one unit of insulin will permit the body to metabolize somewhere between 1 and 9 gm of carbohydrate [1]

Insulin dosage is adjusted to needs as indicated by urine sugar values and sometimes also by blood sugar determinations Figure 5 may aid in these considerations Here it is assumed (a) that the patient is following a relatively constant diet of the type suggested above (b) that hypoglycemia is to be avoided if need be at the expense of intermittent mild to moderate hyperglycemia and glycosuria and (c) that regular (or crystalline) and protamine zinc insulin are to be

* The new Hagedorn protamine insulin preparation NPH 50 is designed to permit the mixing of crystalline and protamine insulin solutions without alteration in the activity of either type of insulin The Danish preparation of NPH 50 apparently fulfills this criterion Accordingly it is possible to give patients both types of insulin in desired amounts by a single injection. Current reports suggest that great care must be taken in the manufacture of NPH 50 to make sure that there is no excess protamine since free protamine reacts with regular or crystalline insulin to form protamine insulin. This newly formed protamine insulin has a delayed and prolonged action similar to that shown in Figure 4 for NPH 50

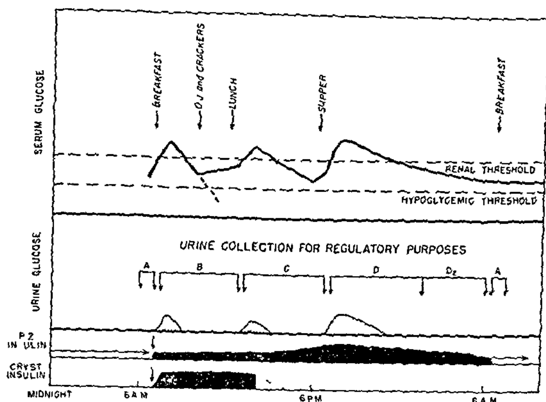


FIGURE IX—5 Diagrammatic representation of certain of the factors to be considered in the management of diabetes mellitus

TOP DIAGRAM The interrupted horizontal line labeled renal threshold indicates that glycosuria occurs when blood sugar values exceed this level The lower interrupted horizontal line indicates that clinical symptoms of hypoglycemia develop when the blood sugar falls below this level

MIDDLE DIAGRAM The urine collection periods for regulatory purposes are shown by brackets *A* to *D* Glycosuria is indicated when blood sugar values exceed the renal threshold

BOTTOM DIAGRAM Shows the duration of protamine zinc and crystalline insulin action The vertical arrows indicate the time of administration of these agents The horizontal arrows in the protamine zinc area attempt to indicate that this hormone acts more than 24 hours and that it therefore carries over from day to day

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given in separate injections by separate syringes and needles a few minutes before breakfast. During periods when the insulin needs of the patient are being determined and insulin dosages are being regulated accordingly, urine may be collected for sugar analysis* in four separate samples, as indicated in the middle section of the figure Once the needs of the patient are fairly well known, it

* The Somogyi approximate quantitative method (see Appendix page 590) which is easily performed serves this purpose satisfactorily

usually suffices to test urine for sugar by Benedict s test just before breakfast* and before supper and to collect occasional 24 hour urine samples for estimation of total daily glucose losses Blood sugar determinations are chiefly of value for detecting preprandial hypoglycemia in patients whose preprandial urine sugar tests give negative results

As the figure indicates, when it is noted that excessive glycosuria occurs before breakfast, the dose of protamine zinc insulin should be increased If as some times happens in the case of adolescent children marked glycosuria is noted before and after supper, it may be desirable to administer a small amount† of additional crystalline insulin before supper This avoids the difficulties incurred by giving such large doses of crystalline insulin before breakfast that hypoglycemia develops in the mid morning or before lunch and of giving such large doses of protamine zinc insulin that hypoglycemia develops in the hours before breakfast

A survey of the records of the diabetic children under our care reveals no clear relation between insulin doses and age weight or surface area Approximately speaking, the average total daily maintenance dose of insulin is between 20 and 30 units per m (range 8 to 63 units per m^2) Of this insulin about half (range 25 to 67 per cent) is crystalline insulin the remainder being protamine zinc insulin There is a tendency for the ratio of crystalline to protamine zinc insulin to be higher (about 1 5 to 1) in young children and lower (about 0 5 to 1) in adolescents Incidentally there is an increasing tendency to permit children to give themselves their insulin injections after they reach adolescent age

The doses of insulin required at the very beginning of diabetic therapy are usually somewhat larger than those needed in the immediately succeeding months [18 b d] Moreover, the doses apparently needed during hospitalization may be twice as large as those needed by the patient when he returns home This is presumed to be due in part to a tendency for the stress of homesickness needles, finger pricks and so forth to activate the adrenocortical alarm reaction** and in part to the fact that hospitalized patients are unable to get much physical exercise On account of this phenomenon it is usually advisable to reduce insulin

* Note that collection A of Figure 5 gives information concerning the presence of glycosuria immediately before breakfast Such information cannot be obtained unless about 6 a.m the patient empties his bladder of urine formed during the night and then approximately one hour later voids the urine formed during the interval The same thesis holds with respect to other urine sugar tests designed to indicate preprandial status

† From 5 to 10 per cent of the pre breakfast dose

Stress of emotional as well as of physical origin can markedly intensify tendencies to ketosis and glycosuria [18]

dosage when a diabetic child is discharged from the hospital Otherwise, he is apt to have insulin reactions within a few days after returning home

Infections can lead to increased glycosuria at any time If the intercurrent condition is severe it may be necessary (a) to place the patient on a diet of simple sweetened fluids, soups and possibly soft solids and (b) to counteract marked glycosuria* by the administration of extra crystalline insulin before lunch or supper or at both times The occurrence of acetonuria in association with marked glycosuria definitely indicates that more insulin is needed The occurrence of acetonuria in the absence of glycosuria indicates starvation and need for more carbohydrate

Parents are instructed always to assume that a disturbance in a diabetic child is an insulin reaction (see below) until proved otherwise Such a reaction is treated by giving food containing from 10 to 15 gm of carbohydrate Alternatively, 2 or 3 teaspoons of sugar in water or Karo syrup may be given in fractional doses Parents and older children also are taught that exercise augments the action of insulin and that either an increase in food allotments or a decrease in insulin dosages may be necessary on days or during periods (such as week ends and school vacations) when the patient is going to exercise hard To prevent the disastrous development of an insulin reaction while out of reach of help, diabetic children should never be allowed to go in swimming, ride horseback or go on camping expeditions unless accompanied by a responsible person who is aware of the disease

Difference between insulin reaction and diabetic coma This rarely constitutes an urgent problem in the diabetic patient who is receiving insulin The salient characteristics of these two conditions are summarized in Table 4

Prevention and treatment of severe insulin reactions For reasons offered earlier it is believed that insulin reactions are a very undesirable complication of diabetic therapy They usually can be avoided if (a) meals are eaten regularly (b) strenuous exercise is taken after rather than just before meals and (c) the patient and his parents learn the symptoms and signs of hypoglycemia and are prepared to take appropriate corrective measures whenever they appear Reactions occasionally develop for unexpected reasons, such as changing the site of insulin administration errors in insulin dosage (due to change in strength of insulin or type of syringe) or sudden upsets with nausea, vomiting or diarrhea

When the insulin reaction is severe, the patient may be so restless and unreasonable that it is difficult to get him to take sweetened fluids by mouth voluntarily Under such circumstances and when coma or convulsions have supervened,

* Glycosuria may be considered marked if two or more successive samples of preprandial urine cause a red precipitate to be formed when Benedict's qualitative test is applied

TABLE IX—4 Differential diagnosis of diabetic coma and insulin reaction Adapted from E P Joslin *et al* *The Treatment of Diabetes Mellitus* Philadelphia Lea & Febiger 1946

	Diabetic coma	Insulin reaction*
1 Onset	Slow—days	Sudden—minutes
2 Food	Too much	Too little
3 Insulin	Too little	Too much
4 Presence of infection	Frequent	Rare
5 Thirst	Extreme	Absent
6 Hunger	Absent	Frequent
7 Vomiting	Common	Seldom*
8 Pain in abdomen	Frequent	Absent
9 Fever	Absent except with infection or marked	Absent
10 Skin	Dry	Moist
11 Tremor	Absent	Frequent *
12 Vision	Dim	Double
13 Eyeballs	Soft	Normal
14 Appearance	Florid extremely ill	Pale weak faint sweating
15 Respiration	Air hunger	Normal
16 Blood pressure	Tends to fall	Tends to rise
17 Mental state	Restless distressed	Apathetic or irritable or hysterical
18 Unconsciousness	*Approaches gradually*	*May intervene suddenly*
19 Convulsions	Very rare	Sometimes
20 Urine sugar	Present	Absent (always in repeat examination)
21 Urine diacetic acid and acetone	Present	Usually absent
22 Blood sugar	High	Low
23 Specific treatment	Insulin fluid salt	Carbohydrate
24 Response to treatment	Gradual—hours	Quick —minutes*

The features of an insulin reaction listed in this table are those observed after rapidly acting regular or crystalline insulin In certain respects reactions due to the slowly acting protamine zinc insulin may differ Headache (particularly occipital) nausea and even vomiting may occur These symptoms make the differential diagnosis between reactions from protamine zinc insulin and coma more difficult than that between regular or crystalline insulin and coma. Moreover response to treatment may be slow in patients suffering hypoglycemia due to one of the slowly acting insulins

it may be necessary to give glucose intravenously (10 to 20 cc of 50 per cent glucose) If it is not possible to carry out such treatment promptly, persistent efforts should be made to introduce concentrated sugar solution (table sugar in water or 50 per cent Karo syrup) into the side of the mouth with a teaspoon a few cubic centimeters at a time If given in small amounts, such solutions are not apt to choke the patient or be aspirated and at least a portion of the material will find its way into the stomach whence it is rapidly absorbed into the circulation When the reaction is due to excess crystalline insulin, recovery is usually rapid and sustained When the reaction is caused by an excess of one of the longer acting insulin preparations, it may be necessary to continue sugar therapy for some time before recovery is completed (constant intravenous administration

of 10 per cent glucose in ⅓ to ½ isotonic (0 28 to 0 43 gm per cent) NaCl solution Other supportive measures, such as oxygen, sedation and suction of airway, are seldom necessary

Other complications of insulin therapy Atrophy of subcutaneous fat at sites of insulin injection is seen commonly The condition may be minimized by using several sites in rotation, however, in time it tends to disappear whether or not the site in question still is being used Urticaria at the site of injection may occur transiently at the outset of insulin therapy This is an unimportant phenomenon Serious allergic reactions to insulin are practically unknown Infection at one injection site is usually due to contamination of the insulin syringe or needle, multiple abscesses suggest contamination of the insulin solution

Treatment of Diabetic Coma

Diabetic coma* is the ultimate expression of decreased tissue utilization of glucose resulting from a relative or absolute deficiency of insulin The progression of metabolic consequence which is initiated by insulin lack has been described on page 543 Successful therapy is founded upon (a) accurate appraisal of the extent of this progression in the individual patient and (b) recognition of the presence of complicating factors such as infection, which may modify his response [19 a b]

While the gravity of diabetic acidosis demands that treatment be begun with dispatch, the initial study of the patient must be neither cursory nor perfunctory However, by making the appraisal in a systematic manner one can obtain the necessary information with little loss of time Specifically, from the history one should seek to determine the precipitating cause of the acidosis and the character and duration of the individual symptoms The physical examination should be performed with a view to estimating the extent of acidosis, dehydration and shock A thorough search for infection should be made particularly if a ready explanation for the occurrence of coma, such as failure of the patient to take insulin, is not apparent Immediate confirmation of the clinical diagnosis should be obtained by means of laboratory estimations of blood and urine glucose and of urine acetone and diacetic acid In seriously ill patients additional laboratory examinations may be of material assistance in defining more precisely the therapy required These include determinations of the serum pH and carbon dioxide content the serum sodium chloride potassium, inorganic phosphorus and protein concentrations and the blood hemoglobin and non protein nitrogen levels

* The demarcation between severe diabetic acidosis and coma is not sharp Joslin for example has suggested that all patients with a plasma CO_2 combining power lower than 20 volumes per cent (9 mEq per liter) be arbitrarily considered in coma

The interpretation of the results of these laboratory examinations is deserving of parenthetical comment The demonstration of hyperglycemia is important from the diagnostic point of view but its degree often correlates poorly with the intensity of acidosis The serum carbon dioxide content is not an invariably accurate index of the seriousness of the patient s condition or even of the degree of acidosis A patient so prostrated that he is incapable of responding to acidosis with hyperventilation may have a more severe acidosis with a lower serum pH but a higher carbon dioxide content than a patient whose serum pH level is being defended by hyperpnea In critical cases serum pH, if obtainable is thus more informative as to the degree of acidosis than is the carbon dioxide content

The concentrations of blood hemoglobin and serum protein may not be reliable indices of the degree of dehydration This is because extracellular fluid and blood volumes are often quite well defended in diabetic acidosis by the marked increases in extracellular osmotic pressure occasioned by hyperglycemia and ketonemia The extracellular hypertonicity results in movement of fluid from the intracellular to the extracellular compartment and hence in a tendency to severe intracellular dehydration A useful approximate index of the total extent of dehydration is afforded by body weight measurements In patients suffering diabetic acidosis of one or two days duration the difference between the patient s admission weight and his approximate normal weight is usually due largely to changes in total body water An acute 10 per cent loss of body weight (water) usually results in marked clinical signs of dehydration When weight loss spreads gradually over a longer period of time considerable losses of body solids also occur

In seriously ill patients the demonstration of high levels of blood non protein nitrogen or of serum inorganic phosphorus or potassium is of importance because it indicates impairment of renal function as well as increased cellular catabolism

Once the diagnosis of diabetic acidosis has been established and blood drawn for such chemical examinations as are clinically indicated therapy must be initiated without delay The essential features are the administration of insulin in adequate dosage and the restoration of the patient s depleted reserves of water and electrolytes Each patient in acidosis presents an individual therapeutic problem his needs must be evaluated from hour to hour by the physician in constant attendance Many difficulties can be obviated by the preparation of a tabular coma sheet on which is entered a running record of the important clinical observations, the results of each laboratory test as it is obtained and a description of all therapy administered

Insulin It is our custom to begin treatment by administering crystalline insulin in a dosage of approximately 75 units per m This is given subcutaneously

of 10 per cent glucose in 1/3 to 1/2 isotonic (0 28 to 0 43 gm per cent) NaCl solution Other supportive measures, such as oxygen, sedation and suction of airway, are seldom necessary

Other complications of insulin therapy Atrophy of subcutaneous fat at sites of insulin injection is seen commonly The condition may be minimized by using several sites in rotation, however, in time it tends to disappear whether or not the site in question still is being used Urticaria at the site of injection may occur transiently at the outset of insulin therapy This is an unimportant phenomenon Serious allergic reactions to insulin are practically unknown Infection at one injection site is usually due to contamination of the insulin syringe or needle, multiple abscesses suggest contamination of the insulin solution

Treatment of Diabetic Coma

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Following elimination of acetonuria and marked glycosuria, a process which seldom requires more than 12 hours, it is usually possible for the patient to take oral feedings In addition to one daily dose of protamine zinc insulin, doses of crystalline insulin are given before breakfast, lunch and supper until carbohy drate stores have been replenished After a few days the total insulin dosage can be administered before breakfast as indicated in Figure 5

Theoretic considerations of parenteral fluids [5 9 19] Since it is imperative to relieve shock, to restore renal function and to terminate hyperpnea the first objective of parenteral fluid therapy is *reparation of the chemical structure of extracellular fluid* To accomplish this without further deranging the chemical structure of the intracellular fluid is a minimum goal toward which one should strive Optimal therapy would promote restoration of the chemical structure of both extra and intracellular fluids simultaneously It would be desirable, for instance, to institute prompt replacement of the intracellular deficit of potassium which is known to exist But since the concentration of serum potassium is some times greatly elevated initially, owing to impaired renal function it is advisable to postpone this replacement until renal function is re established Therefore, while present knowledge permits only a distant approximation to the ideal, it suffices to indicate the desirability of modifying the composition of many fluids now in common use

The administration of isotonic saline solution (i e, 150 mEq Na and 150 mEq Cl per liter), which contains 50 mEq more chloride ion per liter than plasma and which therefore may result in a chloride acidosis appears unphysiologic for patients who already are suffering from severe acidosis and exhausting hyperpnea The custom of some clinics to correct the acidifying effect of isotonic saline by adding molar sodium lactate or bicarbonate until the sodium concen tration is elevated to 190 mEq per liter in order to provide a sodium/chloride ratio similar to that of plasma (i e, 1 3 to 1) results in a hypertonicity that is not in accord with the need for relatively sodium and chloride free water for cellular hydration, renal excretion and extrarenal water loss

Recognition of the large needs for water in diabetic acidosis has led some authorities to recommend that diluted saline lactate solutions containing about 100 mEq of sodium, 65 mEq of chloride and 35 mEq of lactate per liter be employed although such electrolyte dilution renders the fluid hypotonic with respect to red cells This is an apparently safe change * Dilution, however, also

* Red cells begin to fragment when placed in a solution of about 150 mosM per liter However intravenous infusion of solutions the concentration of which is 150 mosM per liter or less results in no appreciable hemolysis because of rapid mixing with large volumes of blood The above mentioned diluted saline lactate solution has an osmotic concentration of about 200 mosM per liter Thus it has no tendency to cause hemolysis

or intramuscularly An additional dose of about 50 units may be given intra venously if the acidosis is severe Previously untreated patients are given 25 units of protamine zinc insulin per m^2 in a separate subcutaneous injection During the first 10 or 12 hours after its administration protamine insulin has little effect and treatment with regular insulin can proceed as if protamine insulin had not been given At the end of this period the protamine insulin carries on the work of the regular insulin, reducing the number of subsequent insulin in jections Early use of protamine insulin also helps to prevent the escape from control which sometimes occurs late in the course of treatment when the condition of the patient appears so favorable that the physician relaxes his vigilance [19c]

Needs for subsequent injections of crystalline insulin are determined from hourly tests of the urine for sugar and acetone and occasional blood sugar meas urements If the urine cannot be collected by spontaneous voidings, an inlying catheter should be introduced promptly It is usually safe to assume that the blood sugar is abnormally elevated so long as the urine contains appreciable amounts of sugar (red, orange or yellow Benedict s tests) When the urine sugar diminishes below these levels (green or blue Benedict s tests) the possibility of hypoglycemia should be borne in mind In the first hours of therapy the aim is to reduce glycosuria from very high to moderate levels and to maintain urine sugar at such moderate levels until the urine becomes acetone free The manner of accomplishing this objective cannot be reduced to a mathematical formula Generally speaking, one hour after insulin therapy has been begun the urine still gives a red Benedict s test Under these circumstances we ordinarily give a second dose of about 35 units per m^2 of crystalline insulin As the urine tests with Benedict s reagent approach yellow to green values, crystalline insulin is ad ministered less and less frequently and the dosage is reduced to 10 or 20 units per m^2

In severely acidotic patients it may be necessary to repeat the initial 75 units per m dose at hourly intervals for several hours When this is the case, it is advisable to obtain blood sugar determinations at intervals, as indicated by changes in the patient s condition or the need for information In this connection the renal threshold for glucose may drop under conditions of severe stress and give a false impression with regard to the height of the blood sugar We observed appreciable glycosuria with blood sugar values under 100 mg per cent in a patient with fundamentally normal kidneys This tendency to lowered renal glucose threshold disappeared after the patient had recovered from the stress of diabetic coma Such temporary lowering of the renal glucose threshold is prob ably due to stress induced hyperadrenocorticism (see Chapter III, page 153)

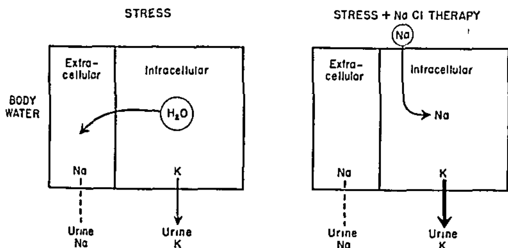


FIGURE IX—6 Schematic diagrams showing how under conditions of stress adrenocortical hormones tend to inhibit renal sodium and to facilitate renal potassium excretion As shown in the left hand diagram the body is thus enabled to sustain extracellular fluid volume for a time at the expense of intracellular water This is accomplished by osmotic forces as suggested by Chapter III Figure 10 The right hand diagram indicates that isotonic sodium chloride therapy may exaggerate the tendency to intracellular potassium loss to a pathologic degree This is explained by the fact that when excess sodium cannot be eliminated by way of the kidneys it tends to enter the body cells and to displace the potassium contained therein When this exchange of sodium for potassium becomes marked serious degenerative and functional changes develop (see Chapter III Figures 6 and 35) From N B Talbot *Pediatrics* 6 1 1950

weak rapid pulse and ashen gray pallor [19 e] After the acidosis has been corrected and the serum sodium, chloride and glucose concentrations restored to normal the disturbance may still have a fatal termination Post mortem examination fails to reveal any anatomic cause for death in such cases That it results from therapy which is focused on restoration to normal of extracellular fluid concentrations and which neglects intracellular needs seems well substantiated by the fact that the previously mentioned clinical manifestations which become recognizable before death, can be eliminated promptly by the administration of potassium salts

The above considerations have stimulated us among others to design solutions which attempt to replace the total electrolyte and water deficits of the acidotic patient rather than to correct isolated abnormalities in plasma electrolyte structure [a b]

The deficits incurred by the diabetic patient have been discussed on page 544 and are summarized in Table 3 In applying such estimations of losses to replace

reduces the amount of base available for rapid correction of acidosis, a possibly undesirable change

At present, we are employing a compromise solution containing 150 mEq of sodium, 100 mEq of chloride and 50 mEq of lactate (Table 8, Solution 1). This solution contributes little to the replacement of intracellular fluid deficits, but, with minimum derangement of intracellular fluid structure, it repairs those extracellular fluid defects whose persistence places the survival of the organism in immediate jeopardy

Once the pressing extracellular needs have been met, attention must be directed to the *replacement of intracellular deficits*. That sodium salt solutions are inadequate for this purpose is becoming increasingly clear. The intracellular deficits are numerous and their metabolic consequences are only beginning to be understood. Although potassium, phosphorus and magnesium are all known to be lost in large quantities, only with respect to the consequences of potassium loss do we possess even rudimentary information

Potassium is the chief basic ion of intracellular fluid, and as such it is maintained in ionic and osmotic equilibrium with sodium, the principal cation of extracellular fluid. When, as in diabetic acidosis, potassium is lost from cells,* replacement by sodium occurs apparently in order that osmotic equilibrium may be preserved. However, this adjustment is effected at the cost of a reduction in the functional efficiency of the cells

Certain measures necessarily employed in the treatment of diabetic acidosis lead to further distortion of the intracellular environment unless appropriate compensations are introduced. Thus, the prolonged infusion of sodium salts into individuals who are under stress is known to accelerate the depletion of cellular potassium and concomitant sodium replacement (see Figure 6). Moreover, restoration of carbohydrate utilization by means of insulin transfers to the cells from 1 to 1.5 mEq of potassium per kilogram of body weight owing to the glycogen stores which are thus replaced.† This process occurs with especial rapidity if glucose is administered with the insulin

If sufficiently advanced, cellular potassium depletion becomes clinically recognizable. The characteristic signs are peripheral muscle paralysis, respiratory muscle weakness and myocardial failure. The respiratory muscle weakness is manifested by shallow gasping respirations and the myocardial failure by a

* Although the concentration of potassium in the serum is frequently normal or even elevated initially due to shock and renal failure, cellular deficiency in potassium has been demonstrated repeatedly and can be confidently inferred

† In the presence of severe potassium deficiency, liver glycogen deposition cannot proceed normally,[14k] for as much potassium is needed to form glycogen as is needed for the formation of an equal amount of muscle protoplasm.

TABLE IX—6 Repair and maintenance parenteral therapy during the first 24 hours of treatment for a child of approximately 30 kg or 1 square meter of body surface From A M Butler *Acta pædiat* 38 559 1949

	H_2O cc	Na mEq	Cl mEq	K mEq	Mg mEq	P gm	Glucose gm
Repair (per kg x 30)	2 400	150	120	90	12	0 6	0
Maintenance (per m^2 x 1)	1 500	20	20	22	7	0 6	300
Total	3 900	200	170	112	19	1 2	300
Approximate concentrations per liter	*1 000*	*51*	*44*	*30*	*5*	*0 3*	*75*

From the data of Tables 3 and 5 the total repair and maintenance needs for the first 24 hours of treatment may be estimated Table 6 gives the approximate therapeutic requirements To correct such data for a patient of any specific size, multiply the repair data of the table by weight in kilograms divided by 30 and the maintenance data by square meters of body surface (Table 7)

Practical considerations of parenteral fluids Hydration is begun by intravenous infusion of 500 to 800 cc per m at the rate of 8 cc (about 150 drops) per m per minute of a solution containing only sodium, chloride and bicarbonate or lactate (Table 8 Solution 1)

As soon as urine flow and circulatory efficiency are satisfactory and signs of hyperpnea have commenced to subside we ordinarily discontinue the saline lactate infusion and begin the administration of a glucose containing multiple electrolyte solution (Table 8, Solution 2) * In most instances this solution has given satisfactory results In a few exceptionally severe instances of diabetic coma, accompanied by profound potassium depletion, it has seemed advisable to modify Solution 2

* A factor of first importance with respect to the administration of potassium is that the cardio vascular renal system be functioning efficiently Under these circumstances potassium is distributed widely and unneeded surpluses can be eliminated by way of the kidneys Otherwise it may accumulate within the body in toxic amounts Hence the clinical recommendation that potassium be withheld until circulation and renal flow have been restored by infusions of sodium salt solutions

The doses of potassium recommended here are actually very conservative as regards potential toxicity They are well within maximum limits of tolerance. Thus it is known that individuals with normal kidneys can eliminate at least as much potassium as is contained in glomerular filtrate (100 000 cc x 0 05 mEq or 500 mEq per m^2 per 24 hours) In dogs and humans it has been shown that additional potassium can be eliminated by tubular secretion (see Chapter II Figure 2 Section F) [158 1] Humans have been given solutions containing from 40 to 90 mEq of potassium per liter at rates (250 to 400 cc per m per hour) which in 24 hours would total 500 and 900 mEq of potassium in 6 to 10 liters of water per m^2 per day [191] Incidentally for reasons suggested above the provision of ample water for urine formation probably widens the margin of safety to a considerable extent.

TABLE IX—5 Basic parenteral maintenance requirements of a diabetic patient per m² of body surface during the first 24 hours of therapy From A M Butler *Acta pædiat* 38 59 1949

Requirement	H_2O cc	Na mEq	Cl mEq	K mEq	Mg mEq	P gm	Glucose gm
Insensible*	500	5	5	2			
Renal							
normal basic†	250	6	6	10	3	0 2	
added diabetic**	750	12	11	10	4	0 4	50
Caloric							250
Total	1 500	23	22	22	7	0 6	300
Concentration per liter	1 000	15	14	15	5	0 4	200

*Assuming perspiration accounts for 70 per cent of insensible loss and has Na and Cl concentrations of 20 per cent of the extracellular fluid concentration
†Determined by experimental data on normal subjects
**Determined by metabolic balance data on diabetic coma patients during therapy

ment therapy, consideration should be given to the fact that the losses reparable in the first 24 hours of therapy do not include those resulting from tissue catabolism Such losses can be repaired only by the deposition of new tissue and thus fall outside the scope of rehydration therapy Moreover, in the case of potassium only that portion of the loss which is in excess of the nitrogen loss (i e , approximately 3 mEq K per kg rather than 6 mEq as given in Table 3) is immediately replaceable Extending this method of thinking to other body substances, roughly 80 per cent of the water sodium and chloride, 50 per cent of the potassium and magnesium and 25 per cent of the phosphorus lost are potentially replaceable in the first 24 to 48 hours of therapy Restoration of the remaining fractions depends upon regeneration of lost protoplasm Expressed in other terms the replacement needs of the first 24 to 48 hours of therapy may be calculated to approximate per kilogram 80 cc H O 6 mEq Na, 5 mEq Cl, 3 mEq K 0 4 mEq Mg and 0 02 gm P It is to be noted that the loss and repair values are concerned with changes in body mass and hence are expressed on a per kilogram basis

During each 24 hours there must be provision for maintenance requirements as well as for repair needs Maintenance requirements are prescribed by physiologic functions which are proportional to surface area rather than to body mass Further they are subject to changes which occur as a result of homeostatic adaptative alterations in adrenocortical posterior pituitary and parathyroid activity Since the latter phenomena have not yet been fully defined and described it is difficult at present to make dogmatic statements concerning maintenance needs A rough approximation of the orders of magnitude involved is indicated in Table 5

TABLE IX—6 Repair and maintenance parenteral therapy during the first 24 hours of treatment for a child of approximately 30 kg., or 1 square meter of body surface From A. M Butler *Acta pædiat* 38 559 1949

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TABLE lX—7 Approximate guide to therapy for diabetic coma patients of various sizes during the first 24 hours The values given should be considered maximal.

			Parenteral fluid therapy								
			0 to 1 hr Sol no 1†		1 to 6 hr Sol no 2		6 to 8 hr transfusion**		8 to 24 hr Sol no 2††		Total volume of fluid per 24 hr
Weight of patient	Surface area	Initial crystalline insulin dose*	Tot vol cc	Infus rate cc/min §	Tot vol cc	Infus rate cc/min §	Tot vol cc	Infus rate cc/min §	Tot vol cc	Infus rate cc/min §	
kg	m²	units	cc	cc/min **	cc	cc/min **	cc	cc/min **	cc	cc/min **	cc
5	0 25	20	125	2 0	200	0 7	75	0 6	575	0 6	975
10	0 5	40	250	4 0	400	1 3	150	1 2	1 150	1 1	1 950
15	0 6	45	300	4 8	500	1 7	180	1 5	1 600	1 6	2 580
20	0 8	60	400	6 5	700	2 3	240	2 0	2 100	2 1	3 440
28	1 0	75	500	8	950	3 2	300	2 5	2 900	2 9	4 650
40	1 3	100	650	10 5	1 300	4 2	390	3 3	3 800	3 8	6 140
50	1 5	110	750	12 0	1 550	5 1	450	3 7	4 700	4 7	7 450
60	1 7	125	850	13 5	1 850	6 2	510	4 2	5 500	5 5	8 710
70	1 8	135	900	14 5	2 100	7 0	540	4 5	6 200	6.2	9 740

For comments concerning subsequent doses see text

†Sometimes it is advisable to extend the first period to 3 or 4 hours before starting to administer Solution 2 In this case the rate of administering Solution 1 should be reduced after the first hour to the rate indicated in the 1 to 6 hour column

*Transfusion may not be necessary If omitted therapy is continued with Solution 2

††Usually this infusion may be discontinued and oral feeding instituted between 12 and 18 hours after starting insulin and parenteral therapy

§The ordinary intravenous drip bulb delivers approximately 1 cc per 17 or 18 drops

TABLE IX—8 Composition of solutions suitable for intravenous administration to diabetic coma patients See text for comments on indications and contraindications for the use of each of these solutions

	Electrolyte composition per liter					Constituents per liter					
Solution no	Na mEq	K mEq	Cl mEq	P gm	Lactate mEq	NaCl gm	NaL** gm	KCl gm	K HPO gm	KH_2PO gm	Dextrose gm
1*	150	—	100	—	50	5 6	4 1	—	—	—	—
2†	30	30	30	0 2	20	0 6	2 2	1 5	0 8	0 2	50

*This solution is easily prepared by adding 40 cc of molar Na lactate (or $NaHCO_3$) solution and 210 cc of water to 500 cc of 0 85 gm per cent NaCl solution If pure distilled water is not available 5 per cent dextrose solution may be used

†A 50 cc ampule containing the salts indicated is made up and sterilized Just prior to use the contents of this ampule are added to 1 liter of 5 per cent dextrose solution

Sodium lactate

Potassium depletion is recognized by progressive muscle weakness, electrocardiographic changes (*see* Chapter III, Figure 35) and *falling serum potassium* concentration values Should these signs develop, it may appear advisable to increase the potassium content of Solution 2 by 20 to 40 mEq per liter For this purpose it is convenient to have available sterile 20 cc ampules containing molar potassium acetate or chloride solution * The former salt appears preferable in *patients who are still suffering from severe acidosis Each cc of the solution in* these ampules contains 1 mEq of potassium The amount indicated is added to Solution 2, which, thus fortified, is administered until either the manifestations of potassium insufficiency have disappeared or the patient is able to take potassium-containing fluids (such as orange juice, pineapple juice, milk) by mouth

Finally, it may be desirable to add magnesium to Solution 2 It is known that this element plays a significant role in carbohydrate utilization It also has been noted that serum magnesium levels may drop to values as low as 0 5 mEq per liter during the course of therapy Magnesium chloride can be infused at a concentration of 5 mEq (0 3 gm) per liter with safety Because it causes clouding of the solution if autoclaved in the presence of phosphate, it should be sterilized separately in a 10 cc vial, the contents of which can be added to a liter of Solution 2

The rate of administration of the multiple electrolyte solution should approximate 3 cc (about 50 drops) per m^2 of body surface per minute The duration of parenteral therapy varies according to the persistence of the nausea Usually 70 per cent of the 24 hour requirement given parenterally in 12 hours will result in such improvement that the remainder can be given orally The fluid may be flavored with ginger ale or orange juice, or it may be diluted with milk

Supportive measures A number of additional measures are frequently indicated in the treatment of patients with diabetic acidosis These include gastric lavage, chemotherapy and blood transfusion

Since the stomach is likely to be distended with food remnants and with fluid, gastric lavage is usually advisable to reduce the risk of aspiration of *regurgitated* material and to facilitate subsequent oral feeding

The importance of detecting the presence of infection in the acidotic patient has already been mentioned If infection is found appropriate treatment should be instituted immediately Sulfonamide therapy should, of course, be postponed until urine flow has become well established

The transfusion of whole blood frequently appears to be beneficial Definite anemia (*hemoglobin* < *9 to 10 gm per cent*) or hypoproteinemia (serum

* 2 0 gm K acetate per 20 cc 1 5 gm KCl per 20 cc

protein < 5 gm per cent), appearing as hydration is restored, is an indication for transfusion Blood should be given somewhat more slowly than the clear parenteral fluids and in an amount not ordinarily exceeding 300 cc per m² In patients suffering marked potassium deficiency, the relative needs for red blood cells and plasma protein versus readily available potassium ion should be weighed carefully before substituting whole blood for Solution 2 therapy We have seen the serum potassium and electrocardiographic T waves fall to low levels during the course of a transfusion lasting two hours

Management of diabetic patients at times of surgery When it is known in advance that a patient with diabetes is to be subjected to elective surgery, certain preparatory steps should be taken During the preoperative period enough carbohydrate and insulin should be given to insure satisfactory hepatic glycogen storage Unless the patient s condition is unsatisfactory, the operation should be performed without delay at the scheduled time, preferably 9 or 10 a m

Four hours preoperatively the patient is given some strained orange juice and a piece of toast spread with honey or jelly At the same time he is given half his regular doses of crystalline and protamine zinc insulin As soon as he is anæsthetized, an intravenous infusion of Solution 2 in 5 per cent dextrose is started and an inlying catheter is inserted into the bladder A physician in constant attendance checks the urine for sugar and acetone at half hourly intervals In addition, if the patient s status is in question, blood sugar determinations should be made Crystalline insulin is given intra and postoperatively at intervals of three to six hours as indicated by these tests It is better to give too little insulin and to supplement the dose later than to give too much and risk inducing intraoperative hypoglycemia Ordinarily the individual doses of crystalline insulin given during the intra and postoperative periods equal approximately one eighth to one sixth of the preoperative daily insulin dosage The aim of this insulin therapy is to maintain slight to-moderate hyperglycemia and glycosuria and to avoid ketonuria

When emergency surgery is indicated in the case of a patient suffering diabetic acidosis and dehydration, a difficult problem arises If circumstances permit it is very desirable to delay surgery until the patient has been subjected to therapy of the type outlined in Table 7 and its accompanying text for at least an hour and preferably for 6 to 12 hours Ideally, operation should be postponed until circulatory and renal efficiency are fully restored and ketosis and acidosis have been eliminated

Postoperatively, if the patient requires continued intravenous fluid infusion, Solution 2 is reasonably satisfactory Sometimes after prolonged infusions of

this solution, a tendency to alkalosis develops Recent studies suggest that this can be prevented or corrected by fortifying Solution 2 with 15 to 20 mEq of additional KCl per liter (see page 575) The volume of solution needed for maintenance purposes is determined by the surface area, as indicated in Table 5

PROGNOSIS The rate of recovery from diabetic coma by diabetic children is practically 100 per cent Exceptions are encountered only when coma is accompanied by a condition such as overwhelming sepsis or serious surgical lesion which in itself is potentially lethal

Provided the diabetes is reasonably well controlled essentially normal growth and maturation may be anticipated Like healthy children diabetic children may show a tendency to retarded growth and development if they suffer from repeated infections or chronic caloric undernutrition

The really distressing aspect of juvenile diabetes is to be found in the late degenerative sequelæ of the disease After 15 or 20 years, about 70 per cent of diabetic children develop arteriosclerosis 65 per cent retinal hemorrhages 50 per cent retinal exudates 40 per cent hypertension and 35 per cent albuminuria [0] As mentioned earlier, the cause of these degenerative changes is not yet known It is not even known whether they are the result of the disease or of its therapy This is a sobering fact, which should stimulate much more intensive studies of these problems

Insulin reaction hypoglycemia occasionally produces serious degenerative changes (see Figure 3) and occasionally results in death the commonest cause recorded to date is nephritis (intercapillary glomerulosclerosis[21]) This condition has been listed as responsible for about 50 per cent of the late deaths in a series of 48 diabetic patients who had suffered from the disease for more than 15 years The other deaths had miscellaneous causes

HYPERINSULINISM AND RELATED CONDITIONS CAUSING HYPOGLYCEMIA

Introductory Comments Hypoglycemia can result from a variety of conditions, including hyperinsulinism hypopituitarism hypoadrenocorticism hepatic disease galactosemia disorders of the central nervous system strenuous exercise and starvation Because methods for appraising insulin status are not generally available it usually is not possible to determine directly whether a given hypoglycemic patient is suffering from hyperinsulinism On the contrary this diagnosis is of necessity made largely by a process of elimination as discussed above under methods of diagnosis

The experience of pathologists dealing with pediatric patients indicates that functionally active, pancreatic islet adenomas are probably quite rare No instances of pancreatic islet adenomas known to have been associated with a tendency toward hypoglycemia during life have been encountered in patients under 16 years of age at the Massachusetts General Hospital or the Children s Medical Center in Boston On the other hand, the autopsy records of these hospitals do indicate the occasional occurrence of clinically silent islet cell adenomas The significance of the latter is unknown As might be expected from the foregoing, the literature contains very few records of authentic cases of hypoglycemia due to hyperinsulinism [22]

Definitions of pathologic hypoglycemia During approximately the first five days of life, normal infants commonly have true blood sugar values ranging between 20 and 60 mg per cent * Thereafter, as in normal older infants, children and adults it is unusual to find blood sugar values of less than 60 mg per cent Pre breakfast blood sugar concentrations of less than 50 mg per cent with the patient on an ordinary carbohydrate intake and less than 40 mg per cent with the patient on a low carbohydrate diet are almost always indicative of pathology [14, 23] The occurrence of similarly low values from three to five hours after meals may also be considered abnormal

Interpretation of the significance of blood sugar values is enhanced by relating them to clinical symptomatology The neonatal tendency to low blood sugar is not ordinarily accompanied by definite clinical signs of blood sugar deficiency Accordingly, the tendency may be considered physiologic and normal for this age group In older individuals tolerance for lowered blood sugar concentration varies Most children and adults develop signs of sugar lack when the concentration of glucose in the blood falls below 50 or 40 mg per cent Patients with central nervous system defects and patients suffering hypoadrenocorticism[24] may be more sensitive to a lowering of blood sugar concentration and may develop signs of hypoglycemia when blood glucose values fall below 60 or 50 mg per cent

In other words patients are considered to have pathologic hypoglycemia when a decline in blood glucose concentration below a certain value results in symptoms and signs of glucose deficiency Implicit in this statement is the thought that these symptoms and signs of glucose deficiency disappear promptly when blood glucose concentration is raised above the critical threshold value just mentioned

* The values obtained for infants born of diabetic mothers fall in approximately the same range [23]

TABLE IX—9 Summary of certain conditions which may be accompanied by hypoglycemia

Condition	Cause	Incidence	Approximate characteristics: Blood sugar: Fall on fasting*	Approximate characteristics: Blood sugar: Rise post epineph †	Approximate characteristics: Normal reaction: Epineph eosino **	Approximate characteristics: Normal reaction: ACTH eosinophil ††	Comments
1 Hyperinsulinism	Pancreatic islet adenoma	Very rare	yes	yes	yes?	yes?	Hypoglycemia apt to occur unpredictably prolonged
2 Primary hypoadrenocorticism	Destruction of adrenals	Very rare	yes	yes	no	no	See Chapter III
3 Primary hypopituitarism or hypothalamic disturbance with secondary hypoadrenocorticism	Disturbance in anterior pituitary or hypothalamus	?	yes	yes	no	yes	See Chapters III and VII
4 Hepatic disease including von Gierke's disease	Glycogen fixation§ or fatty infiltration with glycogen depletion	Rare	yes	no	yes?	yes?	Hepatomegaly usually present
5 Galactosemia	Disturbance in galactose metabolism	Rare	no	yes	yes?	yes?	Galactosemia galactosuria and hypoglycemia occur after eating galactose See page 552
6 Functional hypoglycemia	Over reaction to hyperglycemia mechanism unknown§§	?	no	yes	?	yes?	Hypoglycemia may occur within 3 to 5 hours after meals and be corrected spontaneously within ½ hour

See Test 5 Table 3 Chapter III †See page 557 this chapter
* See Test 2 Table 3 Chapter III ††See Test 3 Table 3 Chapter III
§Patients with von Gierke's glycogen storage disease are apt to show acetonuria lipemia and hypercholesterolemia in addition to chronic hypoglycemia[18] Interestingly they may not present clinical manifestations of blood sugar lack even though the blood sugar concentration falls to very low levels

§§Some of these patients have gross central nervous system defects[19] of which the functional significance is not clear In certain cases it appears that the defect may have been the result rather than the cause of hypoglycemia[20]

CLINICAL MANIFESTATIONS The classic manifestations of hypoglycemia are listed above in Table 4 The picture observed in different patients and at different times in a single individual is apt to be moderately variable Nervousness trembling, pallor, sweating, weakness, unsteadiness of gait, mental confusion and irritability constitute the common manifestations seen in patients who have retained consciousness In more severe cases consciousness may be lost and epileptiform convulsions may supervene These may so dominate the clinical picture that the other manifestations of hypoglycemia are easily overlooked This error can be avoided by measuring the blood sugar concentration of patients with unexplained convulsions

DIAGNOSIS Table 9 presents in outline form information concerning some of the conditions which may be accompanied by pathologic hypoglycemia and indicates some of their distinguishing characteristics

In dealing with a patient who has been found to have significant hypoglycemia, it is our custom to make the following measurements or tests in the order mentioned (a) blood sugar determinations in the morning before breakfast after an overnight fast, (b) a combined epinephrine glucose and epinephrine eosinophil test, (c) an intravenous glucose tolerance test and (d) a 24 hour fasting tolerance test These tests are considered above in the section dealing with methods of estimating insulin status

The occurrence of early morning hypoglycemia is interpreted to mean that the tendency toward low blood sugar does not represent a simple, functional over reaction to the stimulus provided by postprandial hyperglycemia* (Condition 6) or galactosemia (Condition 5, see footnote to page 552) A normal rise in blood sugar following the administration of epinephrine is taken to mean that there is no significant depletion of hepatic glycogen stores or lack of capacity to lyse hepatic glycogen as is noted in patients with certain types of liver disease (Condition 4) A normal drop in eosinophils following the administration of epinephrine is considered valid evidence that there is probably no significant disturbance in the adrenocortical alarm reaction mechanism as may be seen in certain hypopituitary and hypoadrenocortical patients (Conditions 2 and 3)

There now remain two chief possibilities One is that the patient has a hyper functioning pancreatic islet cell tumor the other and more likely possibility is that he has a tendency to hypoglycemia which cannot be thoroughly explained by the diagnostic procedures available today † The former can be excluded only

* This is demonstrable by application of the intravenous glucose tolerance test Transitory hypoglycemia occurs within three to five hours after the hyperglycemic peak is passed In patients with primary hyperinsulinism similar post hyperglycemic hypoglycemia may develop but it is not so apt to be transitory

† Some patients have gross evidences of cerebral defects [3] It is usually not clear whether these defects are the cause or the result of the hypoglycemia

by meticulous and sometimes repeated surgical exploration of the pancreas Since this is a major undertaking, one hesitates to recommend it unless there is strong evidence that the patient has a striking tendency to hypoglycemia To gain such evidence, it may be of value to subject the patient to a carefully planned period of prolonged fasting (but not thirsting)

The fast is performed as outlined in Test 5 of Table 3, Chapter III The development of acetonuria after 12 to 16 hours of fasting signifies that the patient has depleted his carbohydrate stores and is maintaining blood sugar values by the gluconeogenesis mechanism described in Chapter III If blood sugar concentrations are still above hypoglycemic levels after 24 hours of fasting, it may be desirable to extend the fast for an additional 12 to 24 hours If no pathologic hypoglycemia develops after 48 hours of fasting pancreatic exploration may be postponed Under the opposite circumstance, where fasting does lead to pathologic hypoglycemia, exploration of the pancreas is usually indicated

Demonstration of an islet cell adenoma by surgical exploration may be quite difficult Experience with adult patients indicates that adenomas are located most frequently in the tail of the pancreas About one quarter are located in the head or at the junction of the tail and body of the organ Occasionally multiple small adenomas are encountered These tumors can vary in size from 0 5 to 15 cm in diameter They are slow growing and late to metastasize

Failure to demonstrate an adenoma at the initial surgical exploration constitutes presumptive rather than positive evidence that no such lesion exists The literature indicates that tumors which were not discernible at the first operation may be evident at a second exploration [14, 6]

TREATMENT Removal of a functioning pancreatic islet cell adenoma usually results in complete cessation of pathologic hypoglycemia Failure to obtain relief by removal of a single adenoma suggests that other similar tumors may exist

The therapeutic problem presented by patients with hypoglycemia of unknown cause is a difficult one *Occasionally they suffer only one or two attacks of hypoglycemia which disappear spontaneously and without explanation Though the literature describes patients in whom hypoglycemia develops follow*ing carbohydrate ingestion (Table 9, Condition 6) we have not encountered them This condition is said to be controlled by feeding relatively high protein, low carbohydrate meals [14, 2] Low carbohydrate meals are less apt *per se* to result in postprandial hyperglycemia than high carbohydrate meals Carbohydrate is formed from protein, but at such a slow rate that it does not cause an elevation in blood sugar

Recent studies suggest that ACTH therapy may act to correct hypoglycemic tendencies in certain cases[27a] It remains to be seen whether such therapy is practically satisfactory Similar results might be expected from the use of cortisone As discussed in Chapter III, both agents can prompt serious toxic as well as beneficial effects

In the rare patient who has hypoglycemia which is so severe and protracted that it must be treated by constant carbohydrate feedings, more radical measures may become justified One such patient was treated with alloxan with apparent success[28] Others have been treated by subtotal or nearly total pancreatectomy, in many instances with little or no success

PROGNOSIS The outlook for patients with repeated hypoglycemia is poor with regard to central nervous system function Unless the hypoglycemia is brought under control convulsions and mental deterioration occur

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APPENDIX

BLOOD, PLASMA OR SERUM VALUES

To provide ready reference to the normal values of laboratory procedures referred to in this book and to the methods used the following tabular summary has been prepared This summary is based in part on a table published by G M. Rourke E. A MacLachlan and A M Butler in *New Eng J Med* 234 24 1946

Determination	Material analyzed	Minimum required cc	Normal value	Method
Bilirubin (van den Bergh s test)	Serum	2	Direct 0 4 mg per 100 cc indirect (total) 0 7 mg per 100 cc	H T Malloy and K A Evelyn *J Biol Chem* 119 481 1937
Calcium total	Serum	2	8 5 10 2 mg per 100 cc	C H Fiske and M A. Logan *ibid* 93 211 1931
Calcium ionized	Serum	2	See Figure ii-1	See Figure ii-1
Carbon dioxide (content)	Serum (obtained without tourniquet)	0 5	Newborn infants 20 26 mEq per liter older persons 26 28 mEq per liter	D D Van Slyke and J M Neill *J Biol Chem* 61 523 1924 J P Peters and D D Van Slyke *Quant Clin Chem II* (methods) p 283 Baltimore Williams & Wilkins 1932
Carotenoids				
Total	Serum	2	100 300 I U per 100 cc	H W Josephs *Bull Johns Hopkins Hosp* 65 112 1939 (modified for photocolorimeter)
Vitamin A			40 100 I U per 100 cc	
Chloride	Serum	0 5	100 106 mEq per liter	D W Wilson and E G Ball *J Biol Chem* 79 221 1928
Cholesterol	Serum	0 5	110 280 mg per 100 cc	W R Bloor *ibid* 24 227 1916
Creatinine (apparent)	Serum	1	0 8 1 5 per 100 cc	R W Bonsnes and H H Taussky *ibid* 158 581 1945
Glucose total	Blood	0 1	70 100 mg per 100 cc (fasting)	O Folin *Lab Manual Biol Chem* New York Appleton 1934 *New Eng J Med* 206 727 1932
Hemoglobin	Blood	0 02	Infants and children 10 to 13 gm per cent adults 12 16 gm per cent	K A Evelyn *J Biol Chem* 115 63 1936
Galactose	Blood	1	<5 mg per cent	A M Basset T L Althausen and G C Coltrin *Am J Digest Dis* 8 432 1941

BLOOD PLASMA OR SERUM VALUES (continued)

Determination	Material analyzed	Minimum required cc	Normal value	Method
Iodine protein bound (thyroid hormone)	Serum	2	3 5 7 micrograms per cent	S B Barker *J Biol Chem* 173 715 1948 Values courtesy of Dr D Riggs
Magnesium	Serum	2	1 5 2 5 mEq per liter	R J Garner *Biochem J* 40 828 1946
Non protein nitrogen	Serum	0 5	15 35 mg per 100 cc	O Folin *Lab Manual Biol Chem* p 265
pH	Serum	0 4	7 35 7 45	A B Hastings and J Sendroy *J Biol Chem* 61 695 1924
Phosphatase alkaline	Serum	0 7	Infants and children 5 12 units per 100 cc adults 2 0 4 5 units per 100 cc	A Bodansky *ibid* 101 93 1933 (using the method for determining inorganic phosphorus)
Phosphorus inorganic	Serum (patient fasting)	0 2	Infants 4 5 5 mg per cent children 3 5 4 5 mg per 100 cc adults 3 0 4 0 mg per 100 cc	C H Fiske and Y Subbarow *ibid* 66 375 1925 O Folin *Lab Manual Biol Chem* p 341 (modified for photocolorimeter)
Potassium (chemical)	Serum	3–4	4 0 5 5 mEq per liter	C H Fiske and G Litarczek in O Folin *Lab Manual Biol Chem* p 353 (chemical)
(Flame photometer)	Serum	0 5	4 0 5 5 mEq per liter	J W Berry D G Chappell and R B Barnes *Indust & Engin Chem* 18 19 1946 (flame photometry)
Protein total	Serum	0 5 (macro) 0 05 (micro)	Infants 5 5 to 7 0 gm per 100 cc older persons 6 5 8 0 gm per 100 cc	Macro J P Peters and D D Van Slyke *Quant Clin Chem* II p 691 Micro O H Lowry and A B Hastings *J Biol Chem* 143 257 1942
Prothrombin activity	Plasma	0 3	By control	A J Quick *J A M A* 110 1658 1938 C A Tanturi and R F Banfi *J Lab & Clin Med* 31 703 1946
Sodium	Serum	0 5	136 145 mEq per liter	A M Butler and E Tuthill *J Biol Chem* 93 171 1931 (chemical) Same as potassium (flame photometer) same as potassium
Urea nitrogen	Serum	1	<28 mg per 100 cc	D D Van Slyke *ibid* 73 695 1927 J P Peters and D D Van Slyke *Quant Clin Chem* II p 372

URINE VALUES

Determination	Minimum quantity required	Normal value	Method
Ammonia	5 cc	Variable (see p 91)	D D Van Slyke and G E Cullen *J Biol Chem* 24 117 1916
Calcium	2 cc	Variable (see p 72)	Quantitative same as serum Qualitative Sulkowitch see Method 1 below
Chloride	0 5 cc	Varies with intake	Same as serum
Cystine	5 cc of urine (or 20 mg of stone)	None	See Method 2 below
Creatinine	0 5 cc	15 25 mg per kg per 24 hr ± constant per individual lower in obese higher in muscular people	O Folin *Lab Manual Biol Chem* p 159 (modified for photocolorimeter)
Estrogen	1/10 of 24 hr sample	Not yet available	L L Engel W R Slaun White P Carter and I T Nathanson *J Biol Chem* 185 255 1950
Gonadotropin (FSH)	24 hr sample (more in small children)	Tables v 1 vi 1	H F Klinefelter F Albright and G C Griswold *J Clin Endocrinol* 3 529 1943
17 ketosteroids (total)	Macro 24 hr sample Micro 2 hr sample	See p 154	A S Zygmuntowicz M Wood E Christo and N B Talbot *J Clin Endocrinol* 11 578 1951
(3 β OH fractions)	24 hr sample	See p 191	N B Talbot A M Butler and E A MacLachlan *J Biol Chem* 132 595 1940
11 17 oxycorticosteroids (reducing steroids)	24 hr sample (more in infants)	See p 154	N B Talbot A H Saltzman R L Wixom and J K Wolfe *ibid* 160 535 1945
Osmolar concentration	20 cc	Variable see Chapter VIII	Bulletin on Hortvet cryoscope (28591 1) Eimer and Amend 635 Greenwich St New York 14 N Y
Phosphorus		Variable see p 65	Same as serum
Potassium		Proportional to intake	Same as serum
Pregnandiol		0 except during progestational phase of menstrual cycle then from 1 to 6 mg per day	I F Somerville G F Marrian and R J Kellar *Lancet* 2 89 1948

BLOOD PLASMA OR SERUM VALUES (continued)

Determination	Material analyzed	Minimum required cc	Normal value	Method
Iodine protein bound (thyroid hormone)	Serum	2	3 5 7 micrograms per cent	S B Barker *J Biol Chem* 173 715 1948 Values courtesy of Dr D Riggs
Magnesium	Serum	2	1 5 2 5 mEq per liter	R J Garner *Biochem J* 40 828 1946
Non protein nitrogen	Serum	0 5	15 35 mg per 100 cc	O Folin *Lab Manual Biol Chem* p 265
pH	Serum	0 1	7 35 7 45	A B Hastings and J Sendroy *J Biol Chem* 61 695 1924
Phosphatase alkaline	Serum	0 7	Infants and children 5 12 units per 100 cc adults 2 0 4 5 units per 100 cc	A Bodansky *ibid* 101 93 1933 (using the method for determining inorganic phosphorus)
Phosphorus inorganic	Serum (patient fasting)	0 2	Infants 4 5 5 mg per cent children 3 5 4 5 mg per 100 cc adults 3 0 4 0 mg per 100 cc	C H Fiske and Y Subbarow *ibid* 66 375 1925 O Folin *Lab Manual Biol Chem* p 341 (modified for photocolorimeter)
Potassium (chemical)	Serum	3–4	4 0 5 5 mEq per liter	C H Fiske and G Litarczek in O Folin *Lab Manual Biol Chem* p 353 (chemical)
(Flame photometer)	Serum	0 5	4 0 5 5 mEq per liter	J W Berry D G Chappell and R B Barnes *Indust & Engin Chem* 18 19 1946 (flame photometry)
Protein total	Serum	0 5 (macro) 0 05 (micro)	Infants 5 5 to 7 0 gm per 100 cc older persons 6 5 8 0 gm per 100 cc	Macro J P Peters and D D Van Slyke *Quant Clin Chem* II p 691 Micro O H Lowry and A B Hastings *J Biol Chem* 143 257 1942
Prothrombin activity	Plasma	0 3	By control	A J Quick *J A M A* 110 1658 1938 C A Tanturi and R F Banfi *J Lab & Clin Med* 31 703 1946
Sodium	Serum	0 5	136 145 mEq per liter	A M Butler and E Tuthill *J Biol Chem* 93 171 1931 (chemical) Same as potassium (flame photometer) same as potassium
Urea nitrogen	Serum	1	<28 mg per 100 cc	D D Van Slyke *ibid* 73 695 1927 J P Peters and D D Van Slyke *Quant Clin Chem* II p 372

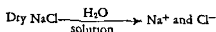
MISCELLANEOUS TESTS

Determination	Material analyzed	Quantity required	Normal value	Method
Bone age	Roentgenogram of hand and wrist			T W Todd *Atlas of Skeletal Maturation* St Louis Mosby 1937
Eosinophil count	Blood	0 05 cc	Fig III 18	G G Randolph *J Lab & Clin Med* 34 1696 1949
Renal calculi				J F McIntosh and R W Salter *J Clin Invest* 21 751 1942
Stool fat	Stool	Representative sample	See p 86	H C Tidwell and L E Holt *J Biol Chem* 112 605 1936
Sperm count	Semen	05 cc	70 100 million per cc	E J Farris *J Urol* 58 85 1947
Surface area	Height and weight		See p 592 and end papers	J D Crawford M E Terry and G M Rourke *Pediatrics* 5 783 1950
Vaginal smear	Vaginal secretions	Few drops	See p 313	E Shorr *J Mt Sinai Hosp* 12 667 1945

UNITS OF MEASUREMENT

In discussing bodily functions measurements of their components must obviously be expressed in terms of physiologic-chemical equivalents As Dr James Gamble has demonstrated so effectively in his *Syllabus on the Chemical Anatomy Physiology and Pathology of Extracellular Fluid* (Harvard University Press) it is only in this way that their relative magnitudes and inter relationships can be correctly displayed

In respect to body electrolytes the suitable term is *equivalent* or *milliequivalent* which is one thousandth of an equivalent In these biochemical connections the term equivalent has electrical connotations *This may be illustrated by considering the substance sodium* chloride Sodium carries a positive charge chloride a negative charge it is the mutual attraction of these two charges that holds the two elements together in the form of ordinary dry table salt When this salt is dissolved in water however sodium chloride ceases to exist it is replaced by exactly equal numbers of positively charged sodium ions (cations) and negatively charged chloride ions (anions) each existing separately in solution



$$\text{Dry NaCl} \xrightarrow[\text{solution}]{H_2O} Na^+ \text{ and } Cl^-$$

It will be noted that sodium and chloride ions have but one positive or negative electrical charge respectively This fact is expressed by stating that they are univalent or that in each case there is a *valence* of one Another biochemically important univalent substance

URINE VALUES (continued)

Determination	Minimum quantity required	Normal value	Method
Sodium		Variable see Chapter III	Same as serum
Sugar			
Total (quantitative)	5 cc	0	S R Benedict *J A M A* 57 1193 1911
Total (roughly quantitative)	0 5 cc	0	M Somogyi *J Lab & Clin Med* 26 1220 1941
Fermentable	1 cc	0	P B Hawk and O Bergheim *Pract Physiol Chem* p 750 Philadelphia Blakiston 1931
Fructose	1 cc	0	*Ibid* p 772
Galactose or lactose	6 cc	0	(Total sugar x 1 24) minus fermentable sugar
Osazone differentiation of	5 cc	0	*Ibid* p 50
Titratable acidity	10 cc	Variable see p 95	J P Peters and D D Van Slyke *Quant Clin Chem* II (methods) 0 825
Urea clearance	Blood and urine (two 1 hr samples)	75 125 per cent of normal	*Ibid* 0 564

Method 1 *Qualitative determination of urinary calcium (Sulkowitch test)* The test reagent solution is made as follows Dissolve 2 5 gm of oxalic acid and 2 5 gm of $(NH_4)_2C_2O_4$ in 100 cc of water Add 5 cc of glacial acetic acid and enough water to make a total volume of 150 cc This is the reagent In running the test mix approximately equal volumes of the reagent solution and urine in a test tube Test the pH of the resultant mixture with nitrazine paper or other standard procedure The pH for optimal precipitation of calcium oxalate is 5 0 If necessary adjust the pH to this value by the addition of acetic acid or NaOH solution

Method 2 *Qualitative determination of cystine in urine or renal calculus* Take 5 cc of urine (or 20 mg of calculus) and add concentrated NH_4OH until strongly alkaline Add 2 cc of 5 per cent sodium cyanide and let stand 10 minutes Add a few drops of a freshly prepared saturated aqueous solution of sodium nitroprusside In the presence of cystine a deep purple color develops Acetone reacts to give a red color The difference in color can be recognized by running an acetone control We are indebted to Miss E Dempsey of Dr F Albright s laboratory for these directions

Substance	Mg	mM	mEq +	mEq −	mosM
Glucose	180	1	0	0	1
$Na^{+}-Cl^{-}$	58	1	1	1	2
$Ca^{++}\langle Cl^{-}, Cl^{-}$	110	1	2	2	3

Note that in the case of glucose a non electrolyte the millimole and milliosmole values are identical but the milliequivalence value is zero In the case of NaCl 1 millimole in solution yields 1 cation and 1 anion milliequivalent (2 total) and 2 milliosmoles By contrast note that $CaCl_2$ in solution yields 2 cation and 2 anion milliequivalents (4 total) but only 3 milliosmoles

is potassium In contrast to these are such other substances as calcium and magnesium which are bivalent cations (two positive charges) and sulfate which is a bivalent anion (two negative charges) under physiologic conditions As shown below with respect to phosphate the valence of certain radicles may be variable

In a stable salt the sum of positive charges must always equal the sum of negative charges This is true when one bivalent cation is combined with two univalent anions to form a stable salt such as $CaCl_2$ as well as when one univalent cation is combined with one univalent anion as in KCl

An *equivalent* is a *mole* of any univalent electrolyte one half mole of any bivalent electrolyte one third mole of any trivalent electrolyte and so forth The weight in grams of a mole of any substance is equal numerically to the sum of the atomic weights of its constituents A milliequivalent is one thousandth of an equivalent

On the basis of the foregoing it may be seen that values expressed in terms of milli grams can be converted to millequivalents by dividing milligrams by total atomic weight and multiplying by valency To convert values for these substances expressed in terms of milligrams per cent to values expressed in terms of milliequivalents per liter multiply by the conversion factor indicated in the right hand column below

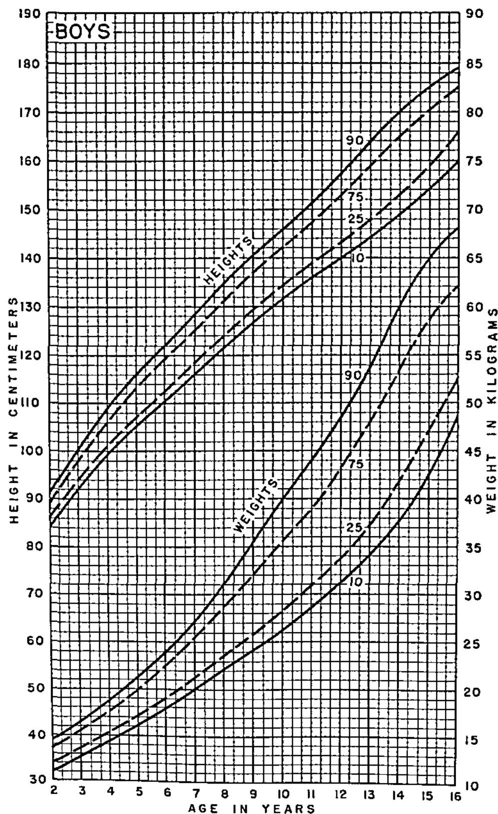
Electrolyte	Atomic Weight	Valence	Conversion Factor
Na^+	23 0	1	433
K^+	39 1	1	256
Ca^{++}	40 1	2	499
Mg^{++}	24 3	2	823
Cl^-	35 5	1	8?*
P (as $HPO_4^=$)	31 0	1 8	581
S (as $SO_4^=$)	32 1	2	624

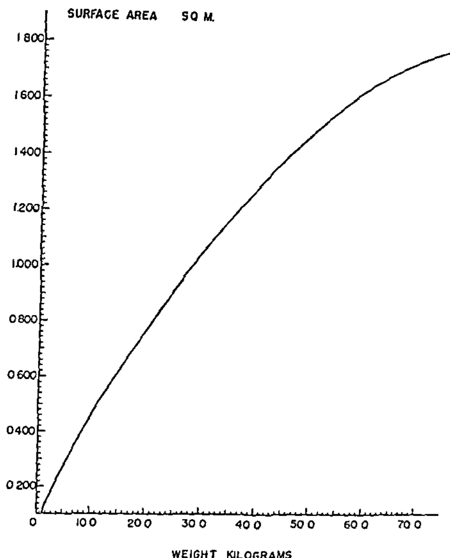
It has become the unfortunate custom in some clinics to express serum chloride values as mg per cent of sodium chloride As shown above there is no sodium chloride in serum there are only sodium ions and chloride ions Conversion of chloride values thus expressed to milliequivalents per liter is accomplished by application of the multiplication factor 172 Conversion of sodium values similarly expressed is accomplished by use of the same factor

Note that the valency of $HPO_4^=$ is taken as 1 8 This is because at the pH of normal extracellular fluid 20 per cent of the millimoles of this radicle carries one equivalent of univalent base (B H_2PO_4) and 80 per cent carries two equivalents of univalent base (B_2 HPO_4) Base equivalence per unit of phosphate is therefore (0 2 x 1) + (0 8 x 2) = 1 8

In the case of carbonic acid (H HCO_3) and of bicarbonate (B HCO_3) which have often been expressed in terms of volumes per cent conversion to milliequivalents per liter is accomplished by dividing by the factor 2 24 This factor is determined as follows one mole of a gas under standard conditions of pressure and temperature occupies 22 4 liters Volumes per cent × 10 − 22 4 = volumes per cent − 2 24

Other commonly used units of measurements are the *osmole* and the *milliosmole* These units are based on the fact that each millimole of substance in solution exerts an approximately equal amount of osmotic pressure irrespective of its electrical equivalence value Comparison of milligram millimole milliequivalent and milliosmole values for certain representative substances follow


BOYS
HEIGHTS
90
75
25
10
WEIGHTS
90
75
25
10
HEIGHT IN CENTIMETERS
WEIGHT IN KILOGRAMS
AGE IN YEARS
190
180
170
160
150
140
130
120
110
100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
90
85
80
75
70
65
60
55
50
45
40
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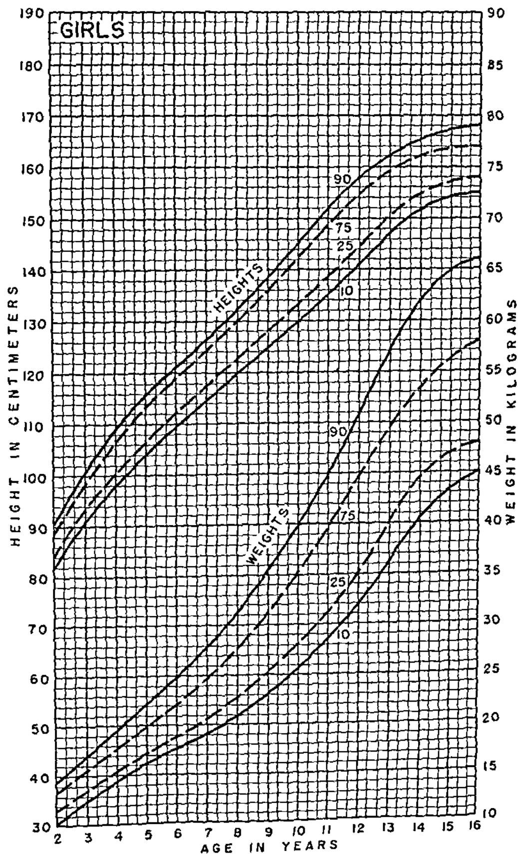
(Left)

FIGURE A 1 Graph estimating surface area from body weight alone The solid curve running upward from left to right permits an approximate estimation of surface area (ordinate) from body weight (abscissa) The nomograms inside the front and back covers of this book give more accurate information especially in regard to individuals who are abnormally thin or fat From J D Crawford M E Terry G M Rourke *Pediatrics* 5 783 1950

(Right—opposite page)

FIGURE A 2 Heights and weights of normal boys The design and origin of these data are the same as for Figure 3

FIGURE A 3 Heights and weights of normal girls Normal height ranges are indicated by the uppermost set of curves coursing upward from left to right The lower set of curves gives corresponding data with relation to weight The four individual numbers of each set of curves indicate percentile distribution as found in a normal population Thus with respect to the height curves 80 per cent of normal girls range in height between the limits of the top and bottom curves—10 per cent being taller and 10 per cent being shorter Fifty per cent range in height between the limits of the interrupted curves 15 per cent between the top curve and the first interrupted curve and 15 per cent between the second interrupted curve and the bottom curve These curves correspond closely to the data of R L Jackson and H G Kelley *J Pediat* 27 215 1945


GIRLS
HEIGHTS
WEIGHTS
90
75
25
10
90
75
25
10
HEIGHT IN CENTIMETERS
WEIGHT IN KILOGRAMS
AGE IN YEARS
190
180
170
160
150
140
130
120
110
100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
90
85
80
75
70
65
60
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